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THE FIGHT FOR CANADA

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THE FIGHT FOR CANADA

A Sketch from the History of the Great Imperial War

BY

WILLIAM WOOD

MAJOR IN THE CANADIAN MILITIA
PRESIDENT OF THE LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF QUEBEC

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Quebec

Fierce on this bastion beats the noonday sun,
The city sleeps beneath me, old and grey,
On convent roofs the quivering sunbeams play,
And batteries guarded by dismantled gun.
No breeze comes from the northern hills which run
Circling the blue mist of the Summer's day;
No ripple stirs the great stream on its way
To those dim headlands where its rest is won.

What storm of battle swept these crags of yore!
What fateful thunder shook them to their base!
What strife of worlds in pregnant agony!
Now, all is hush'd, yet, on these heights once more,
We catch the echoes, ringing back from space,
Of God's strokes forging human history.

Frederick George Scott

To the Memory of

J. H. C. OGILVY, D.S.O

A CAPTAIN IN THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS
AND BREVET-MAJOR IN THE ROYAL CANADIAN ARTILLERY
WHO FELL WHILE LEADING A CHARGE
OF SOUTH AFRICAN CONSTABULARY
AT KLIPGAT IN THE TRANSVAAL
ON THE 18TH OF DEC., 1901
IN HIS 28TH YEAR

I DEDICATE

THIS STORY OF OTHER GALLANT FIELDS
IN TOKEN OF
HIS TRUE AND UNFORGOTTEN
FRIENDSHIP

Contents

		PAGE
PREFACE		xiii
CHAP.		
I	PITT'S IMPERIAL WAR	1
II	NEW FRANCE AND NEW ENGLAND	24
III	VAUDREUIL AND BIGOT	46
IV	MONTCALM	57
V	ANSON AND SAUNDERS	82
VI	WOLFE	118
VII	THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC	147
VIII	THE BATTLE OF THE PLAINS	205
IX	THE FALL OF QUEBEC	265
X	THE FALL OF NEW FRANCE	289
NOTES		311
BIBLIOGRAPHY		341
INDEX		357
PORTRAIT OF MONTCALM	*to face page*	57
PORTRAIT OF WOLFE	„ „	118

The Maps will be found in the pocket at the end of the book.

Preface

FROM the very day it was fought the world-renowned Battle of the Plains has been a subject of undying human interest; because it is one of those very few memorable landmarks which stand at the old cross-roads of history to guide us into some new great highway of the future. It is true that this battle was not by itself the cause of such momentous change; and it is also true that there were bloodier fields, in three successive years, at Ticonderoga, Minden and Ste. Foy. But those were barren battles, and never helped to bring about any decisive change in national destiny. What makes Wolfe's consummate victory immortal is, first, that it was directly based upon the British command of the sea, and hence both vitally important in itself and most far-reaching in its results; next, that it was the culminating feat of arms in one of the greatest of imperial wars; and, finally, that it will serve to mark for ever three of the mightiest epochs of modern times—the death of Greater France, the coming of age of Greater Britain, and the birth of the United States. And, as it was thus in the very core of things during that hour of triple crisis, it may be truly called the most pregnant single event in all America since Columbus discovered the New World.

PREFACE

So many books have been written on the subject that a new one requires a very good reason indeed to justify its existence at all. Yet, strange as it may seem, there are two valid reasons of such importance and strength that either of them alone would furnish an ample justification for a new work, while both of them together make the appearance of such a work quite imperative.

For one justifying reason is that all the necessary sources of original information have only now been brought together for the very first time. This may seem a preposterous assertion, in face of the number of authorities which can be quoted already. But any one who will take the trouble can verify it for himself; by noting that the last gaps in the military evidence were only filled up in 1903, and that the whole subject was only brought within working distance of finality by completing the naval evidence in 1904.

The great leader in this line of research is Mr. A. G. Doughty, the new Archivist of Canada, whose six published quarto volumes by no means exhaust his supply of original unprinted documents. When all these shall have been edited the student will have a perfect reference library to the whole subject in a single work. For Mr. Doughty not only intends to print word for word every single original that has not already appeared in this way, but also intends to make a complete index to all original sources whatever, so that every question can be followed up to the end at a moment's notice.

The most important effect of this decisive evidence will be to put all partizan points of view out of focus

immediately. Very few phases of history have been such happy hunting grounds for party strife; and more ink has been shed on paper than ever blood was on the Plains of Abraham. There are British versions, French versions, American versions and French-Canadian versions; all with lights and shadows suitably distributed in accordance with racial, political, religious, family and personal prejudice. But the documents of necessity invalidate them all; because the whole truth, in its usual way, distributes the praise and blame with a fairly even hand all round. Generally speaking, the soldiers and sailors on both sides come out of the ordeal very well indeed. There is not much for any of them—French, Canadian, British or American—to be ashamed of, all circumstances considered. And Pitt, Saunders, Wolfe and Montcalm are all proved worthy of even higher renown than they have hitherto received.

But full research makes very short work of the perversions of race, religion or politics. The shame of France is well matched by that of Canada, where there was quite as much rascality among Colonial upstarts as among any of the corrupt officials that came out from the Motherland. The general run of American public men were no better in the eighteenth century than they have been in the nineteenth. And there is a purely British crime which can blacken out even their dark methods—the bought-up vote in the House of Commons which ratified the most ignominious treaty of peace that England ever made. Religious animosities were as well to the front as usual,

reminding one forcibly how many people there are who "only worship God for spite." Yet party politics stand out as by far the worst feature in the true appearance of the times. And the famous definition of dirt, as matter in the wrong place, was never more admirably exemplified than by those intermeddling politicians, who, like their successors at the present day, were always out of place in naval and military affairs—the party politician being mere dirt in the machinery of war.

Though Mr. Doughty's collections are not yet absolutely complete, still, when all his published and unpublished documents are added to what was known before, it can be readily seen that the whole subject has approached finality so closely, that what may be accurately called a full, true and particular account of the Siege, Battle and Capitulation may now be given, for the first time, straight from original authorities. It is such an account as this which is attempted in Chapters VII, VIII and IX of the present work; for they have all been written from the documents only, without paying the slightest attention to any intermediate text whatever.

It is hoped that the Notes and Bibliography added will be found a sufficient general guide to all the original authorities of any importance. More detailed information cannot be given here, since the itemized bibliography, numbered references, and complete alphabetical index to every known source will certainly require a supplementary volume quite as large as *The Fight for Canada* itself. This supplementary volume will probably appear as the final one of Mr. Doughty's quarto series.

Those who may like to satisfy themselves that the story of the Fall of Quebec never has been, nor ever could have been, told in full detail before can do so at once, if they will take any well-known book—Parkman's, for instance—and compare it with the documents now first brought to light. For nothing is easier than to prove that the best of accepted authorities have erred greatly, both in details and general deductions. They could not, indeed, do otherwise, with the very imperfect materials at their disposal. And, in such a case as that of Parkman, one is struck rather by what is done so well than by what had to be done so badly from lack of means. Parkman's reputation, in fact, should be actually heightened by the new discoveries. For he shows a real power of historical divination, by having found the true point towards which the evidence tended, in several places where his incomplete documents did not contain the point itself. And, of course, it can be no reproach to him that the second harvest has just ripened in one corner of the field which his master-hand reaped so well a generation since. But it certainly would be a very great reproach for any successor, however humble, to neglect the garnering of all that time and opportunity are offering there in such abundance now. For it is quite clear that this famous story really needs a final telling—new, true, and complete.

Now, the newness and truth of *The Fight for Canada* are simply matters of new and true sources of information; and it should be said at once that all the honour of discovering these sources is due

to Mr. Doughty alone. But the word "complete" needs some explanation. No claim whatever is made to absolute finality. But it is maintained that the approximation is now near enough for all historical purposes: because a composite diary of the siege has been compiled from all the original documents; and every day has been accounted for in it, every occurrence having been fitted into its proper place, corroborated by at least one other witness, and harmonized with its surroundings; while, as regards the battle, almost every hour between the tenth and fourteenth of September has been satisfactorily accounted for in the same way. And so the first reason given for the appearance of this book would seem to be a valid one.

The second reason is no less important than the first. For it is that the whole subject has never yet been described from the Naval and Military points of view combined together. And we must always remember that the British Navy was the only central unifying force which made the whole war one.

Hitherto, sea-power has nearly always been neglected, because historians never had its determining influence brought home to them. Captain Mahan changed all that, by making himself the faithful interpreter between the great Silent Service and the world at large. But his very excellence has given rise to a new kind of error. For writers are now apt to think that a phase of sea-power which only occupies a couple of his pages cannot be of much more relative importance in their own work. This is a serious error of point of view in a case

like that of the Quebec expedition. Captain Mahan naturally viewed his subject from the standpoint of battle-fleet action, which is always the real centre of the circle of influence. In his eyes, therefore, the Quebec expedition would rightly appear in diminishing perspective, somewhere on the borderland between causes and effects, and half way towards the circumference. But the historian of the expedition itself must look at it from quite a different standpoint. He must, of course, give a full account of his own surroundings. Yet, at the same time, he must never forget where the true centre of power lies, nor what are his relations to it. And he must constantly bear in mind that the attack by the St. Lawrence was an integral part of a world-wide scheme of naval strategy; and that Wolfe's army was simply a landing-party on a large scale.

The point of the whole argument is, therefore, that this great fight for the dominion of the West has never been consistently described as a combined naval and military operation, in which the fleet and the army were so much the necessary complements of each other on all occasions that they perfectly fulfilled the ideal of a single United Service throughout the whole expedition. And this being so, it seems that any honest attempt to redress the balance, and do justice to the Navy, would alone vindicate the book that made it.

A third justifying reason might be found in the fact that the complete history of this Canadian campaign is a most valuable object-lesson in Imperial Defence. For what Seeley well called the

"Second Hundred Years' War" comprised the whole series of wars from the accession of William III to Waterloo. And various as these wars were, and dissimilar one from another as we are apt to think them, each of them was simply a different phase of the one long and inevitable struggle for trade and empire over-sea. The Seven Years War was the most distinctly imperial of them all. The very heart of it lay in the fight for Canada. And the sea-borne joint expedition which Saunders and Wolfe led up the St. Lawrence to Quebec is the fit archetype of all the other joint expeditions which have planted British dominion in every quarter of the world. A close study of this will therefore not only teach the unvarying practical caution against all those visionary dead ideas of war which have no root in history, but also give a deeper living insight into the philosophy of empire at the present day.

These three justifying reasons make the whole subject once more an open question; and this book is now offered as a first attempt towards a satisfying answer.

CHAPTER I

Pitt's Imperial War

THE fight for Canada is the most justly famous episode of the Seven Years War, which, in its turn, is the central phase of the Great Imperial War between France and England, that lasted from 1688 to 1815, and decided the oversea dominion of the World.

At the beginning of this mighty struggle France was by far the strongest country in Europe, and Louis XIV was at the zenith of his highly centralized power. Richelieu had consolidated the Kingdom for him; and Colbert, Louvois and others had carried on the national organization towards the same end; until at last the King of France had become the virtual Commander-in-Chief of his twenty million subjects. He was the centre of France, and France was the centre of Europe. And the relative strength of his position was greatly increased by the comparative weakness of all his neighbours. Spain was already in decay, Germany worn out by the Thirty Years War and disunited as usual, Austria still threatened by the Turks, Sweden exhausted by the efforts she had made a generation before, Holland on the verge of decline, Portugal of no further importance, Russia not yet entered into the

comity of nations, and Stuart England still inclined to truckle for French support.

But in 1672, the very year that Frontenac was sent out to Canada, Louis took a false step in statecraft, which committed both him and his successors to a line of policy that, in the end, proved fatal to all hope of a Greater France. He had his warning, but he would not listen to it. Colbert and Leibnitz advised him to foster the French mercantile marine to the utmost of his power, to protect it with a strong navy, and to seek expansion rather by sea than land. But, what with the lack of national enterprise in sea-borne trade, the general ignorance of sea-power among most of his ministers, and the specious advantage that military glory has over naval in being both showier and more easily understood, he turned his back on the sea, and led France into the fatal path of land-conquest which she herself was only too willing to follow to the end. And, to make matters worse, he actually helped England to destroy the Dutch, whom he might have turned into a most useful ally of his own. The Third Dutch War of 1672 is, then, of outstanding importance; because it not only gave England the opportunity of destroying a dangerous rival navy, but also inaugurated the policy which made France a left-handed sea-power during more than a century of imperial competition.

The England of 1688 was far from being so formidable at first sight. The population and national resources were less than half those of France. Scotland had not been drawn in; Ireland was the enemy's advanced post at every oppor-

tunity; and the temper of the English people, though warlike enough, was quite the most unmilitary in Europe.

But, on the other hand, England was just then beginning to adopt for good the foreign policy which she has followed out ever since with so much success. The cardinal principle of it was to prevent any one of the Great Powers from obtaining the overlordship of the Continent. To this end she was always ready to enter into alliance with any of the weaker states. But so soon as her object was attained she at once drew back into her habitual isolation. For her vital foreign interests were henceforth those of trade alone, and her one great preoccupation was to keep the markets of the world always open to her merchant shipping. This is the policy which earned her the nickname of a nation of shopkeepers, and makes her so unpopular with all her great neighbours. For though her services to the balance of power may arouse occasional gratitude, this tells but little against the lasting general and individual resentment felt towards a country that keeps jealously aloof from all others, except when she intervenes to thwart any one of them which threatens to become supreme.

She had been a long time in coming to this point of view. Circumstances, indeed, hardly allowed her to arrive at it any sooner. The Hundred Years War did not cure her, as it should have done, of all ambition of playing a leading military part on the Continent; because its dazzling victories blinded her to its general results. She won the battles, but she lost the war. Then, for over a century after-

wards, religious and dynastic troubles helped to keep her as a merely local power, with material interests confined to her own neighbourhood.

But the discovery of America was followed by a profound change in the trade-routes of the world. They had been, in the stricter sense of the word, mediterranean : they now became oceanic. And in this change England found her opportunity. Fortunately for her, the first rival she encountered in the New World was Spain, whose sea-power, never truly great, was quite unequal to the task of policing the American coast-line. The English contraband trade flourished in wide-spread vigour ; whilst the Spanish galleons, bearing a dangerous amount of concentrated wealth, were always exposed to capture on their way home. But, most important of all, the true foreign policy, begun under Elizabeth, was revived under Cromwell, and became the constant aim of the whole nation after the accession of William III. Trade, and dominion held for trade, were the very breath of its life. Trade rivalry in America did more towards fitting out the Armada than all the power of the Holy Inquisition. And while the English remembered that they were defending their Bible, they never forgot that they were fighting for their ledgers too. An English contrabandist was considered a greater danger in Cadiz than an English heretic was in Madrid. And the object of Cromwell's high-handed seizure of Jamaica was to give the contraband traders a naval base of operations in the Spanish Main. Trade rivalry, again, was the original cause of the taking of New York from the Dutch, under Charles II. And the same motive, however

much obscured or disguised, was constantly at work throughout the reigns of William III, Queen Anne, and all the four Georges. Tudors, Stuarts, Republicans, and Hanoverians all pursued the same policy. And they could hardly do otherwise, when the presence of the New World had changed the relative position of England in the Old from an outlying corner of the Continent of Europe to the very centre of the Seven Seas.

As all trade was under most aggressive government control and protection in those days, England was gradually led to found American colonies of her own. The commerce between these and the Mother Country soon began to supplement, and eventually surpassed, the contraband trade with the colonies of other powers. But it was not a case of the trade following the flag. In fact, the reverse of this took place, and the flag followed the trade, in order to secure it, monopolize it, and protect it from foreign competition.

Thus England began to make her way into position as a world-power almost in spite of herself. First, as a contrabandist, with a good deal of the pirate ; but not quite unjustifiably so, because Spanish trade was an offensive armed monopoly, and the Spanish sphere of influence was invariably extended over every English vessel bound for America. Next, as a sea-coast colonizer, to get a monopolized commerce of her own. And, lastly, as an imperial state, always willing to guard her colonies from any naval attack, and often finding herself obliged to aid their hinterland expansion as well.

Such were the relative positions of France and

England when they began that Great Imperial War which was inevitably renewed at every crisis during a hundred and twenty seven years. The Hundred Years War had been inevitable ; because it was a life-and-death struggle for the overlordship of the soil of France. And France, fighting at home and being the greater land-power, was sure to win it in the end. The Great Imperial War was equally inevitable ; because it was a life-and-death struggle for the overlordship of the sea. And, this time, England, being the greater sea-power, was equally sure of ultimate supremacy.

The struggle was made all the more intense, and its result all the more decisive, by the fact that France and England were the undisputed leaders in a world-wide theatre of war. The sixteenth century had seen the rise of several New-World rivalries. Yet the rival forces employed at first were so small, and the field of enterprise so large, that there was not much occasion for concentrated and decisive action. But Portugal was conquered at home by Spain ; Spain began to decay, and was partly replaced by Holland ; and Holland, in her turn, was conquered in Europe by France and England. And so these two powers, being brought face to face, found themselves inevitably drawn into an age-long and exhaustive war, with all the seas and seaboards of the world on which to wage it.

The first eight years of actual hostilities are known as the War of the League of Augsburg. The English and Dutch fought together against Louis XIV, who practically stood alone against the greater part of Europe. The Peace of Ryswick, in

1697, showed how futile it was for France to attempt to expand without decisive sea-power. For she was thrown back upon herself, and forced to live on her capital during the war; whilst England, on the other hand, met a good many of her liabilities out of interest, and vastly increased her capital and credit by adding to her sea-power and oceanic empire. The treaty itself did not give her much in the way of direct ostensible benefits; but, indirectly, it put her on the high road to commercial dominion. For it left Holland and herself free to develop their sea-borne trade; and Holland was thenceforth bound to give way to her whenever they were left alone together.

It was in the next phase of the war, however, that England showed her true colours most clearly. The rest of Europe was drawn into the War of the Spanish Succession mostly by dynastic and territorial entanglements. But England's great object was simply to prevent Spanish America from falling under French domination. She could not endure the prospect of seeing a weak New-World power replaced by a strong one; and she concentrated all her efforts on gaining this one point. So far as she was concerned it was purely a counting-house war; and she made an excellent business bargain at the Treaty of Utrecht. France ceded Newfoundland and Nova Scotia; thus yielding to her the first step toward the final conquest of Canada. And Spain, in giving her a legal status in the wonderfully lucrative slave-trade by the special Asiento compact, was renouncing her own rights to exclusive American monopoly for ever.

Great Britain—for England and Scotland had been united in 1707, to the immense advantage of Scotch traders—was now the greatest sea-power in the world, and fully alive to the expediency of crushing every rival. In 1718 a Spanish expedition to Sicily threatened her hold on the Mediterranean. It was a time of nominal peace ; but Byng destroyed the Spanish fleet off Cape Passaro, and was made a peer for his services. The next year, the Czar, in alliance with Denmark, threatened to turn the Baltic into a Russian lake, by ruining Sweden altogether. This was a direct menace to England, as she drew most of her naval stores from the Baltic coasts. She at once sent a fleet to join the Swedish one in a combined demonstration, which produced immediate good results, not only intimidating the Czar, but also warning off any other power that was likely to cross her path at sea for some time to come.

The regular war was resumed in 1739. At first, Spain was the only ostensible enemy ; but, of course, France was drawn in later on. Walpole and Fleuri had both shamefully neglected all adequate preparations for continuing the inevitable conflict ; and the English mismanagement, both at head-quarters and at the front, was disgraceful to the last degree. But the dead weight of her sea-power was enough to save England from commercial loss at the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748 ; whilst France was forced to give up all distant conquests for want of a navy strong enough to hold them.

A sort of intermittent truce lasted for the next seven years ; and was finally exchanged for open

hostilities a year before the actual declaration of the Seven Years War in 1756. North American dominion was the immediate cause of strife; and the French victory over Braddock in 1755 was the first scene of the fourth act of the great drama played out in that part of the theatre of war. The terms considered acceptable in 1762 by the parasitic ministry of Bute and his contemptible followers were not such as the rights of war confer on the victorious side. But it is noteworthy that, even in this hour of England's political dishonour, the general principles of oceanic trade-expansion were so firmly fixed that no party, however time-serving, could fail to put them in the forefront of international negotiations.

The War of the American Revolution seemed at first to be a new departure. But it was soon inevitably merged in the great age-long struggle. France was naturally thirsting for revenge; and here was the opportunity to play her part in the fifth act of the New-World drama. She had been reviving her navy in the recuperative interval, and now, with the direct aid of her dynastic ally, Spain, and the indirect help of almost every other navy in the world, she managed to hold the British command of the sea in check long enough to let the Americans make their independence an accomplished fact. But hers was a barren triumph; and the national bankruptcy it entailed greatly increased the creeping paralysis which had been numbing her monarchy for three declining generations. Whilst England, though she suffered the momentous loss of her American colonies, got back her West

Indian possessions at the Treaty of Versailles in 1783, and could not be forced to relax her hold on the trade-routes of the world.

The Wars of the French Revolution and Empire formed the sixth and seventh phases of this mighty struggle. The former was so much an affair of social politics that questions of Trade and Empire were less prominent than usual. But they could never be forgotten by either side. The French were obliged to turn to the New World for food; and they scored a notable success when Montagu's failure to support Lord Howe enabled them to run an enormous American convoy into Brest. On the other hand, English foreign trade, which had increased by nearly one-third during Pitt's administration in the full stress of the fourth phase of the war, now increased by nearly two-thirds during the eight years between 1792 and 1800. There is no insurance like a strong navy. Both the contending powers made immense efforts to get or retain control of external commerce and dominion. Napoleon made repeated attempts "to conquer the sea by the land"; whilst England steadily followed out the policy of oceanic expansion, of which the conquest of Canada had already furnished the most brilliant example known. The result was that the British Empire began with a longer start than ever. None of her rivals were even in sight for many years after Waterloo. And she really owes all her peaceful triumphs since then to that hundred and twenty seven years of imperial statesmanship which found its highest expression in the elder Pitt.

As none of these great results could have been attained without war, it is of vital importance to examine the warfaring means employed : viz. joint naval and military expeditions, founded upon the command of the sea, which was itself founded on battle-fleet victory.

It was the battle of La Hogue in 1692 that first definitely turned the scale of sea-power in favour of England. And once the superiority of her battle-fleet was firmly established, every other advantage accruing to the Command of the Sea inevitably followed. The naval reason why is a very simple one. The sea itself is a desert ; its trade-routes are the roads across it ; and its harbours are oases. And if the stronger of two desert powers commands the entrances to all the great oases, and patrols all the highways connecting them, the weaker power must either leave the desert altogether or perish in it. Thus, the English fleet became an army of occupation, which reduced its opponents to guerilla warfare, whilst itself holding all interior lines in overwhelming force. And, as all the seas of the globe are strategically one, and all English squadrons were under one control, the effects of this occupation were felt quite as much in the New World as in the Old.

Such were the relative positions of the French and English sea-powers at the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, and again at the Peace of Paris in 1763. The only threatening of change in the interval was during the great year of 1759, when France was preparing those gigantic schemes of invasion which came to nought in Quiberon Bay.

The French tried privateering on a large scale, and every other shift and expedient which they fondly believed could make up for the loss of their battle-fleet. But no amount of such isolated efforts could shake the British hold on the sea for a moment. The unchangeable conditions of naval warfare absolutely forbade it. The French could no more win the command of the sea by such methods than the Parthians could have taken Rome itself. And even in their professed object of commerce-destruction they effected comparatively little. For while they only destroyed, on an average, two and a half per cent. per annum of British wealth afloat, that very wealth was itself increasing three times as fast at the worst period of the war. And, at the same time, their own sea-borne trade was withering away; because, having to go along roundabout furtive byways, it had no chance whatever of competing on even terms with the British trade, which used the convenient highways in comparative safety. This disparity in trading power had an enormous influence on the destinies of Canada. For New France was reduced to the greatest straits, thrown back upon her own resources, and made a much more easy prey for the dishonest officials who lived on her misery; whilst her trade with the Indians was seriously crippled by the competition of American rivals, whose goods came over an open sea. But what was even more serious still was the gradual dwindling away of the French mercantile marine at home. For this struck back straight at the root of sea-power, by cutting off the reserve of seamen.

Thus, the first battle-fleet victories of the Great Imperial War are the primary cause of the British conquest of Canada. For they caused the command of the sea, which extended the British frontiers to every part of the French coast-lines. And this extension of the frontier not only enabled joint naval and military expeditions, like that against Quebec, to reach the enemy, but also gave them the initiative of attack when they had arrived there. And these joint expeditions were the means by which the British Empire was founded and protected in every quarter of the world. Armies were, of course, quite as indispensable as fleets. But it was the immense advantage of operating from a naval base that ensured the permanent success of expeditions like those of Wolfe and Wellington. Montcalm was quite unable to find out what Wolfe was doing behind the impenetrable screen of the British fleet, and his men were worn out in the vain attempt to keep up with the transports, and anticipate the movements of the landing-parties from them. Napoleon, again, was at almost the same disadvantage in the Peninsula. His long lines of land communications drained his resources by the way, and the comparatively small armies left at the front could only maintain themselves and move about there with great difficulty; whilst Wellington's sea-base was much closer, his communications much shorter, and the proportion of his army which he could keep at the front very much greater. Besides, his forces had the advantage in mobility at every point of contact, since his naval base was naturally a moveable one, and

could follow along the coast parallel to his army, and establish new communications inland by the shortest line from the nearest seaport. The Crimean War, too—where the British sea-base was, strategically, much nearer to England than the Russian land-base was to Moscow—is a still more striking example of the influence of sea-power on land campaigns. And the same determining influence was seen at work, even when the use of railways had become general in warfare, in the comparative fighting power of the Russian armies and the British fleet after the treaty of San Stefano.

Now, it is the way in which Pitt harmonized his policy with all these guiding principles that makes him by far the greatest of all civilian ministers of war. He was at once the head and heart of England in arms. And England knew it. Indeed, she has spoilt his true fame by trying to give him more than his due share of credit. He had nothing to do with Frederick's campaigns, except by way of subsidies; nor did he discover Clive. And those who claim the very imperfect Havana scheme of 1762 as his own do not serve him well; for it was planned three months after he had left office, and its neglect of a simultaneous attack on New Orleans shows the absence of the master-mind. What he really did was to make a wise and worthy use of British opportunities in Germany and India; and establish three clear titles to independent fame, entirely on his own account. The first is that he consistently lived up to the highest standard of personal honesty, though surrounded by the most

corrupting influences. The second is that he is one of the very few British statesmen who have understood how to control fleets and armies without interfering with them. And the third is that he planned the conquest of Canada, and found the men and means to make it an accomplished fact.

His political career dates from his appointment as Paymaster-General in 1746. He did not mix much in home politics, and he had no seat in the Cabinet until ten years later. But he always exercised a great deal of influence on foreign affairs. And he made a profound impression on the whole country, by refusing to draw the interest on whatever public money was standing to the credit of the Government, or to accept the usual half per cent. commission on foreign subsidies, though these two methods of peculation were universally winked at. His reputation for pure patriotism became so high, and was founded on such sure national foundations, that, when Newcastle succeeded Pelham in 1754, and party politics reached the nadir of their course, the whole people instinctively turned to the "Great Commoner" to guide England through the crisis.

The new ministry, though founded in corruption, might have been held together by shifty expedients, had not the great struggle broken out afresh. Newcastle, like all weak party men, naturally shrank from the searching ordeal of war, which, in the last resort, must always be the supreme test of national value. But he and his placemen had too strong a vested interest for any government to be formed without them. Pitt eagerly rose to the full height of the occasion; though, as leader of the unfranchised,

he could not seize the great opportunity alone. The King despised Newcastle, disliked Pitt, and was inclined to be led away from the true line of English foreign policy by his fondness for his Hanoverian estates. Like all German particularists he dreaded Prussian domination, though Frederick the Great was the one possible ally in the coming war. A period of political flux and national depression followed. Never did a glorious war open under darker auspices. In the East, the successors of Dupleix were anxious to oust the English altogether. In the West, Braddock was hopelessly beaten on his way to Fort Duquesne. On the high seas, Hawke and Boscawen were sailing about under ambiguous orders from Newcastle, who was feebly trying to confine the war to the Colonies. The King was busy with princeling alliances against Prussia; whilst his English ministers were so apprehensive of a French invasion that they were asking him for a Hanoverian garrison at home. Finally, Byng failed to save Minorca, and gave up the command of the Mediterranean to the French fleet without a decisive battle.

But this last indignity stung England to the quick. The storm of public rage broke in such fury that Newcastle fled before it as if for his life. Pitt became Secretary of State at the end of 1756; and immediately began to take the strong measures which the crisis so urgently required. He dismissed the Hessian mercenaries; increased the militia; sent out reinforcements to America; and made a double masterstroke of policy by raising those Highland regiments which have since become so famous on

every British field of battle. In the untoward Byng affair he had the courage to oppose both the King and people, by recommending mercy towards the Admiral, who was, to a great extent, the victim of a vicious naval system, and the scapegoat of an incompetent government.

But he soon found that he could not make head against the sea of foreign troubles through which England was now buffeting her course, unless he had the support of the King and Newcastle. He was summarily dismissed in the spring of 1757; and only regained power after stooping to a most distasteful compromise, by which he was given a free hand abroad, on condition that Newcastle had an equally free hand for patronage at home. He also made his peace with the King, whom he felt bound to humour in order to get the full use of all the national resources. His action cannot, of course, be defended on any abstract principle of political purity. But as his country had need of him, and he could only serve her by means of this compromise, he may be absolved; at all events conditionally.

His great administration lasted four years, from 1757 to 1761. The French and British Empires had been virtually at open war since 1755. But the official declarations had not been made till 1756. These are fine specimens of the mutual recriminations common in such documents: French vanity, always posing for the benefit of "Civilization," being well matched by the stolid self-righteousness of England. The opposing forces were already at work; Austria having drawn France into a triple

alliance with herself and Russia ; and Prussia taking sides with England by force of circumstances. The Barrier clauses of the Treaty of Utrecht, which kept the Austrian Netherlands out of the Indian trade, were a standing grievance against England. And all the great continental powers were united in a common jealousy of the rise of Prussia. France turned her back on the sea, as usual ; and Pitt took advantage of it at once. Knowing that the French and British were engaged in a desperate phase of the eternal struggle for international existence, which had to be fought out to an exhaustive finish, he threw a specious consistency to the winds, prepared to defend Hanover, and subsidized Frederick the Great. By this means he drew most of the French forces to their eastern frontier, engaged as little as possible of the British army on the Continent, and kept free to concentrate his main effort on oceanic expansion.

The first year's operations were not promising. Incompetent placemen were plentiful in both services ; but more particularly, as usual, in the Army. The Rochefort expedition was a contemptible fiasco, under Mordaunt and his timid councils of war. In America, Loudon was fussily engaged in his old invariable practice of marking time ; and Louisbourg remained intact. The Duke of Cumberland, a good War Office administrator but no commander for the field, was rounded up at Klosterseven and obliged to surrender ; while Frederick barely held his own by superhuman exertions. Luckily for Prussia and the British, Pitt had now become as great a paymaster of allied governments as Colbert had been a century

before. And another ray of hope appeared when Clive won the battle of Plassey on the 23rd of June.

In 1758 Pitt effected a change of generals. Ferdinand of Brunswick took charge of the English and Hanoverian contingents in Germany, and he and Frederick managed to keep off the converging invaders for another year. The triple attack on New France was successful on both flanks, at Louisbourg and Fort Duquesne; though it failed in the centre at Ticonderoga. Some minor joint expeditions met with varying success. But there was still a lack of co-ordination on the British side.

In 1759 the tide of war was on the turn. Frederick was terribly defeated at Kunersdorf; but recovered himself enough to hold off his enemies till they had to go into winter quarters. Minden was won in August. The great combined French scheme for invading England, Ireland and Scotland was nullified by Boscawen at Lagos and Hawke at Quiberon. Wolfe's battle at Quebec formed the crowning glory of this memorable year. And each success in one part of the world confirmed some other elsewhere, so that the co-ordination of the allied powers on land and sea promised to make their victories both decisive and far-reaching.

In 1760 Pitt had become supreme at home; Frederick had won his last desperate pitched battle at Torgau; Amherst had taken Montreal; and a glorious peace seemed a certainty of the near future. But the death of the King at this juncture was a disaster of the first magnitude. With all his faults and un-English sympathies he had a real grasp of affairs, and knew a good deal about the proper con-

duct of a war. George III, on the other hand, had most of the private virtues, coupled with nearly every public fault; and all his faults had been intensified by the narrow training he had been given by his mother and Bute. He had his obstinate heart set upon becoming a paternal King. But he was ludicrously incompetent for the part, especially in all that concerned foreign affairs, the British Empire, and the conduct of the war. He would have been respectable as a living figure-head, personifying English domesticity; but he was worse than useless at the helm in the middle of a storm.

Bute—a flunkey turned master by the favour of the King's mother—very soon became the power behind the throne. He of course wanted peace, as the war called for so much more strength and skill than he and all his underlings could muster between them. And he had a show of right on his side. For, in March, France offered what could then be made to appear quite reasonable terms. Each country was to keep what it held in Europe on the 1st of May, in Africa and America on the 1st of July, and in India on the 1st of September. Pitt opposed any such arrangement for two reasons. In the first place, he knew the rights of war were growing stronger on the British side; and the fall of Belle Isle, Dominica and Pondicherry confirmed him in this view. But his main reason was that he suspected Choiseul of temporizing for the purpose of maturing the plans of the family compact with the Spanish Bourbons. Here again he was right, as the compact was signed in April, with a secret clause binding Spain to declare war against England if

peace was not concluded with France before the 1st of May, 1762. There could now be no doubt whatever as to what England's line of action should be. Pitt determined upon an immediate attack on Spain. Bute and the lackeys, however, had meanwhile clambered up the back stairs into power. They were all greedy for the safe fat jobbery of peace. Pitt found himself in a Council whose new members, though not devoid of all patriotism, were ready to give away most of the rights of war. And on the 5th of October, 1761, he resigned.

But, within three months, his statesmanlike foresight was again vindicated. For even Bute was forced into the inevitable war with Spain in the following January. The spirit of Pitt still lived on in the fighting front of empire; and the Spanish possessions fell fast before the attacks of the British expeditions. But the new placemen clutched at the old terms as eagerly as they had done the year before; and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the British rights of conquest were fairly well safeguarded. The political position was a most humiliating one. Peace had become very desirable by the end of 1762; because that phase of the Great Imperial War had practically closed, when Frederick had fought his enemies to exhaustion in their efforts to crush him, and when England had taken all the manageable oceanic possessions of France and Spain. And Pitt, though righteously indignant at the new ministry's criminal ignorance of imperial questions, became merely vindictive in wishing to carry on the war into 1763. In fact, for a time,

he almost sank into a common British Jingo. But, to his lasting honour be it said, he escaped this degradation, though sorely provoked to it by every maddening influence.

Bute, on the other hand, was already too low to fall any further. He had not one spark of that honest homely virtue which may sometimes redeem the contemptible pettiness of the Little-Englander. What he wanted was peace at any price to his country, and any advantage to himself. He drove Newcastle out of business as a rival jobber. He deserted Frederick the Great in such a shameless way that the bitterness of it has continued to rankle in Prussian memories down to our own times. And he and Fox, with the connivance of the King's perversity, bought up the majority which carried the votes on the Treaty through the House of Commons. Peace in itself was as right as it was desirable. But nothing can wipe out the indelible stain on that Parliament which sold votes right and left to get it with dishonour.

And so the end of the war was even more inglorious than its beginning. But it was sound at the heart: and its heart was Pitt. It was he who first set an example of the purest patriotism; who first saw the war in its true light; who raised the spirit of England to his own level, and, from that commanding height, showed her how best to win her way against all her rivals in commerce and dominion. Under his leadership trade actually flourished by war; and did so in a far deeper sense than is commonly believed. For though it is true that the increase during war was mostly artificial, and

therefore delusive in itself, yet it is a much greater delusion still to think that any such corresponding increase could have ever taken place without successful war. All the governments in the world were trying to enlarge and monopolize their own spheres of influence ; and war was the only possible means by which foreign markets could be kept open. Peace and trade did not go together ; but the merchant adventurers of England lived by a trade that lived by war during the whole of the eighteenth century, and have flourished on the prestige of that war ever since. And if Pitt's expeditions seem wasteful in themselves, it must be remembered that their ultimate effect was to plant British trade and dominion in every quarter of the world—and who blames a sower for being somewhat lavish of his seed in a fruitful soil ?

The one true charge against him is, that he was inclined to overstep the soundest rules of war by trying to make the force of England felt rather in many places than, more decisively, in a few. But, however this may be, it is certain that he won fame, wealth, and infinite possibilities of expansion for the English-speaking race ; besides immortal honour, as a patriot leader, for himself. And above and beyond all this, again, we must always remember that his prophetic vision of many different sovereign states of British freemen, united into one great commonwealth of empire for security in war, is our own most hoped-for ideal of to-day.

CHAPTER II

New France and New England

THE command of the sea must always be taken into account, first of all, when considering either the whole, or any part, of the struggle for dominion in the New World. It was, indeed, the one great and unvarying factor which determined the relative strength of New France and New England. Both colonies owed their birth to the sea, they grew by the sea, and depended in every way on the sea. And the ultimate result of every conflict between them, even if fought out in their remotest inland wilds, was settled, either for or against the victor, by the relative fighting force which their two Motherlands then possessed at sea. No thinking man in either country ever had the slightest doubt on the subject; for, in the days of Wolfe and Montcalm, sea-power was visibly omnipotent in every nook and corner of America. Trade was entirely dependent on the over-sea exchange of European manufactures and American raw material. And, of course, every detail of local distribution was also made, when possible, by sea. For, if a hundred tons of goods can, at the present day, be carried by sea as easily as ten tons by rail, and ten tons by rail as easily as one ton by road,

what must have been the preponderant advantage of sea over land transport, at a time when there was neither rail nor road ?

The very speech of ordinary life in Canada to-day shows how intimately seafaring ways affected all classes of the community. There are also a few military terms in general use, as might be expected in a country partly settled by old soldiers. For instance, a *siege* of visits, of bores, etc., is a common expression in English. And, in French, what we call our "things" are always known as *le butin*—"booty"; the big round "steamer" on the winter stove is a *bombe*; a fur cap is a *casque*; and old habitants still talk of their village as *le fort*, in reminiscence of war-paths and scalping-parties. But nautical terms meet one at every turn. You steer your way about the land by the points of the compass, veering, bearing up, or making in for every change of direction. In English, the seaport expression, *so long*, is universally used in the sense of good-bye; the pioneers' waggons are known as *prairie schooners*; and every one in America always *boards* a railway train. In French, the winter roads in the country are marked out by channel buoys—*balises*; and if you do not pass them close-to you will founder—*caler*, and become like a derelict—*dégradé*. You must always *embarquer* into, and *débarquer* out of, a carriage. A cart is said to be refitted—"*radoué*." A well-dressed woman is "*bin grê-yée*," that is, "fitted out to go foreign." And horses are never tied, but always moored—*amarrés*. There are probably no landsmen in the world who use so many sea-terms

in their general talk as the French-Canadians still do; which proves that in earlier times all classes depended on the sea for their very existence. Even now, in both languages, every single article of trade is said to be *put on board* for transport by rail, just the same as when it is really shipped by sea; and the *f.o.b.*—or *free on board—shipment* of goods by land carriage is one of the commonest of everyday expressions.

The enormous preponderance of sea-power in trade had its natural counterpart in war; as the inland and coastwise trade all depended on the sea, where the one guarantee of security was a navy able to keep the sea-ways open. And this navy had to be an essentially offensive arm, always ready to destroy the enemy's fighting force afloat. Once that was done the defeated side could only pursue a policy of coast-defence and evasion. And this policy was always futile; because all mutual intercourse of motherland and colony lay along the trade-routes of the high seas, where coast-defence was useless, and evasion perilous to the point of ruin. And so, in the end, everything depended upon the victorious fleet-in-being.

As a natural result of all this, the Command of the Sea has always been the one original and overmastering force which has determined the whole development of racial dominion in the New World. Armies were, of course, also indispensable; but they could no more fight without fleets than they could without food. Indeed, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that all expeditionary armies were really nothing but landing-parties, operating on a

more or less extended scale. In any case, it is certain that the fortunes of every contending race rose or fell with the rise or fall of its relative fighting strength at sea.

Portugal, entering the field in the early days of small numbers and vast possibilities, had the apparent promise of a great colonial future before her. But, with the loss of her sea-power, her dominion gradually withered away into a finally independent Brazil. The Spain of the sixteenth century seemed likely to dominate the whole New World. But, after the destruction of the Armada by the English Navy, her peculiar ineptitude at sea began to tell against her more and more. She was already outclassed in the seventeenth century, and she was of no account in a single-handed war in the eighteenth. Her last forlorn struggle for the control of the Spanish Main, at the end of the nineteenth, was simply a curious anachronism.

Holland dominated a valuable trade-coast during her short period of naval glory; but the Great Dutch War left her too much exhausted to hold it. And France, though always a Great Power both by land and sea, was compelled, by the force of circumstances, the bent of her national genius, and the deliberate choice of her rulers, to employ so much of her strength in land-warfare in Europe that she could never maintain more than a left-handed fight for over-sea dominion. It is true that, in the earlier days of Louis XIV, many circumstances combined to make her concentrated power widely felt on both elements for the time being, and that she became a really dangerous menace on the high seas. But

her over-centralized resources were strained to the uttermost in keeping up her armies. They failed her navy in its time of need. And the British command of the sea grew more and more secure, until, at the Treaty of Utrecht, it stood without a rival.

Under ordinary circumstances, the relative strength of the French Navy would have been greatly increased between 1713 and 1755. The opportunity was there, for the British Navy was shamefully administered in the interval. The wholesale and wasteful reductions in peace were equalled by the disgraceful failures in war:—witness, the demoralizing way in which Matthews and Lestock allowed the Franco-Spanish squadron to escape, off Toulon, between the 8th and 11th of February, 1744. But the Parliamentary stupidity—and worse—in England was more than counterbalanced by the growing corruption of autocracy in France. And the French Navy sank so low that it never overcame the British command of the sea, for even a single day, throughout the whole course of the Seven Years War. The evil results of this neglect of sea-power were felt acutely throughout every department of commerce all over France; as for the French colonies, they simply starved. While British seaborne trade actually increased nearly thirty per cent. during the greatest stress of the war, the French flag almost disappeared from the trade routes of the world. And the entire population of the French dominions, at home and over-sea, suffered beneath the crushing blows of a Navy whose ships few of them had ever seen, and whose determining strategic force fewer still could understand.

It is very important to note that there was nothing exceptional about the sea-power which determined the British conquest of Canada. It was exactly the same, in kind, which had been known since the days of Columbus, and which was to be manifested again and again, down to our own day. A corresponding influence was even more plainly shown twenty years later, when the hostile union of the French and Dutch and Spanish fleets, indirectly aided by those of the Armed Neutrality, succeeded in checking the British command of the sea long enough to secure American Independence. Washington, with his clear strategic insight, thoroughly grasped the situation. In his *Memorandum for concerting a Plan of Operations with the French Army*, which was dated July 15, 1780, and carried by Lafayette himself, he says :—" In any operations, and under all circumstances, a decisive Naval superiority is to be considered as a fundamental principle, and the basis upon which every hope of success must ultimately depend." He quite understood that he and Rochambeau could never have forced Cornwallis to surrender at Yorktown, unless de Grasse and de Barras had concentrated their squadrons in the Chesapeake, thus overmatching the British fleet under Graves, and nullifying the British army under Clinton. Again, Napoleon was compelled to sacrifice Louisiana, which then included the great Middle West, for the paltry sum of sixteen million dollars ; because it was an oversea possession, which could not be held against a superior navy. And again, the war of 1812 destroyed the Americans' own seaborne trade, because they had neglected—like the

Phœnicians, Carthaginians and Dutch before them—to insure the safety of their merchantmen by the protection of an adequate navy.

But a still more striking example of the influence which the command of the sea has exercised on American history is furnished by the great Civil War, which is usually regarded as almost entirely a series of land-campaigns. It is also peculiarly apposite for purposes of comparison; because there is a curious parallel between the strategic position of the South in 1864 and that of New France in 1759. The whole sea-coast of both countries was commanded by hostile fleets, which compelled them to live off their own resources. Georgia became the only granary of the South; as the farms of the habitants between Quebec and Montreal became the only granary of New France. The westward communications of the South had been interrupted when Farragut took New Orleans in 1862: they were cut altogether when Grant took Vicksburg the following year, and so got complete control of the Mississippi, thus preventing the passage of supplies from the meat-producing West. Now, New France was in much the same predicament; for Louisbourg occupied a somewhat similar position to that held by New Orleans; Quebec answered to Vicksburg, and the line of the St. Lawrence to that of the Mississippi. Wolfe's raid from Louisbourg was of the same kind, though on a very small and partial scale, as Sherman's march through Georgia. The general strategic principles acted on were much the same in both cases. The stronger power attacked for a long

time by land with very little success. But its command of the coast gradually threw the weaker power entirely on its own resources, and compelled it to draw its supplies from vulnerable places at home. Finally, sea-power came up the great rivers, searching out the very vitals of the land; and then the armies of the stronger power—securely based upon the sea, and with the incalculable advantages of moveable bases of water-borne supplies close at hand—struck home at the strategic centres where their weaker adversaries had been compelled to concentrate by the steady, grinding pressure of hostile fleets.

In short, whichever way we turn, the very nature of things compels us to recognize Sea-Power as the one unvarying and decisive determinant of every empire in the two Americas. We have plenty of historical examples to teach us the value of this overwhelming influence: beginning with 1588, when the victorious Elizabethan seamen got their first glimpse of Western dominion, down to 1898, when Cervera's squadron was annihilated at Santiago—three whole centuries of naval history. But, unfortunately, with the exception of a few specialists, writers never seem to learn this lesson themselves, still less do they succeed in bringing it home to their readers. American history is always eloquent of Sea-Power; but American historians are not.

The other great and constant factor at work was, of course, the particular form of colonization imposed upon their possessions by the competing powers. The three different types are all well

known. First, the Spanish; originally, far more enlightened than it is believed to have been; but after 1542, and the "New Laws" of Charles V, a complete tyranny, exploiting the wealth of the New World for the exclusive benefit of a blindly self-centred Home Government. As Basil Hall neatly puts it: "the sole purpose for which the Americans existed was held to be that of collecting together the precious metals for the Spaniards; and if the wild horses and cattle which overran the country could have been trained to perform this office the inhabitants might have been altogether dispensed with, and the colonial system would then have been perfect." This type naturally worked out its own destruction; but, just as naturally, in doing so, it transmitted most of its political evils to its puerile offspring, which, becoming independent before learning the rudiments of self-government, have been obliged ever since to depend upon the gradual amelioration of revolutions for every advance in political knowledge. Spanish America is still storm-stayed on the way to freedom.

Next, the French: that most sterile of all colonial systems. It was, of course, paternal to the last degree, and aimed at creating in the new France an official Utopia, such as all the powers-that-were could not bring about in the old. The Canadian priesthood was certainly distinguished for its magnificent devotion; and the parish, which formed the city of refuge for the faithful in those troublous times, was the greatest power for good in the land. But the bureaucracy simply followed the inevitable tendency which always drags down

omnipotent officials who are beyond the reach of a centralized home government. No wonder the colony was a failure! Its only chance of successful rivalry lay in a great increase of population and in adaptability to circumstances. But the system forbade adaptability and self-government of every kind; no great flow of immigration could be expected from a stay-at-home people like the French, and the natural increase of population was checked by economic causes induced by misgovernment. With the general break-up of the monarchy, which began under Louis XV, the fate of New France was sealed. It stood still for a whole generation; its vital forces being meanwhile devoured by internal corruption. And so, in spite of the many admirable qualities of its "habitants," and of the splendid leadership of its priests and soldiers, and in spite of the fact that every man in the Colony was compelled to bear arms, it was already beaten in the struggle for imperial existence, long before Saunders and Wolfe came to give it the decisive death-blow.

Lastly, the English: the only one that contained within itself the regenerative forces of growth and adaptability. It owed these immense advantages mainly to Sea-Power and Self-government. The English came to America in obedience to the same racial sea-faring instincts that led their ancestors to England itself; and they made settlements there, just as Saxon and Norman had once settled in the British Isles. It was not England, but the English race, that made another English home in the new sea-board land. And

whilst France and Spain found the sea a desert, dividing them from their possessions, both Old and New England found it a familiar system of Roman roads, uniting them together by the best of all Imperial highways. The sea was also the life of all their commerce; and, indeed, the British and American leadership of the business world to-day is principally due to our being the commercial heirs of the old English merchant-adventurers, who took long oversea risks, and skilfully adapted themselves to world-wide markets.

Thus, whilst all the foreign empires depended mainly upon tribute, our own enjoyed the infinite advantages of trade. The further advantage of our settlements having been made after the race had developed great powers of self-government is too obvious to be dwelt upon. And the corresponding disadvantage of having several widely-differing colonies, each going its own selfish way, whilst the far inferior resources of the French were all capable of unification at any time, is also a matter of historical commonplace. It is worth noting that the great intermingling of different sects seems to have been the chief reason why the British were more tolerant than the French and Spanish. They could hardly spare enough energy to persecute each other in the strenuous life of a new country. But wherever the Puritans were massed together they did their best to emulate their foreign neighbours, and sectarian zeal was undoubtedly a factor to be reckoned with in the "Glorious Enterprise" of conquering New France.

Of course, two such dissimilar forms of coloniza-

tion could not exist together without a conflict. Their mere unlikeness was bound to produce war wherever they came into contact. And the points of contact only multiplied more and more as time went on; for both races were trying to extend their spheres of influence over the same country. The British Colonies, with a population fifteen times greater than that of New France, were based on the sea from Maine to Georgia, and steadily expanded inland, along an immense semicircle, reaching from the Lower Mississippi, round by the Great Lakes, to the Upper St. Lawrence. But, as they went on growing landwards, they found themselves everywhere entangled in a hidden living net of French and Indian raiders, who hung persistently on their advance, and compelled them to fight for every step of their impeded way. The French scheme of hinterland expansion was foredoomed, since the only lines of communication with the outside world passed through the Gulfs of St. Lawrence and of Mexico, both of which might be sealed up at any time by the British fleet. But it was the only policy open to an oversea country with an inferior navy; and such is the permanence of strategic conditions at all times, that this policy has been brilliantly repeated in our own day, under happier auspices, by the conquest of the new French hinterland of Northern Africa.

When the British Colonies realized that this "joining of hands behind their backs" might confine them within the frontiers which they were then beginning to push forward into the undeveloped West, they made an attempt to organize their

scattered resources for a final struggle. The "Albany Plan of Union" was laid before the commissioners of six colonies by Benjamin Franklin, and referred to the different legislatures for approval. This Plan asked for an Act of Parliament to establish a federal government for all the Colonies. The executive authority was to be vested in a president-general, and all laws were to be subject to the King's approval. Power was to be given to declare war or peace, to make treaties with the Indians, to settle new Colonies, to raise troops, build forts and ships, and take other means for the common defence. But it all fell through; since every colonial Assembly rejected it as giving too much power to the King's representative, while the Home Government disapproved of it because it gave too much power to the proposed American House of Representatives. And so everything still went on in the old disunited way.

There were thirteen Colonial Governments involved, besides the Home Authorities and the Hudson's Bay Company. This Company was always at daggers drawn with the French adventurers; but, as it took no official part in the war, it need not be further mentioned. The different Colonial Assemblies were nearly always on bad terms with their Governors and with the Ministry at home. The disputes raged round two main points: one was the trade monopoly of England, the other was the right of the Home Government to impose taxes on the Colonies for their own defence, without consulting them in the matter. The action of the British Government was not altogether

statesmanlike, nor justifiable on any grounds of abstract political rights; but it was not really tyrannous, according to the theories of the age; nor very burdensome, in comparison with the then accepted principles of taxation. The sting of it lay in the offence it gave to Colonial autonomy. And the disputants were the more embittered against each other because many of the Colonists were descendants of men who had emigrated with a religious, social, or political grudge against the England of their day. The whole question was further complicated by the mutual jealousies of the Colonies among themselves. Each of them was afraid of defending the others at its own expense. And the Pennsylvanian Quakers would have nothing to do with any system of defence at all, except when they could enjoy all the benefits whilst others bore the entire burden. The result was that the Civil disunion was reflected in the military organization. And so New France, with less than a hundred thousand people, kept New England, with far more than a million, at bay for many years; and, in the end, was conquered at Quebec and Quiberon by fleets and armies belonging almost entirely to the British regular forces.

The whole question of Colonial militia, both in New France and New England, was always a vexatious one for all concerned. In Canada matters were simplified by an autocratic form of Government, which could force any able-bodied man into the ranks at any time. There was no trouble about recruiting, as all the men required could be lawfully taken; nor about length of service,

as that was only limited by a man's fitness for bearing arms; nor yet about pay, as there was none at all. But there was great difficulty in keeping many men under arms together, as that endangered the crops. The commissariat and transport departments were honeycombed with corruption. Warlike stores had to be brought from Europe, and were often captured on the way. And the jealousies and disputes of all kinds between the troops from the Mother Country and those raised in the Colony were just as bad in New France as they ever were in New England.

The American militia did not appear at its best in the decisive campaigns of Louisbourg and Quebec. The fact of the matter is that there were two very different types of men, who are both indiscriminately classed together as militia. The good type was quite equal to anything else of the same kind in any other country. Pepperell's volunteers, who took Louisbourg in 1745, were excellent irregulars; and so were some of Washington's Virginians. When the Colonies put their heart into their work they always turned out a splendid personnel. The 20,000 men that New England had in the field at one time might well have become a formidable army, and shown the Home Authorities what Americans could really do. Of course, like all the English peoples, the Americans had a great deal of ignorant prejudice against doing any military work in a practical military way; and they always entertained the same old absurd belief in the efficacy of untrained troops which has unhappily survived to the present day—all proofs positive to

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the contrary notwithstanding. Yet if the Colonies had been left entirely to their own resources, and so been forced to unite in their own defence, and replace their petty interfering politicians by real controlling statesmen, there is every reason to believe that the crisis would, in the end, have brought forth an army equal to those which the stress of war welded together under Cromwell and Wellington, or Washington, Grant and Lee.

But nothing of this kind could happen where one big, and thirteen little governments were all trying to do everything in different ways. There was overweening conceit on both sides of the Atlantic. The Home Authorities stupidly wanted to change the militia into a sort of imitation of British Regulars; whilst the Colonial Authorities, with equal pig-headedness, aimed at having thirteen little armed mobs, managed by thirteen little local committees, and paid for by the Imperial Government, though the various Assemblies were to be middlemen in everything. Neither side could rise to the true ideal of combining two different kinds of troops, each with its own good points, into one harmonious army. None of those fourteen Powers-that-were would have anything to do with harmony; they hated it; what they all wanted was unison after their own fashion. Three great men—Pitt, Wolfe and Washington—could have settled the whole affair between them; but, unfortunately, the fools and bigots were too many and too highly placed, both in the Old World and the New.

However evenly the responsibility for all this may be divided in other respects, it is certain that in the

exasperating art of mutual disparagement England was easily first. Her implicit belittlement of all Colonial affairs which did not affect her trade at home gave deep offence to those Americans who believed that nothing could prevent a British supremacy in the New World, if the available means were properly employed to gain it. For though Colonials rarely grasped the vital importance of the Great Imperial War, they instinctively felt that the true strength of a Greater Britain did not depend on Little-England politics, or even on imperial dominion over alien lands, but on the growth of a British pioneering breed of men, who could win the golden chance of racial expansion, both for themselves and their posterity.

The worst impressions were made on both sides by all kinds of mutual misunderstandings. After Braddock's defeat the Colonists jumped to the conclusion that all Regulars were useless. In this particular case they certainly had some cause for complaint; and they were not slow in expressing their opinions. "We put no confidence in any other troops but our own," wrote one American. And another roundly declared: "I do affirm that, if they send over 20,000 men from England, they'll only fall a sacrifice to the enemy." On the other hand, Wolfe drew up a violently unjust general indictment, on account of the miserable American militia grudgingly sent to take part in the siege of Louisbourg. "About 500 Rangers are come, which to appearance are little better than 'la canaille.'" "The Americans are in general the dirtiest, most contemptible cowardly dogs that

you can conceive. There is no depending upon 'em in action. They fall down dead in their own dirt, and desert by battalions, officers and all. Such rascals as these are rather an encumbrance than any real strength to an army." The great misfortune was that the English and Americans both happened to show their very worst side to each other, just at the most conspicuous episodes in the whole war. Hence, the stay-at-home people in both countries learned to despise their distant fellow-subjects. People in England began to brand all Americans as cowards, on account of the misbehaviour of a few unrepresentative Rangers. And Americans became more set than ever in their distorted views of England and all things English.

The best men on both sides—the few that had knowledge, tact and insight—never lost their heads in all the untoward flux of prejudice which was fast whirling the two kindred peoples apart. Washington, Wolfe and Lord Howe were practically at one about the proper conduct of the war and the mistakes of the Home Government. Wolfe's letters teem with caustic criticism. "No nation in the world but England sends soldiers to war without discipline or instruction." "Hitherto there has been the most profound ignorance of the nature of the war upon this Continent." "Our clothes, our arms, our accoutrements, nay, even our shoes and stockings, are all improper for this country"; and, as he rather quaintly phrases it, "Lord Howe is so well convinced of it that he has taken away all the men's breeches."

Washington's military criticism of the way in

which the Home Government mishandled the American militia is quite as just as Wolfe's of the way in which it mismanaged its own Regulars. Writing to his brother just after Braddock's defeat he says: "I am so little dispirited at what has happened, that I am always ready and always willing to render my country any service that I am capable of, but never upon the terms I have done; having suffered much in my private fortune, besides impairing one of the best constitutions. I was employed to go a journey in the winter (when, I believe, few or none would have undertaken it), and what did I get by it? My expenses borne! I was appointed, with trifling pay, to conduct a handful of men to the Ohio. What did I get by this? Why, after putting myself to a considerable expense, in equipping and providing necessaries for the campaign, I went out, was soundly beaten —lost them all! Came in and had my commission taken from me, or in other words my command reduced, on pretence of an order from home! I then went a volunteer with General Braddock, and lost all my horses and many other things. But this being a voluntary act I ought not to have mentioned this; but to show that I have been upon the losing order ever since I entered the service, which is now two years. So that I think I can't be blamed, should I, if I leave my family again, endeavour to do it upon such terms as to prevent my suffering loss (to gain by it being the least of my expectations)."

But though Washington was rightly disgusted with the Home Government, he was no more blind

than Wolfe was to the faults of the Colonies. He saw that the petty red-tape spirit which denied him any proper relative rank in the Army was no worse than the narrow little local politics which would look at nothing beyond the parochial idea of defence. And, young as he was, he had already risen to a point of view from which he could see that the party rancour and ministerial obtuseness of England was being faithfully reproduced in America, under the guise of sectional jealousy and the general keen narrowness of small democracies.

In fact, the whole history of the war is one long object-lesson on the evils of disunion in imperial defence. The imperial government of the day had the greater share of power and opportunities, and so must bear the greater share of the blame. But as the different American governments themselves made nearly every mistake known to the science of war, their own share of responsibility can be by no means small. The only statesmanlike honours due to either country were, that the Motherland supported Pitt's imperial war long enough to win the day, and that the New England leaders of two generations never lost sight of the "Glorious Enterprise" of conquering New France.

This "Glorious Enterprise" was the one true plan of campaign from the very first. Yet it was not put into operation for seventy years! Its origin and slow acceptance furnish an ideal example of the inherent weakness of all democracies when approaching a great strategic problem. There were the same ignorant electorate and the same truckling politicians that we have always with us. And

the Home and Colonial Governments alike drifted about for two generations, without ever trying to adjust the interdependent parts of the problem, see it whole, and solve it once for all.

In 1689 Frontenac struck at the heart of New England with three separate flying columns, operating simultaneously. This made the English colonists begin to realize their own fatal lack of combination.

Peter Schuyler then proposed a counterstroke, by which the alliance of the Five Nation Indians should be secured, the forces of all the colonies should be unified, and an army should march on Montreal, whilst the main attack should be conducted by a combined fleet and army operating against Quebec. This was the "Glorious Enterprise," which the few statesmanlike men who knew the country never ceased to advocate, during the whole of the period between Frontenac and Montcalm.

Schuyler was Mayor of Albany, and practically united in himself all the civil and military authority existing in his own district. The Indians regarded him as the successor of the "Great White Chief," Arent van Corlaer, whose Indianized name, "Kora," is still used by the Iroquois to designate the British Sovereign. He was very prominent among his own people; and most of the other leaders, down to 1759, were connected with him, either by blood or marriage. The idea of the "Enterprise" was thus kept alive, as a kind of family tradition, by the foresightful few, throughout all the little disconnected raids and reprisals undertaken by the British Authorities on both sides of the Atlantic, who themselves never rose above a sort of tribal warfare. Even

in 1758, Abercromby was sent to make the main attack through the forests, and failed at Ticonderoga. And even in 1759 the Colonial Governments were not so united as they should have been.

But, in spite of all this, the true principles had been adopted for once. Two men who knew America, De Lancey and Pownall, had gained the ear of the great imperial statesman, who finally planned a combined attack, similar to the one proposed by Peter Schuyler long ago. De Lancey had come to the front in 1753, when Sir Danvers Osborn died as Governor of New York. Pownall had been Osborn's trusted secretary, and was equally welcomed to the Government councils by De Lancey, who never ceased urging the Home Government to undertake the great joint expedition. In 1756 Pownall went to England to explain matters; and Pitt, overcoming the many delays caused by the obstinacy of red-tape officialdom, at length found his opportunity, and, using Pownall as a sort of Intelligence Department, adapted the plan of campaign for 1759 to actual American conditions. And so the "Glorious Enterprise" of Peter Schuyler was at last successfully taken in hand by De Lancey, formulated by Pownall, vindicated by the statesmanship of Pitt, and confirmed by the splendid victory of Saunders and Wolfe.

CHAPTER III

Vaudreuil and Bigot

THE Governor-General of Canada was Pierre François de Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil, son of the Marquis de Vaudreuil who had himself been Governor of New France from 1703 to 1725. He was born at Montreal in 1704, had been a Captain in the French Colonial "Troupes de la Marine," and then Governor of Louisiana, from 1743 to 1754. His commission as Governor-General of Canada was dated the 1st of January, 1755. And, from that day forward, he was given every opportunity of mismanaging the affairs of the unhappy colony, where his strutting little personality was grotesquely out of place in the leading part assigned to him in that great drama which was then nearing its final act.

He was never convicted of peculation himself; but he was so weak, and loved the show of power and gracious condescension so much, that any strong insinuating scoundrel could get him to condone any plausible act of corruption. He was sincerely fond of his native country, saw that his own fortunes were bound up with hers, and must have known that she was on the point of being eaten up by the administrators of his own government.

Yet he was so deeply involved in all the machinations of Bigot that he was drawn down from one bad step to another, until there was nothing for it but to let the confederates plunge the colony into utter confusion, in order to cover up their own misdoings. And he was so jealous of any greater man who did not flatter him into acquiescence that he always persisted in thwarting Montcalm; and sowed dissension broadcast by exalting the Canadians and Indians at the expense of the French. He framed ambiguous orders, for the double purpose of embarrassing Montcalm and saving his own credit, whatever the results might be. But he never faced any of the risks in person, though he really held the command-in-chief; and he always threw the burden of executive responsibility on Montcalm, whom he afterwards traduced in his official dispatches. That he was a liar, a backbiter, and a pettifogger, utterly unfit for his great position, is proved to the full; and the best excuse that can be made for him is that he was almost as great a fool as a knave.

Bigot, on the other hand, was nearly all knave. As Intendant he governed the whole revenue and expenditure of the colony; and he extorted his commission from both. He had just the right kind of skill and strength needed to manage weak men for his own ends; and, whenever there was any illegal profit to be made, he used Vaudreuil as he chose. His official powers were immense. He was, in reality, contractor-general for the army, absolute Indian agent, chief collector of customs, and dictator of the colonial market, as he had the right of fixing prices whenever reasons of state made it seem

expedient to do so—and exceptional reasons of state soon became the general rule: and all this in addition to being Minister of Finance, and of Public Works!

Of course, he had confederates; the chief of these was Cadet, who, in 1756, got a nine-year contract for furnishing supplies to every French post from Gaspé to the Ohio. But, as Bigot bound Cadet to a fixed price, and as he himself could alter prices at will, he had his satellite securely in his power. Another fraudulent scheme was his private trading, carried on at an immense profit to himself and his friends. He imported large quantities of goods from France; then advised the Minister of Marine that such goods might be bought more advantageously for the King's service in Canada than at home; and then sold his own goods as a private individual to himself as Intendant, the King paying the profits. Later on, he established a regular shop, infamous for ever as "La Friponne," where he again made enormous profits in much the same way. He also issued a sort of note, a financial "ordonnance" not guaranteed by the French Government, and, indeed, repudiated by them in 1759. In 1763 Bigot was condemned to perpetual banishment, and to restore a million and a half francs; Cadet at the same time being condemned to restore no less than six millions! More than ten millions were returned to the Royal Treasury; yet this sum represented only a part of what had been wrung out of a miserable half-starved population of less than 80,000 all told!

Bigot's frauds were so extraordinary in every way, and were perpetrated with such consummate

effrontery and skill, that they will always take rank among the very best specimens of historic crime. Even after making due allowance for the exceptional opportunities he enjoyed, it is impossible to find any one man in the whole subsequent range of American and Canadian public life—so full of all kinds of dishonesty from that day to this that the very name of politician is now a term of reproach—who has surpassed him either in evil means or successful ends. But it is somewhat misleading to compare him, even in villainy, with the expert party "boodlers" of the present day; because the successful working of systematic corruption under autocracy, on the one hand, and democracy, on the other, requires two very different kinds of political experts. Bigot's position was quite oriental in its strength; and he was really better situated for his own purposes than almost any Mandarin, Pasha, or Proconsul; for very few of these have been so constantly aided by such capable subordinates as Cadet, and abetted by such a complacent superior as Vaudreuil.

Bigot's object was, of course, to take as much public money as possible, and then cover up the evidence against him. His opportunities were great, and he used them to the utmost; in fact, he abused them to such an extent that ultimate detection became a certainty. He deliberately set to work to create universal destitution in order that he might requisition help from France and make his commission on it. He had the power to seize food-stuffs for the King's service in time of war. And so, declaring the country in danger, he laid hands on every-

thing he could; actually shipped this corn to France in his own vessels; then represented to the Home Government that Canada was suffering from famine; sold to the King in France the Canadian crops he had seized and exported; brought these cargoes back to Canada again; and resold them there, partly to the Canadian Government and partly to the wretched habitants from whom he had originally stolen them. He even went so far as to have many hundreds of horses killed, on the pretext that the habitants were raising too many and neglecting their cattle. The falsity of this pretext was exposed by Murray, who reported, in 1762, that the Canadians had plenty of cattle, but very few horses. Bigot's plan of getting the farmers completely at his mercy, by keeping all transportation in the hands of his own contractors, had succeeded only too well.

The misery of the habitants was so terrible that Bougainville discovered many of them actually eating grass. Yet no public misery affected Bigot's style of living. Balls and parties, with elaborate suppers, were of nightly occurrence at the Intendant's Palace; and the gambling there became worse and worse. Montcalm set a good example by having horseflesh daily at his own table. And he did his best to enforce an order against play and all unseemly entertainments at such a juncture of affairs. But Vaudreuil, after concurring with him, forbade all gambling whatever—except at the Intendant's Palace. Things became so bad that Montcalm wrote a full report to Marshal Belle-Isle on the 12th of April, 1758. "Our government is good for nothing; money and provisions will fail. The farms are

scarcely tilled at all. The people are dispirited. There is no confidence in M. de Vaudreuil or M. Bigot. . . . M. Bigot appears to be occupied only in amassing a fortune for himself, his adherents, and sycophants. Cupidity has seized officers and store-keepers ; the commissaries are making astounding profits. It is nothing but forged certificates, legally accepted. . . . This expenditure at Quebec amounts to twenty-four millions. Last year it amounted to twelve millions ; next year it will come to thirty-six. Everybody appears to be in a hurry to make his fortune before the Colony is lost. . . . Transport is given to favourites. The agreements with the contractors are as unknown to me as they are to the public. . . . M. Bigot allows a profit of one hundred or one hundred and fifty per cent. to those whom it is desirable to favour. Is artillery to be transported, guns, carriages or implements made ; M. Mercier, Commandant of Artillery, is the contractor under other peoples' names. Everything is done badly and at high prices. This officer, who came out twenty years ago as a private soldier, will be worth perhaps a million if these things continue. I have often spoken respectfully to M. de Vaudreuil and M. Bigot of these expenses : each throws the blame on his colleague."

But this was only to keep Montcalm quiet. When the Minister of Marine, alarmed at the enormous rise of expenditure in 1759, wrote a sharp reprimand out to Canada, Vaudreuil replied : " Monseigneur, I cannot conceal from you how deeply M. Bigot feels the suspicions expressed in your letters to him. He is full of zeal for the service of the King ;

but, as he is rich—or passes for such—and as he has merit, the evilly disposed are jealous of him, and insinuate that he has prospered at the expense of His Majesty. I am certain that it is not true ; and that nobody is a better citizen than he is, or has the King's interests more at heart." This was the tone of Vaudreuil's correspondence throughout ; and, by every means in his official power, he shielded the Bigot confederacy from just suspicion and punishment. He signed the order for the slaughter of the horses ; promulgated another of his own, permitting gambling at the Intendant's only ; approved scandalous contracts for military transport, public works, useless fire-ships, and unserviceable fortifications ; and countenanced the most infamous seizures of private property, the most lying reports made to the Home Authorities, and every other kind of shameless corruption openly paraded under his official eye. There stand his own acts, and his own words over his own signature ; there is no gainsaying the overwhelming weight of all that evidence against him ; and he is henceforth damned for ever at the bar of history.

In 1758 the French Government sent out an inspector called Tremais to examine the public accounts of the Colony. He at once discovered a gigantic fraud, which was freely acknowledged by the perpetrators of it. They explained that they were obliged to make out all vouchers for ten times the real amount involved, as the contracts had been let before prices had risen a thousand per cent. Cadet, the contractor, pointed out that he was only making an honest profit, and no more, by this means. And Bigot

protested that, as the receipts were duly vouched for by reputable persons, he had no suspicion that anything dishonest was going on. But, of course, Bigot himself was the main cause of this fabulous rise in prices ; and Cadet was making such enormous profits that, years afterwards—having first served his term of imprisonment in the Bastille, disgorged six millions, and bought a splendid old estate—he could still lend the French Government no less than 13,000,000 francs. One of the ways he made his money was by taking advantage of the official ordinance which exempted those employed in commissariat duties from other military service. This was a reasonable exemption in itself ; but Cadet abused the privilege, by exempting all the habitants who would carry his own goods to the different posts he had contracted to supply. As they did this free of charge, in return for exemption, and as the carriage was often more expensive than the goods themselves, he naturally doubled his profits by such daring trickery.

Bigot had another confederate in Bréard, the Naval Comptroller at Quebec. These two imported their own ill-gotten stores duty-free, as public goods for the King's service. They then put them into their own warehouses, whence they sold them to the King's, the Government of course paying brokerage. Water-transport was an equally profitable undertaking. For instance, a British prize was brought to Quebec, and the cargo sold by Bigot for 800,000 francs. He then, as Intendant, bought back a part of this cargo for 1,000,000, and disposed of the rest, which was of course in the hands of

confederates, for 1,000,000 more. After this, he kept the vessel itself for his own use, and charged enormous rates when hiring it officially as a transport. But, on occasion, he would stoop to much smaller game. At the very height of the famine, the Ursuline Nuns—who were in need of money, being then a poor community and suffering with the rest—asked leave to sell some meat, and give away whatever they could spare. Bigot immediately replied that nothing could be sold, except through the Intendant, and that the idea of giving food away was out of the question altogether!

Of course, female influence was freely employed to further all sorts of nefarious undertakings. Anyone with a sufficiently attractive wife could make his fortune by exiling himself to some distant post, and taking his commission on the public stores there; whilst his wife remained in Quebec to brighten the social circle at the Palace, and act as a decoy for those who were worth fleecing at cards.

It was the same in everything. There was a bonus granted by the Home Government for every ship built at Quebec. Consequently, the ruling clique took good care that each individual ship should be as small and cheap as it was possible to make her. It was officially explained that it was useless to build anything larger than two hundred tons, since vessels above that size could not get up to Montreal. Another specious excuse was that big ships could never be launched at Quebec. But, as a matter of fact, sailing ships of more than ten times this tonnage were built and launched there after the conquest. The Canadian Govern-

ment no doubt had a very lubberly standard of seamanship to judge by; but they also had every dishonest motive to make them exaggerate the difficulties of navigating the St. Lawrence. The more dangerous the river was believed to be the better for them; because then their own Home Authorities would reconcile themselves to large bonuses for small Canadian-built ships, and to frequent wrecks, with the attendant costly salvage, which went into the pockets of the conspirators. Besides, the French Government itself was only too well pleased to let it be widely known that the St. Lawrence was full of dangers; because such reports would perhaps deter the British from sending expeditions by that route. In short, it was deception and self-deception all round. No proper survey of the river was ever made under the French régime; and Vaudreuil refused to sanction the trifling expense of sounding the main channel, only a short time before Saunders and Wolfe sailed up it themselves.

Altogether, it was one of the very worst bands of chartered brigands known to history that lived upon the misery of New France. And all their crimes were done officially, and with due decorum. Vaudreuil—that fussy little Jack-in-office—was the willing tool for all the rest to work with. Bigot was the real leader, and showed a truly satanic genius in all he did. Then came his lieutenants—Cadet, Mercier, Varin, and Bréard; the principal robbers on a large scale. And, after them, came Vergor and Kanon and many another minor thief, in a descending order of capability. And, finally, Rigaud; who was so poor a creature that he was

only an understudy for his own brother, Vaudreuil. Bigot was from France, and well-connected there. Vaudreuil, Vergor and Cadet were French-Canadians. There was enough ability among them all to have saved New France from, at least, an ignominious ruin. But there was also enough corruption to have eaten out the heart of an empire. And corruption held its own to the very last; when all that was good and all that was bad perished together in the dishonouring confusion and universal infamy of the Old Régime.

James H. L. Hyatt, Sc.

L. F. Marquis de Montcalm.
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CHAPTER IV

Montcalm

LOUIS JOSEPH, Marquis de Montcalm-Gozon, was born, of splendid lineage on both sides, in the Château de Candiac, near Nîmes, on the 29th of February, 1712. He went to school at Grenoble, as a rather delicate boy of six; his tutor then, and for many years after, being Louis Dumas, a good, but rather over-strict, master, who was constantly deploring his pupil's deficiencies in handwriting and French. In a remarkable letter to his father, the boyish Montcalm declared his determination to be a brave and Christian gentleman; to have sufficient knowledge of the classics and belles-lettres, and of arithmetic, geography and history; to appreciate intellectual pursuits, even if not proficient in them himself; to ride well and fence well; and to submit himself dutifully to his parents and tutor.

He had the root of true scholarship in him; never sank into the ineffectual bookworm, but used living books as part of the real experience of the world around him. He was fond of classics, and, as a subaltern, relieved the tedium of winter quarters at Kaiserslautern by reading Greek. Twenty-five years later, as a victorious general, he celebrated

the glories of Ticonderoga in an excellent Latin epigram. His letters and dispatches often have the memorable distinction shown by those of some other great men of action; and he always wrote both forcibly and vividly, and with an intuitive rapidity which has a strong individual charm. His "elliptical style" is much praised by Parkman; and rightly so, for he excelled in pregnant brevity. In this quality, indeed, it is he, and not Wolfe, who may be compared to Cæsar—that master of ellipsis. Any one who will read Montcalm's French side by side with Cæsar's Latin, will see that this is no mere forced comparison. Whilst "the pen of a Cæsar" which is invoked on behalf of Wolfe's famous dispatch, is nothing but a Grub Street flourish. Wolfe wrote quite as well as Montcalm did; but not in the style of Cæsar.

Montcalm succeeded his father in the family honours in 1735, coming into only a very modest fortune at the same time. The next year he married Angélique Louise Talon du Boulay, grand-daughter of the celebrated Attorney-General of the Parliament of Paris, Denis Talon, and a blood relation of Jean Talon, Intendant of New France in 1665. He had ten children, of whom two sons and three daughters survived him. He had been a good son to both parents; and imbibed from his mother that fervent religious faith which distinguished him to the last. He was now a good husband and father, never so happy as in his own family circle at Candiac, and always writing the most affectionate letters home from camp or quarters, whenever free from the immediate call of duty.

Montcalm's nature was a Southern one: quick, warm and impulsive. He did not suffer fools gladly; he had too little of the superhuman patience of Marlborough; and his whole being openly revolted at the outrageous fortune which condemned an ardent patriot to attempt the salvation of a country by working with the very men who were bringing it to ruin. He was ambitious of a Marshal's bâton and a seat in the Academy; but he was only covetous of honour truly won. He was generous to capable subordinates, fully appreciating a man like Lévis, who was proud to be his loyal lieutenant. As for jealousy of Vaudreuil, the bare idea is absurd—can a lion be jealous of a jackal? There is no doubt that he had defects of temperament; but they were generally curbed by his abiding sense of duty, and his whole character was wrought by self-sacrifice into one of the finest known to history.

Montcalm's career in Europe had been a brilliant one, based on true military qualities. He joined the regiment of Hainault as ensign at fifteen, and served in the Polish campaign at the sieges of Kehl and Philipsburg. His regiment not being ordered to the front in the next Austrian war, he accompanied the Marquis de la Fare as Aide-de-camp in the Bohemian campaign of 1741; and, in the following July, was made a Knight of St. Louis. Appointed to the Colonelcy of the Auxerrois in 1743, he greatly distinguished himself in the Italian campaigns, between 1744 and 1748. In the French defeat under the walls of Piacenza, on the 16th of June, 1746, he twice rallied his regiment, which was

almost annihilated by the Austrians, received two sabre-cuts on the head and three other wounds in the body, and was taken prisoner. Released on parole, and subsequently exchanged, he was back at the front the next year, and was again wounded in the head.

He had several times acted as brigadier during this war; and, when his own men were disbanded in 1749, he was transferred to the command of a new cavalry regiment. Then followed six years of peace, which he spent mostly at home, at his beloved Candiac. Towards the close of 1755 he received the offer of the Canadian command; but the matter was allowed to remain in abeyance until the 26th of the following January, when the offer was renewed in still more flattering terms. He was to go out with the rank of Major-General, and his vacant colonelcy was to be given to his son. He at once set out for Paris, studying Charlevoix's *History of New France* on the way; had audience of the King; promptly settled all military details entrusted to him; sailed from Brest in the *Licorne* on the 3rd of April; had a stormy passage of thirty-eight days; and, when the ship was forced to anchor thirty miles below Quebec, hastened ashore at St. Joachim and drove up to the Capital, where he arrived on the 13th of May.

The war in America, which had virtually existed for over a year, had hitherto been most disastrous to the professional leaders of regular troops on both sides. Braddock had started early in the summer with about 2,000 Regulars. He also had a small body of Virginian Rangers, under Washington; but

the colonies, as a whole, were less than lukewarm in supporting him. His objective point of attack was Fort Duquesne, the modern Pittsburg, which was the key to the Valley of the Ohio and the great North West beyond. All America watched his advance. And when he was utterly defeated by 900 Indians and French, who attacked him while he was marching through the dense forest, the news gave a far more terrible blow to the reputation of the Regulars than to the British cause itself. Then a second similar blow followed, when the tables were turned on the French under their new general, Baron de Dieskau, at Lake George, early in September, and within two months of Braddock's defeat. For this unfortunate man, sent out, like the overblamed Braddock, to suddenly face wholly new conditions, with unsuitable men, methods, and equipment, was, in his turn, defeated by a force of militiamen under Sir William Johnson. And so Montcalm had come out to take up his command just at the very time when the prestige of European generals was at its lowest ebb.

But this was not his only, nor even his greatest, difficulty. The Canadian command was an impossible one for any man to fill with satisfaction to himself and the King's service. Vaudreuil was Executive Chief in all military matters, both at headquarters and in the field. "M. de Montcalm shall only have to execute, and see that the troops under his command execute, all the Governor's orders." "Whenever operations are in question, the Governor shall have the right to determine them alone." "M. de Montcalm shall always

submit to the orders of the Governor for the movements of detachments." Of course, the Civil Power should always be supreme; but this was interference run mad! Moreover, it was not all. Montcalm's subordinate command was restricted to the regular troops from France, the command of the colonial Regulars and of the militia and Indians being left to Vaudreuil's discretion. Thus there were four different military forces, without one really effective command-in-chief. To complete the confusion, the Home Authorities nullified their own controlling power by practically placing the government of Canada in commission, and in commission of semi-independent individualities, too; for Vaudreuil, Bigot and Montcalm all had an equal right of reporting direct to the Ministers in France. This was a logical extension of the autocratic system, which prevents Ministers from endangering the supremacy of the Autocrat, by making them neutralize each other's power. But such a system requires an autocrat on the spot; and, as neither Vaudreuil's delegated powers nor his natural abilities made him one, the result was that Canada had no really unified Government at all. Montcalm was the best of the three, and he had the least power. Vaudreuil was the least capable, and he had the chief position. Bigot was the worst, and he had the most power of all.

Montcalm reviewed the situation. His own personal position was a most untoward one in every way. In the first place, he was a comparatively poor man, unable to supplement his meagre pay by drawing on his private means, without doing

great injury to his children's little patrimony. He had to meet the many obligations of a conspicuous official position on £1,400 a year, all allowances included. The result was that he was forced into debt. Vaudreuil was much better paid; and Bigot could always rob his King and country to the extent of his own liabilities, however great they might be.

From the administrative point of view, Montcalm felt his false position still more keenly. He was under two ministers. He reported with official correctness to the Minister of Marine, who was at the head of the colonial service. But to d'Argenson, the Minister of War, he unburdened himself more freely. "M. de Vaudreuil particularly respects the Indians, loves the Canadians, and knows the country. . . . I am on good terms with him; but not in his confidence, which he never gives to any one from France. His intentions are good, but he is weak and irresolute." This was a lenient view to take of the petty Commander-in-Chief of that motley misorganization, which might have been so easily made into a splendid, though inadequate, army.

The French forces then in Canada were as follows:—

1. The French Regulars from France, 3,752.

2. The Colonial Regulars, called "Troupes de la Marine," because serving under the Marine Department, 1,550.

3. The Canadian Militia, consisting of all able-bodied men. It was, of course, impossible to concentrate many at one time and place; and furloughs for harvesting were inevitable. Except

during the final crisis, there never were 5,000 under arms together; and the total available in any emergency was barely 15,000.

4. The Indians; a most uncertain, though useful, auxiliary force. The war-parties fluctuated in number from day to day. There were 650 at Braddock's defeat; 1,800 at Fort William Henry; and less than 1,000 at the siege of Quebec.

Under the old régime each French regiment bore the name either of the nobleman who practically owned it, or of the Province from which it was recruited. It was divided into two battalions, with about 600 of all ranks in each. Every sort of trick was resorted to in order to get recruits to enlist; and enlistment was really a life-long engagement. The food and pay were both bad; and, at the end of his effective service, a soldier had only the prospect of entering one of the 135 companies of invalids, and drawing the miserable pittance of half-pay, which was so small that it would hardly keep him in tobacco. Nevertheless, recruits were always forthcoming in that military nation, and they nearly always gave a good account of themselves wherever they went. And, always remembering the misery of the French soldier's lot, it is surprising to find the discipline so good as it was. Once in the army, a man was held as fast by the State as if he were a convict working out a sentence for life. He was kept as much apart as possible from his own home and ordinary civilians. Naturally, there was chronic discontent, but it rarely became mutiny. On the whole, the Army was, in itself, a far better one than the authorities of the day had any right

to expect. For the innate soldierly qualities of the men were never put to severer tests of demoralization than during this disastrous reign.

Most of the French officers were only amateurs; but a good many of them were far better all-round soldiers than their dilettante critics will ever admit. They were, in fact, much the same as their contemporaries in the British Army. The only body of thoroughly professional officers were those in the Prussian service. The Abbé Coyer, in his *Découverte de l'Isle frivole*, in 1749, hardly overstated the social side of the Army by saying:—"L'honneur fait les guerriers; c'est la capitale qui fournit les officiers généraux: on y prend un soin tout particulier de leur éducation. Un jeune seigneur que l'on destine au commandement doit avoir le meilleur tailleur, le parfumeur le plus exquis, l'équipage le plus brillant, la livrée la plus leste; il doit jouer beaucoup, danser souvent, être à tous les spectacles, et imaginer quelque chose sur l'habillement de la première troupe qu'on lui confie." But even the most careless learnt something in the school of war; and they all knew how to die.

The Colonial "Troupes de la Marine"—who had no connexion with the Navy—were recruited locally, and chiefly among Canadians. Some time-expired French Regulars enlisted in them; and they were also occasionally recruited from France, much as men used to be enlisted for service in India during the days of John Company. But, to all intents and purposes, they were Canadian in every way, and sided with the Colonials, and against the Regulars from France.

The Canadian Militia consisted of every able-bodied male capable of bearing arms. The only men exempted were the priests, notaries, seigneurs, and certain public functionaries. In the case of the Seigneurs, this exemption only made them the more willing to serve, for the unwritten laws of their class compelled them to lead their censitaires in war; and their own proclivities also naturally led them to the only road which promised any chance of distinction. Captains of Militia were men of great consequence at all times, being generally the chief representatives of all State authority in their own districts. They had special seats in their parish church, where they always sat well in front of those who were otherwise their equals; and they might even expect the higher class of the order of St. Louis as a reward for distinguished service in the field. But the great stumbling block of every composite service in the world was always in their way; for the vexed question of relative rank was never satisfactorily settled. Vaudreuil very reasonably asked that the King's commission might at least be given to those Captains who had distinguished themselves in action. But even this was refused. The senior Colonial officer still remained technically under the command of the junior French officer present; and the usual amount of heart-burning naturally followed.

The Canadian Regulars were, of course, paid troops; but the militia only received arms, equipment and rations, with working pay added whenever they were called upon for non-combatant duties. They were always liable for service in the field;

and, when embodied, could only get furlough to keep the Colony from starving at harvest time; when even the French Regulars were sometimes obliged to help them to gather in their crops. The perpetual liability to service unsettled such makeshift industries as the wretched economic condition of the country permitted to exist, and made the people more and more into a nation in arms. Then, there was the continual menace of possible Indian raids, and the ever-growing danger from their New England neighbours, to keep them in training for war. And, as they themselves were often more inclined to aggression than their enemies were, every possible circumstance conspired to form them into a permanent body of guerrillas. And, as guerrillas, they were really good. Accustomed to all kinds of hardships, and to travelling in all kinds of weather, equally at home on snowshoes or in a canoe, forced to live by their own exertions in the wildest country as they went along, they could not help developing the first three of the six essentials of all armies: the ability to rough it, march, and shoot. But they were lacking in the other three: their discipline was tribal rather than military; they had no general organization; and the country supplied them with no adequate resources. They were, of course, out of place on the formal battlefields of the day, having neither drill, fire-discipline, nor bayonets for open ground. Like most men in small communities, they were much puffed up with conceit and given to boastful self-sufficiency. And it was only as raiders and skirmishers that they really excelled.

It is safe to say that the entire French population of Canada never amounted to 100,000; soldiers, and even seamen, included; and that Montcalm never had even the nominal command of 20,000 men, garrisons, reserves, and field forces, all told. Besides, these 20,000 had to defend a frontier of posts and settlements, extending from the Atlantic to the Great Lakes; where it joined Louisiana, which was the merest fringe of a shadowy French hinterland, extending down to the Gulf of Mexico. To the eastward the British command of the sea cut off his line of communications from his base in France. And so he became practically the leader of a landing-party that had been left to its own resources.

His first campaign, in 1756, was signalized by the taking of Oswego, a most important strategical move and a brilliant tactical success. Vaudreuil must be given a considerable share of the credit. He had been urging the destruction of Oswego for over a year, and his local knowledge led him to appreciate even the military situation more accurately than the new General did. Besides, Montcalm afterwards, when smarting under provoking opposition, took more credit to himself than was his due. He was not sanguine of success, and he distrusted the means which were locally considered sufficient to ensure it. However, he learnt his lesson quickly, and, from this time forward, showed a complete grasp of the problem of defence in all its bearings.

His correspondence is full of acute observation and deep thought; and his official memorandum on

the whole military situation in September, 1758, is most masterly from every point of view. But Vaudreuil, the pettifogging bureaucrat, was quite upset by these last proposals of Montcalm, as he well might be; since every alteration made for honest administration and proper organization. He denounced everything to the Home Government; but, more particularly, "the fallacy of the mémoire, the passion with which it was written, the carping at the Government of Canada, and the desire for innovation."

Another side of Montcalm's character came out after the taking of Oswego, when he put up a cross with the inscription, *in hoc signo vincunt*, and afterwards ordered a special *Te Deum* for the victory. And again, when he wrote such letters as this one, which is addressed to the Reverend Mother Superior of the Ursulines in Quebec: "Continués, Madame, à m'accorder vos prières et celles de votre sainte communauté. Ce n'est pas le tout que d'avoir pris Chouaguen—il faut aller à Carrillon. J'arrivai à Montréal hier et je repars dans trois ou quatre jours. Je me flatte que celui qui a pris Chouaguen saura repousser à Carrillon les ennemis de la relligion. C'est *Dieu* qui a fait un vrai prodige dans cette occasion. Je a voulu Le servir, je lui raporte tout, et je reçois avec reconnaissance votre compliment et celui de votre Illustre Communauté." He was not an eighteenth century forerunner of Colonel de Sonis, nor of General Gordon; but the genuine quality of his religious professions is quite beyond all manner of doubt.

He appeared in yet another aspect when, in Janu-

ary, 1757, he visited Quebec, and noted the official corruption and reckless social pleasures which prevailed there. The gambling was scandalously high, and his officers suffered proportionally. He says in his journal: "I left for Quebec on the third. M. l'Intendant lives there in grandeur, and has given two fine balls, where I have seen over eighty very charming ladies, beautifully dressed. I think Quebec a town of very good style, and I don't believe we have in France more than a dozen cities that could rank higher as regards society. As for numbers, the population is not more than 12,000. The strong taste of M. l'Intendant for gambling, the extreme complaisance of M. de Vaudreuil, and the regard that I must show for two men vested with the King's authority, have caused gambling of the most dangerous kind to take place. Many officers will feel it bitterly before long." Writing to Bourlamaque the same year, he says: "I am glad that you sometimes speak of me to the three ladies in the Rue du Parloir, and I am flattered by their remembering me; especially one of them, in whom I find at certain times too much wit and too many charms for my tranquillity." This was Mde. de Beaubassin, née de Boishébert. Madame Péan, of semi-Aspasian fame, held the most fashionable salon in the town, and counted every distinguished personage among its habitués. And Montcalm was a man of his age, and by no means insensible to the charms of women; but, as he had plenty of enemies, and none of them have brought any indiscretion home to him, we may presume that he never overstepped the bounds of propriety. He had called the ladies of

Quebec *spirituelles, galantes, dévotes*: perhaps he might himself be called *spirituel, dévot, galant.*

In the same month Vaudreuil was taken dangerously ill at Three Rivers. Had he died there, and Bigot turned honest, and reinforcements come out from France, Canada might yet have been saved. But three such strokes of fortune could not have happened without a miracle.

In February, Vaudreuil sent a small force, under his brother Rigaud, to destroy Fort William Henry. Montcalm disapproved of this, because the probable result did not seem to him to justify the expenditure of resources involved. The expedition was partly successful; destroying some boats and other supplies, but failing to storm the Fort. Otherwise, the winter passed uneventfully. All his letters are full of keen observation about the colony, its people and prospects. He finds the Indian allies intolerably difficult to deal with. He sees a good deal of charm in the better side of Quebec society. And he has a kind word of appreciation for his three lieutenants. "I like my gallant Lévis very much. Bourlamaque was a good choice; he is steady and cool, with good parts. Bougainville has talent, a warm heart and warm head; he will ripen in time."

The Western communications having been reopened by the capture of Oswego, the summer campaign of 1757 was directed against the British advance from the south, at Fort William Henry, or Fort George, as it was also called, near Lake George, which the French called Lac St. Sacrement. Montcalm had 3,000 Regulars, 3,000 Militiamen, and nearly 2,000 Indians. Colonel Monro commanded

2,200 men in Fort William Henry; and had been advised by General Webb, who occupied Fort Edward with 3,600 men, to surrender, if not soon relieved. So, after enduring three days of very effective bombardment, with over 300 casualties and an outbreak of smallpox, and without any appearance of relief from Webb, he ran up the white flag on the 9th of August.

The prisoners were to march out on the 10th; and Montcalm had taken the precaution of getting the Indian Chiefs to pledge their word that they would prevent their braves from committing any treachery. He had also forbidden the issue of any strong drink. Unfortunately, some of the prisoners themselves gave spirits to the Indians, who soon became unmanageable, and began the "Massacre of Fort William Henry." Some fifty or sixty prisoners were scalped, and 300 more kidnapped and subsequently redeemed by Montcalm or Vaudreuil. As soon as the news reached the French camp, Montcalm, Lévis, and other officers rushed down at the risk of their lives, and did their best to stop the bloody work. There is no doubt that the French are absolutely clear of any suspicion of foul play in this affair; but, with 6,000 troops near by, it seems that they might have taken more precautions to safeguard their prisoners from 1,800 Indians. The divided command was probably the cause of their disastrous negligence.

Montcalm had again succeeded in stemming the British advance; but he was ill at ease about the colony. He knew that all its strength lay in the forces on the frontier, and that there was nothing

but rottenness behind them. Vaudreuil was busy writing depreciatory letters home to the Ministers, and creating discord in Canada between the four different kinds of military forces. He was also blaming Montcalm for not taking Fort Edward immediately. But it could not be taken; because Montcalm's 8,000 had been reduced—by casualties, by the melting away of the Indians, and by the necessity of allowing the Canadians to go home for the harvest—to 3,000 French, with whom to besiege 4,500 British; for Webb had 900 more men to draw in, if necessary. Besides, there were almost impossible difficulties of transport and provisioning; and the people in the Colony itself were already on four ounces of bread a day! Montcalm had written of another occasion, "What a country, where knaves grow rich and honest men are ruined." He wrote now: "What a Colony, what a people, when called upon! To what an advantage could a Colbert turn them!" But he knew there was no Colbert in Canada; and he looked forward to the next campaign with the gloomiest forebodings.

The long confidential letter he wrote at this time to de Moras, the new Minister of Marine, speaks for itself. "My commission is a delicate one." "I am extolled overmuch in order to excite" Vaudreuil's "jealousy, foster Canadian prejudice, and oblige him not to deal openly with me, and not to adopt my ideas except of necessity." Then comes the eternal vexed question of relative rank again, this time affecting the very highest interests. "What would be necessary would be a sealed letter, to be opened only in case of the Marquis de Vaudreuil's death,

wherein I should find an order to assume command of the Colony, until you had appointed a Governor-General. This contingency nearly occurred last winter, the Marquis de Vaudreuil having been very ill. The public mind was agitated to learn whether I should have the command of the Colony, which would be the wish of everybody, even of the Intendant, in view of the incapacity of M. Rigaud, who must take the reins as senior Deputy-Governor. . . . Failing him, it would have been a simple king's Lieutenant, and so on, from one to another, down to an ordinary Captain of Militia, in preference to a General Officer." After asking to be recalled in case peace should be proclaimed, he continues: "I offer to go and examine Le Détroit and La Belle Rivière in the interval between the proclamation and the departure of the troops. But without an order from you I should be refused permission to go and reconnoitre any part of the Colony whither the business of war will not take me perforce."

In regard to Montcalm's appointment to the supreme command in case of Vaudreuil's death, there is nothing to be said against his own request. The good of the Colony absolutely required it; and to go by the ridiculous administrative seniority he mentions was simply to court destruction. Rigaud was, if anything, more "impossible" than Vaudreuil himself. Doreil, the Commissary of War for New France, was only stating the general opinion of all the best men in Canada, when he wrote to Marshal Belle-Isle the following summer: "No matter whether the war is to continue or not, if His Majesty wants Canadian affairs put on a solid footing, let him

confide the general government to the Marquis de Montcalm. The Marquis understands civil government as well as military matters ; he is a statesman, a master of detail, a hard worker, just, disinterested to the last degree, clear-sighted, active, and with a single eye to the public good ; in a word, an honest man of all-round ability."

When 1758 came, the state of Canada was more perilous than ever. Gambling and excesses of all kinds were flaunted in the face of the few honourable leaders and the many miserable Canadians. There were no reinforcements from France ; whilst the British forces were greatly strengthened and getting ready for a threefold attack. The French communications with the West were to be cut at Fort Duquesne ; the command of the Gulf and key of the River St. Lawrence were to be taken in the East at Louisbourg ; and a strong army was to strike at the centre, by advancing along the line of Lake Champlain. Under these adverse circumstances, Montcalm wisely decided to concentrate his strength upon defending the centre. Louisbourg was fairly well garrisoned, and Fort Duquesne would have to hold out as it best could. He chose Ticonderoga as the point where the supreme effort was to be made to check Abercromby's advance ; and in June had a force of 5,000 under orders for this purpose. But Vaudreuil interfered as usual, by withdrawing 1,600 men, who, with a body of Indians, were to make a so-called "diversion" along the Mohawk valley. Lévis fell in with Vaudreuil's false views, either because he could not resist the temptation of taking this independent command, which had been offered to him,

or because his military judgment was hopelessly at fault; or, most probably, from both reasons put together.

In the meantime, Bourlamaque left for Ticonderoga at the beginning of June, and Montcalm followed three weeks later. But again Vaudreuil meddled mischievously. He sent Montcalm a long memorandum, in his usual ambiguous style, professing to give the General a free hand, yet entering into the minutest details, and winding up with a counsel of perfection which was to provide for every emergency. Montcalm at once saw that it was worthless as a state paper, and was designed simply as a safeguard of Vaudreuil's own credit with the authorities, whichever way the operations might turn out. He wrote a firm and dignified rejoinder, asking for more definite instructions to be sent after him; and, early the next morning, left for the front. His force was a very small one for the work it had to do. Even after being joined by Lévis, whose Mohawk expedition had been a failure, and various small detachments, he found himself face to face with a British army four times as strong. But nearly all his 3,800 men were seasoned French Regulars, and the best of their kind.

With a very skilful display of strength, well forward of his front, he considerably delayed the pottering old British General. And the fortune of war favoured him again, when the ablest leader on the enemy's side was killed in a chance skirmish. That masterly soldier, the gallant Lord Howe, was assuredly one of the two best Generals of the future; for, though second to Wolfe in actual

achievement, he seems to have been quite his equal in professional promise.

At last, Abercromby, with his 6,000 Regulars and 9,000 Militiamen, having given Montcalm plenty of time to entrench, made up his mind, and blundered into battle. The British attack was undoubtedly made with splendid courage, and magnificently persevered in for seven deadly hours, at a loss of over 2,000 men. But the French fought with equal bravery, great advantage of position, and immeasurable superiority of leadership. In fact, the British had no supreme leadership at all. Abercromby was quite lost without Howe, and hardly even attempted to direct the attack in person. At dusk he contented himself with calling off his troops and hastily retreating to Fort William Henry.

Montcalm raised a cross on the hard-won field, and celebrated the victory by an inscription in Latin and French. The original Latin is—

Quid dux ? Quid miles ? Quid strata ingentia ligna ?
En signum ! En victor ! Deus hic, Deus ipse triumphat !

His own rhymed paraphrase of this couplet reminds us that his good tutor, Dumas, always lamented that his pupil's French was inferior to his Latin. As a matter of fact, Montcalm wrote an excellent, vivid, and strong French style ; but this verse is a very loose imitation of his own Latin, and rather poor as a composition of any kind.

Chrétien ! ce ne fut point Montcalm et sa prudence,
Ces arbres renversées, ces héros, leurs exploits,
Qui des Anglais confus ont brisé l'espérance,
C'est le bras de ton Dieu, vainqueur sur cette croix.

No sooner was the victory won, than Vaudreuil began to send instructions for the total annihilation of the British army. He also forwarded reinforcements, now that their immediate usefulness was gone. It was the story of Fort Edward over again; only with this difference—that the British forces were nearly three times stronger this year than last. Comment is needless. Montcalm again wrote a dignified vindication of his action, and added that, as nothing he could do seemed to satisfy the government, he wished to resign his command. Vaudreuil was delighted, and hastened to recommend his immediate recall. But, on hearing the news of the fall of Fort Duquesne, Montcalm withdrew his resignation, and the fall of Louisbourg only strengthened his resolve to stand by the ruined colony. The Minister, too, disapproved of his recall, and so Vaudreuil and Bigot had again to submit to the inconvenient presence of a military genius and straightforward man.

On the 23rd of August, Montcalm made a last appeal for harmony in a long letter to Vaudreuil. After restating the general points at issue, and laying the blame on intermediate mischief-makers, he goes on to say: "Why not give me more of your confidence? I venture to say that the King's service would gain by it, and we should not have that appearance of disunion, which has become so well known that it is mentioned in the New York newspaper I send you. What need is there for you, sir, after my third year's service under your orders, to prescribe useless and minute details, which I should blush to prescribe myself for the guidance of a junior captain? It

comes from your secretaries having but one mould, into which every kind of order is run, from those sent to me down to those sent to a Colonial Ensign. I have already had the honour to tell you that neither the one nor the other of us thinks himself in the wrong. It is, therefore, to be supposed that we both are; and that some change must be effected in our methods." This, and more of the same kind, is rather outspoken language to be used to a superior officer, and the only justification for it was the appalling state of the public service. Unfortunately, it did no good whatever. Vaudreuil only snarled, and all the common cry of curs that acted with him and egged him on began to backbite Montcalm more persistently than ever.

The debauchery and misery of the succeeding winter was an intensification of what had gone before. Every one saw that the Colony was at the end of its resources, and some no doubt welcomed the threatened collapse, which might cover up the evidence of particular crimes in a general ruin. As the wealth of the Colony sank the amounts of the government contracts rose. Between 1756 and 1757 they had doubled; between 1757 and 1758 they had trebled! The corrupt officials knew their time was short, so they bestirred themselves accordingly.

Montcalm determined to make one more desperate appeal to France; and Vaudreuil, who was only anxious to save Canada on his own terms, concurred. Two capable men were chosen to lay the affairs of the colony before the Court: Doreil, the "Commissary of War," and Bougainville. Vaudreuil recommended Doreil to the Minister of War in these

words : " I have full confidence in him, and he may be entirely trusted " ; and Bougainville, with equal warmth, to the Minister of Marine : " He is in all respects better fitted than any one else to inform you of the state of the colony. I have given him my instructions, and you can trust entirely in what he tells you." But, at the very same time, he wrote confidentially to the Minister of Marine : " I have given letters to MM. Doreil and Bougainville, but I have the honour to inform you that they do not understand the colony, and to warn you that they are creatures of M. de Montcalm." This speaks for itself ! The mission was a failure. Bougainville came out in May, with many decorations for the officers who had distinguished themselves. And that was about all. The French Government was remiss enough in all its duties ; but it really wished to save Canada. Bigot and his followers, however, did not wish to have it saved, and they influenced Vaudreuil to prevent the real state of affairs from becoming known.

The King's orders were to defend the colony to the last, with the forces then in it. And Montcalm prepared to sell his life and fame in its service as dearly as he could. The secret instructions he received from Marshal Belle-Isle were, in fact, his death-warrant. There could be no mistaking their purport. Every sacrifice was to be made to keep some actual possession :—" How small soever the space you are able to hold may be, it is indispensable to keep a foothold in North America ; for, if we once lose the country entirely, its recovery will be almost impossible. The King counts on your zeal,

courage and persistency to accomplish this object, and relies on you to spare no pains and no exertions. I have answered for you to the King." In his reply Montcalm said: "I shall do everything to save this unhappy colony, or die." And he kept his word.

Amid all this ceaseless turmoil he snatched a few quiet moments for his family affairs. Bougainville had come out with a whole budget of letters and news from the well-loved home at Candiac. Montcalm's eldest daughter had been happily married and his eldest son was now as happily engaged. But, at the very last minute before sailing, Bougainville had heard that another daughter—he could not find out which one—had died suddenly. "It must be poor Mirète," said Montcalm, "I love her so much." He now wrote home more than ever, as if conscious of his impending doom. "Can we hope for another miracle to save us? I put my trust in God; He fought for us on the 8th of July. Come what may, His will be done! I await the news from France with impatience and alarm. We have had none for the last eight months, and who knows if any more can reach us at all this year. How dearly I have to pay for the dismal privilege of figuring two or three times in the Gazettes!" . . . "I would renounce all the honours in the world to join you again; but the King must be obeyed. The day I see you again will be the brightest in my life. Adieu, my heart; I believe I love you more than ever."

CHAPTER V

Anson and Saunders

PITT, Anson, Saunders and Wolfe are the four conquerors of Canada. Pitt was, of course, the great originator. It was he who called forth the spirit of a whole British people, and he who transformed the national resources into those living implements of war with which he organized imperial victory on a world-wide scale. And it was Wolfe, of course, who dealt Canada her actual death-blow at the Battle of the Plains. But it was the Navy alone that enabled Pitt to wage war on a world-wide scale at all, the Navy alone that gave him a United Service with which to isolate and defeat the forces of a Greater France, and the Navy alone that afforded him the opportunity of using Wolfe's army at Quebec. And it was Anson whose long and truly glorious career at the head of the Admiralty made the Navy the greatest fighting force on either land or sea, and Saunders whose executive skill brought a full fourth of that tremendous sea-power up the intricate St. Lawrence to be the mainspring of all action in the British triumph over the mightiest stronghold in America. Thus it is self-evident that the true meaning of this fight for New-World dominion cannot possibly be discovered without

some knowledge of the naval reasons why :—of the ships which bore the whole force so safely through all the dangers of unknown waters and hostile shores ; of the men and officers who were in themselves the best embodiment of British prowess on the sea ; and of the administration at headquarters, which—while fitting out ships, raising men, choosing officers, and sending squadrons far and wide to command the enemy in every quarter of the seaboard world—yet never forgot that a higher branch of duty still was to combine all these manifold activities into one harmonious effort working towards one decisive end.

Saunders is one of the uncrowned Kings of the sea. He had everything in his life to make him great, except the one supreme opportunity of commanding a fleet in action. Anson, his great patron, very much resembles him in this respect, having been a brilliant captain and commodore, and a great administrator at headquarters, but never having had the chance of winning a real battle for himself. One day's luck makes all the difference —to ready skill. Wolfe and Hawke, and lesser men like Duncan, had each their single chance : but the Lord Howe who fell at Ticonderoga ; Scharnhorst, who was made use of in every position except the supreme one he would have filled best of all ; Saunders, and many another hope of his service down to the days of Tryon ; these are the men who remind one of what a Moltke dying before Sadowa would have been, or a Nelson before the Nile.

The first service of great importance upon which Saunders was employed was Anson's celebrated

voyage round the world. This was certainly one of the finest feats of determination ever performed, even by the British Navy. The original intention was to send Anson out as Commodore, with an infantry battalion for landing-parties, to sail up the West Coast of South America and join hands with Vernon across the Isthmus of Panama. But circumstances, which would have broken down any ordinary man, were against the expedition from the very start. Vernon had made a sensational capture of Porto Bello—"taking the town with six ships" on the 21st of November, 1739, some time before the declaration of war was known in the West Indies. This was not a very great feat of arms. But England was wild with excitement against Spain for trying, certainly by no gentle means, to keep English contrabandists out of her American trade. A sea captain called Jenkin paraded London, showing an ear which he said had been torn off by the Spaniards; and when asked what he did at the time, he always answered: "I commended my soul to God and my cause to my country." This claptrap story of course took the popular fancy, and Jenkin's ear became a regular oriflamme of war. But, however silly such incidents may seem, the outcry in favour of war was wiser than Walpole's policy of peace. For the resumption of the Great Imperial War had once again become inevitable, and nothing could keep the English and American traders out of the forbidden waters of the Spanish Main.

Vernon's well-advertised capture of Porto Bello, and Jenkin's torn ear and truculent piety, had turned all the gush of sentiment in one direction. Vernon

became as popular as a newspaper general of the present day—though he deserved something better; and ships and troops were sent out to him at once. But Anson had to wait for a long time, and then take just what he could get. His whole force consisted of his flagship, the *Centurion*—of sixty guns, a crew of 500, and Saunders on board as lieutenant—and five smaller vessels. The promised battalion dwindled down to 500 Chelsea pensioners, who had been previously discharged as unfit for service! And the Naval Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth actually took thirty-two seamen out of hospital there to fill up a ship's company! All the worn-out old soldiers who could manage to desert, did so before sailing; the rest of course died on the voyage, not one returning alive. At the last moment 210 raw recruits were drafted into the ranks, and a few of these survived their hardships.

But however poor the men might be, it is quite certain that the officers of the *Centurion* formed the most remarkable complement ever carried by any one ship of her size during any one commission. For surely no other single thousand tons can show eight other officers of such high subsequent distinction as these:—Admirals Lord Anson, Sir Charles Saunders and Viscount Keppel—three First Lords of the Admiralty who between them ruled the British Navy for more than a quarter of its greatest century; Vice-Admirals Sir Piercy Brett, Sir Peter Dennis, Sir Hyde Parker and John Campbell; and the gallant Captain Philip Saumarez, who was one of the coming men of the service at the time of his death in action a few years later. Add

to these again, Admiral Earl Howe, then in the *Severn*, and Admiral Byron, in the *Wager*; and it is easy to see that Saunders kept the very best of professional company. Then note that he was specially chosen as First Lieutenant of the Flagship, being thus singled out for a most important position, and that he was the bearer of dispatches home; and it is equally evident that he could more than hold his own among the picked men of that famous naval generation.

He soon began to rise still higher in the service, and gain some independent experience, by being given the first junior vacancy in command of a man-of-war. Captain the Hon. George Murray—elder brother to Wolfe's Brigadier, James Murray, the first British Governor of Canada—had been advanced to the *Pearl* on the death of Captain Kidd. Captain Cheap then took Murray's place in the *Wager*. And Saunders took over Cheap's little sloop, the *Trial*, of eight guns and eighty-one scurvy-eaten men. The *Wager* went to pieces in the Golfo de Peñas; and the *Severn* and *Pearl* were beaten back in a terrible storm, a graphic description of which was written by one of the *Wager's* midshipmen, the Hon. John Byron, grandfather of the poet. On the 8th of June the *Centurion* made Robinson Crusoe's island of Juan Fernandez; being closely followed by the little *Trial*, which had buried thirty-four men at sea, and which was brought into the harbour by all hands left fit for duty—Saunders himself, one lieutenant, and three men! On the 21st the *Gloucester* also crawled in, with no one to work her into her berth but a few officers and their servants.

Every one was ordered ashore, and by September the scurvy was stamped out. Anson then sailed off again with his three ships and 300 men, all told. With these he terrorised the coast and took several prizes. The *Trial* had to be scuttled and sunk; but her crew shifted into a prize of hers and went on with their work. On the 10th of November a landing-party from the *Centurion* and *Trial's* prize took the town of Paita, carried off booty worth a quarter of a million sterling, and destroyed goods to four times that amount.

One of the main objects of the cruise was lost for the time being; as the Manila galleon put into Acapulco a mouth before Anson sighted the coast of Mexico. And, as his presence was now both well known and much dreaded, the sailing of the return galleon was postponed for a year. He then decided to cross the Pacific, and left on the 6th of May, 1742. The voyage was long and terrible. The *Gloucester* had to be abandoned. Scurvy broke out again as badly as before. And when, still bent on carrying out his orders, he sailed from Maçao the following summer, in search of the same galleon, he only had 227 men of all ranks and ratings. Not one-tenth of the men with whom he had left Portsmouth three years before were alive; for half his present crew was made up of Indians, Lascars, Negroes and Dutchmen, whom he had picked up by the way. But he soon got even this very mixed lot into good order. He gave them daily practice at the guns, with plenty of small-arm drill as well. And these preparations told greatly in his favour on the 20th of June, when the long-sought-for galleon hove in sight. The Spaniard

was more than twice the *Centurion's* tonnage, and carried about four times as many men. She showed no desire to escape ; but hoisted Spanish colours at the main top-gallant mast-head and ran down with perfect confidence to meet the *Centurion,* which immediately answered with British colours and the commodore's broad pennant. The action, however, was a certain victory for Anson from the very first. The galleon was so loaded up with merchandise that she could hardly work her guns, and, after losing 151 killed and wounded to the *Centurion's* 19, in an hour-and-a-half's cannonade, she struck her flag, and surrendered with a cargo worth £300,000.

On the 15th of June, 1744, the *Centurion* came to anchor at Spithead, after an absence of four years ; during which Anson's command had been reduced, by sickness, storm and battle, from over 2,000 to under 200 men, and from half-a-dozen ships to one. He had seriously crippled Spanish sea-power for some time to come, and had taken or destroyed treasure to the amount of over a million sterling. By the end of the year he was given a seat at the Board of Admiralty, where he soon exercised great influence, as the two Civil Lords were content to leave most questions to his decision, and the two other Naval Lords were mere nonentities.

Saunders had arrived home the year before, having been sent on with dispatches in a Swedish ship when the *Centurion* touched at the first Chinese port. But he had been through the very worst of it all, and had come out with great credit to himself. It was stern schooling ; but he could hardly have had any better all-round training for the rough work of the

Navy in those days. He was now a zealous and experienced young captain of thirty, with an excellent service record and the promise of a brilliant career before him. He always stood well with Anson, who judged all professional affairs by the very highest standard. But even before Anson came back he had been posted to the *Sapphire*, a forty-four-gun frigate employed during the spring in cruising off the coast of Flanders and watching the port of Dunkirk. Here he captured a transport bringing more than 200 officers and men to the enemy from Danzig. In March, 1745, he was promoted to the *Sandwich*, of ninety guns, and while in command of her took part in the capture of *Le Fort de Nantz*, register ship from New Spain, valued at upwards of £100,000.

But it was when in command of the *Yarmouth*, of sixty-four guns, under Hawke, on the 14th of October, 1747, that he won his laurels as a fighting captain. This was the second of the two fleet-actions of the year which completed the discomfiture of the French at sea. In April Anson had destroyed two French squadrons just as they were about to separate; one of them, under de Jonquière, being bound for Quebec, and the other going East. Neither action was in any proper sense a "glorious" victory; since Anson and Hawke each had fourteen ships against eight French. But Hawke's fight was the more stubborn of the two; it was emphatically a captain's battle, and Saunders made straight for the strongest part of the French, whose ships were individually superior to the British ones. He was undoubtedly the hero of the occasion. The battle began at mid-day and raged till eight in the evening;

and he was in the very thick of it at the most critical time. But Hawke quite overlooked this in his official dispatch. And one of Saunders's lieutenants wrote a letter home, in which Hawke's failure to do justice to the *Yarmouth* is quite justifiably censured. "Though the *Yarmouth*, without dispute, had as great a share as any single ship in the fleet, if not a greater, in the engagement with the French, on October the 14th, yet, in all the accounts I have seen, she is not so much as mentioned, as though no such ship had been there. It is something surprising that Admiral Hawke should see and notice in his long account the behaviour of the *Lion*, *Louisa*, *Tilbury* and *Eagle*, and yet could discover nothing of the extraordinary courage and conduct of Captain Saunders of the *Yarmouth*, who lay two hours and a half close engaged with the *Neptune*, a seventy gun ship, with seven hundred men, which he never quitted till she struck, although the *Monarch*, a seventy-four gun ship, who struck to us likewise, lay upon our bow for some time, and another of the enemy's ships upon our stern. When the *Neptune* struck, after killing them one hundred men, and wounding one hundred and forty, she was so close to us that our men jumped into her; and, notwithstanding such long and warm work, the ship much disabled in masts and rigging, and twenty-two men killed and seventy wounded, his courage did not cool here. He could not with patience see the French Admiral and the *Intrepide*, a seventy-four gun ship, getting away, and none of our ships after them; nor could he think of preferring his own security to the glory

and interest of his country, but ardently wished to pursue them. He proposed it, therefore, to Captain Saumarez in the *Nottingham*, and Captain Rodney in the *Eagle*, who were within hail of us. But Captain Saumarez being unfortunately killed by the first fire of the enemy, the *Nottingham* hauled their wind and did no more service ; and the *Eagle* never came near enough to do any ; so that the *Yarmouth* had to deal with both of the enemy's ships for some time, till at length they got out of reach of our guns. I think so much bravery and noble spirit ought not to lie in oblivion." There is nothing to show that Hawke had any grudge against Saunders ; but he certainly passed him over in a most unwarrantable way. And it is all the more to Saunders's credit that, twelve years after, on his triumphant return from Quebec, he turned back before landing, and went straight to the assistance of Hawke, who was reported to be short-handed off Quiberon Bay.

Seven uneventful years followed, during which the Navy was neglected as usual by the political chiefs, and only saved from running down too far by the energy and foresight of Saunders's naval mentor, Anson. One great reform was started by building ships in classes, so that all stores and fittings should be interchangeable among all vessels of the same class. This was, of course, quite as beneficial in its own way as standardization has proved to be in modern mechanical engineering. Some scientific attention was also paid to the general seaworthiness of the Royal ships, a matter which had been grossly neglected for generations.

But the first copper sheathing only came into use two years after the Quebec campaign.

The Seven Years War is an important epoch in naval as well as military science; for everything felt the stimulus of keen competition on land and sea. And just as the military drill and arms then brought into full use persisted, without much organic change, down to the introduction of breech-loaders, so the best types of naval construction and armament which were then introduced lasted on, in modified forms, down to the invention of ironclads and rifled ordnance. The proportion between tonnage and crews—three tons per man, and again between tonnage and guns—twenty to each gun, also remained about the same for a long time, though with a tendency for the tonnage to increase. And the general size of the ships was fairly well determined by that usual in the best types seen in the different squadrons commanded by Saunders. The ninety-gun *Neptune*, which was his flagship at Quebec, was of barely 2,000 tons, her complement was 750 men of all ranks and ratings, her extreme length of keel was about 175 feet, and her breadth of beam about 50, whilst her mainmast towered up a hundred feet, and her mainyard spread out nearly as far. Here again, however, the after tendency was to increase tonnage and decrease the excessive size of masts and yards, together with the weight of batteries. The amount of freeboard required for the tiers of guns threatened a dangerous degree of top-hamper, unless obviated by a great deal of tumble home. So that, though forecastles had

ceased to be real "castles" of any kind, and poops had been considerably cut down as well, the irreverent comparison of an old-time man-of-war to a barrel floating on its side, sharpened at one end, and with a house stuck on the other, might still serve as a passable caricature of some of the vessels which Saunders brought up the St. Lawrence. His fleet there was a very miscellaneous one; some of his ships were decidedly old—and it was not uncommon in those days to see vessels of fifty, sixty, or even seventy years still borne on the active strength of the Navy. The picturesqueness of it all lay in the canvas; for sails are ocean wind-flowers, with the soaring beauty of wings as well. But the old hulls were a different matter altogether; and no one who loves the beauty of line and form can regret for a moment that they have given place to those of our best modern cruisers, whose every curve fits them so supremely well to fall in with all the changing humours of the sea.

As a matter of fact, the old "wooden walls of England" were not even the best things of their kind then afloat. For, strange as it may seem, England has generally been behind France in naval architecture. Indeed, it is only within the last generation that British designs have proved superior. In the days of Saunders, as in those of Nelson, British captains eagerly competed for the command of French, and even Spanish, prizes. Anson, for instance, was delighted with the capture of *L'Invincible*:—"She is a prodigious fine ship, and vastly large." The foreign hulls were on finer lines, and were sometimes able to gain

the weather gauge by beating to windward of the tubbier English-built vessels—a notable case of the kind occurring in the famous battle between Rodney and de Grasse. But this was not the only advantage on the foreign side. The French and Spanish vessels in general—like the American frigates of 1812—were much more powerful, class for class. And the makeshift British attempts to get equal force, by increasing the weight of metal, without much regard to relative tonnage, rather added to the foreigner's advantage than otherwise. For bow and stern guns were often put in till the keel dipped at both ends, and a hog-back resulted. These faulty points in British ships are all the more remarkable since the Elizabethan seamen beat the Spanish floating castles with a much handier type of vessel, and proved that gunnery was thenceforth more than a match for boarding. And, in our own day, the handy British ship has again the advantage over the ideal of the floating fort towards which so many foreigners have tended. The explanation probably is that successive Governments did not care how bad the ships were, so long as their defects were made up for in other ways. But, however this may be, it is certain that the British command of the sea was not obtained, in the very slightest degree, by any superiority in shipbuilding.

For there was no advantage on the British side, even in material or fitting out. Summer-felled timber was used with scandalous frequency, partly because the contractors liked the extra profits to be got from summer bark, partly because con-

struction was rarely undertaken in good time, and partly from the general ignorance and indifference of the Government. Such timber was always sappy, damp, and liable to warp and rot, And this, of course, greatly increased the sweating which made the atmosphere of a ship vary between that of a cellar and a Turkish bath. The up-draught from the galley fires was the only means of counteracting this dangerous nuisance; and the British galleys between decks were not so well placed for this purpose as the Dutch ones, which were on the orlop deck. Again, it was no uncommon thing for masts to go over the side in any stress of weather; a very natural accident indeed, with the inferior quality of wood often employed, and the unscientific slackness of all the standing rigging. But in those days every part of the world had plenty of seamen who were inclined to the very curious belief that a mast which might almost be snapped before its slack stays could give it any support was safer than one protected by the natural heel of a ship that was one co-operating tautness all over. Except in a few points like this, however, Frenchmen were leading the way in most matters connected with shipbuilding. Even cordage was better understood by Du Hamel at the time Saunders was starting on his cruise round the world than it was in the English dockyards a generation later. And when the French were inventing ironclads and patent self-canting anchors in the 1860's they were only re-occupying their old place ahead of their successful rivals in actual sea-power.

What really won the command of the sea was

the British personnel, which far surpassed all others because it was drawn from the greatest class of seafaring men in the world. England occupied a position of unique superiority for naval war in this respect. The other nations that had shown a special aptitude for the sea—Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Dutch and Portuguese—were too small in population to hold their own against her, besides being always at the further disadvantage of having land-frontiers to defend. Spain had never been a really great sea-power at all. France was always distracted by land-wars. And Russia, Prussia and Austria had no navies to speak of. Then, even France, the strongest of all these greater powers at sea, had no reserves to fall back upon. She could never keep up her complements after the first year of war. The men were simply not to be had. And it stands to reason that whatever crews she could put afloat were never able to meet an equal number of British seamen on anything like equal terms. For it was not want of courage, but want of skill, that the French suffered from continually. They fought with admirable bravery on many occasions; but during war their proper drill ground —the open sea—was so dominated by the British fleets that they had little chance of learning their business there. And when peace came back, the best part of the time was spent in reconstructing the material of their Navy. So that, one way or another, they were always at a disadvantage in handling their ships and guns in action.

But the main reason why the odds were always so much in favour of an equal number of British

seamen was that these generally represented the survival of the fittest from a much larger number than themselves. And, of course, other things being equal, no hundred men who are the total available for any purpose can hope to stand against another hundred who are the picked representatives of a thousand. So, while the French put all their suitable men into the service at the beginning of a war, the British, on the other hand, began badly as a rule, but drew in more and more men as the war went on, until they were in overwhelming force. All the staying power was on their side. And their reserve grew almost as fast as it was depleted by drafts. For trade was stimulated by war; and as the country became more and more dependent on external trade the mere struggle for existence compelled it to keep on renewing its sea-power at all hazards, if it wished to hold its own. Before the Treaty of Utrecht the usual war establishment was 40,000; during the Seven Years War it rose to 70,000; during the war of the American Revolution to nearly 100,000; and during the Napoleonic War to 150,000 men. Yet these tremendous numbers did not by any means exhaust the supply of merchant seamen. For the Navy drew men from the mercantile marine, and the mercantile marine drew from the seafaring population, which, in its turn, was supported by the people at large, who, as they depended more upon the sea than upon anything else, were forced to turn their national energies and resources into sea-power, in order to be fit for survival in the world-wide struggle for oceanic empire. Recruiting landsmen direct was

not much in favour. But even this yielded better results in England than elsewhere; because the people generally were more inclined to follow the sea, and when they did so for the first time they were soon assimilated by the immense number of seafaring men among whom they found themselves. The reserve strength which the merchant navy drew from the country at large was returned in the form of increased wealth, and that which the military navy drew from the mercantile was returned in the form of increased security for British trade and increased destruction for the trade of all rivals. Thus every circumstance conspired to exalt British sea-power at the expense of all others. But as the British people themselves brought about those very circumstances, they have a perfect right to the honours and rewards which that sea-power has given them in such abundance.

And the British sailors who were the warlike means of winning this sea-power deserve even more credit, for similar reasons; because they were called upon to bear the terrible strain directly in their own persons. The times were rough and their lives were rougher. They were recruited for service either as volunteers or "pressed men." And it is well for those who prate against conscription —a thing to be avoided, if possible, but not reviled —to remember that no form of it ever known was worse than the "pressing" legally authorized by one British Parliament after another. Of course, all such things depend upon circumstances, and not upon national merit or demerit. The Americans had plenty of conscription in their Civil War, and

if the Channel were to dry up to-morrow England would have conscription the day after. The press-gang, under command of an officer, attended to both forms of recruiting. Any man who volunteered was "prested," by being given a "prest" of a shilling—the exact naval equivalent of "taking the shilling" in the army. The word "prest" meant "ready," from the French "prest" or "prêt." There was no medical examination in those days, whilst there was a capitation fee for each recruit; and so some very puny specimens of humanity were taken as "prested," to disappear soon after among the wastage of the service. These volunteers might be, and often were, landlubbers; but only seamen might be "pressed," or forcibly taken into the Navy against their will. The two methods were thus entirely different; but they are very often confounded, as both were carried out by "press-gangs," and the words "pressing" and "presting" are very much alike. In 1756 a new and promising method was inaugurated by some patriotic London merchants, who founded a "Marine Society" to bring up orphans and friendless boys for the Navy. This institution proved very successful, and was incorporated in 1772, when Saunders was at the head of the Admiralty. Recruiting was also encouraged at critical times by graduated bounties; a landsman being offered about one pound, an O.S. two, and an A.B. three. Many seaports also offered additional bounties of their own, on special occasions, and thus sometimes more than doubled this inducement to become a "prested" man.

But forcible "pressing" was the great stand-by of the government; and, as it only affected seamen, the mass of the people thought it quite a proper way of raising men to fight for them. In reality, however, it was far more unjust than any well-worked system of conscription. Here is one very ordinary case, which occurred in 1757, and is reported by Rodney, then in command of a guardship employed in recruiting. A tender had boarded the *Britannia* merchantman, from Leghorn for London, and seized fifteen homeward-bound seamen. These unfortunate men had made a stout resistance, and three of them had been killed in the scuffle. The official reply to the report on this affair directed Rodney "to put on board the *Britannia* men in sufficient number and quality to navigate her in safety to her moorings in the river Thames, directing them as soon as they get without St. Helens to throw the dead bodies overboard." The cargo, it will be observed, was carefully looked after in the interests of the merchants, and the same care was taken of the ship in the interests of her owners; but nobody troubled himself about a few dead sailors. And it must be remembered that this was in strict accordance with the will of the people, of their representatives, and of their Civil Government —the Navy being merely the instrument for carrying out the country's wishes. Naturally enough, the men deserted wholesale when they got the chance; and the service lost more of them in this way than by battle and sickness put together. During the American War 1,800 men were killed in action, and 18,000 died of sickness; but 42,000 deserted.

Even a volunteer might be excused for deserting in those days. Of course, the roughness of the times in general, and of the naval service in particular, must be taken into account. But the point is that the men in the Navy were worse treated than any corresponding class of men ashore—even soldiers being less badly off. It is not usual to cite a novelist to give authentic evidence on questions of history; but the truth of Smollett's picture of life in the Navy, at the time when Saunders was a young man, is amply proved by the recorded testimony of many other eye-witnesses. Smollett was a junior Surgeon's Mate in the West Indies in 1740, and was present at the abortive attack on Cartagena the year after. This was the expedition in which Wolfe was to have taken part and received his baptism of fire. Fortunately, he was prevented from going, as he never could have survived the hardships and pestilential climate. *Roderick Random* describes the "sick berth or hospital," where "I saw about fifty miserable distempered wretches, suspended in rows, huddled one on another, and deprived of the light of day as well as of fresh air; breathing nothing but a noisome atmosphere of the morbid streams exhaling from their own diseased bodies, devoured with vermin hatched in the filth that surrounded them, and destitute of every convenience necessary for people in that helpless condition." But bluejackets fared little better out of hospital than in it. "Their provisions consisted of putrid salt beef, to which the sailors gave the name of Irish horse; salt pork of New England, which, though neither fish nor flesh, savoured of

both ; bread from the same country, every biscuit whereof, like a piece of clock work, moved by its own internal impulse, occasioned by the myriads of insects that dwelt within it ; and butter, served out by the gill, that tasted like train oil thickened with salt." There is a touch of the literary " naturalist " here, but there is no doubt whatever about the general truth of this description. These vile rations were supplemented by half a pint of new " cut-throat " rum every day ; and the men could get as much more of this fiery stuff as they could pay for. The wonder is not so much that they died like flies, but that any of them ever came back from a long commission at all.

The regular routine, from heaving down to clearing for action, was of course entirely done by hand, and was very hard work ; though it was no worse in the Navy than in the merchant service ; indeed, not so bad in many ways, for there were more hands available on board a man-of-war than in a merchantman. Heaving down in the tropics was terribly trying. But, where there were no docks, it was the only way of cleaning or repairing the hull of a ship. It consisted of taking the vessel into still water, and careening her to port and starboard alternately so as to leave each side dry in turn. Even this work was often made harder by the curse of political interference. For instance, Hawke represented that it could be done much better, more cheaply, and with far less danger to the health of the crew, at Boston than at Antigua during the hurricane season. But the permission to change, which he obtained at first, was soon withdrawn through the selfish wire-

pulling of the West India merchants. Gun drill was a relief after this. Indeed, the preparations for action were as much healthier and pleasanter than heaving down as a battle itself was safer and pleasanter than an epidemic; for ten men were killed in hospital for every one that died in action. Comparatively small gun-crews were necessary to serve the simple ordnance of the day; they were told off in the proportion of four or five men to every ton weight of metal. Yet a great deal of care had to be taken to have all the separate means and appliances handily arranged for keeping up a hot and continuous fire; the component parts of the ammunition not being "assembled" by previous manufacture, but put together by the gunners on the spot. When a ship cleared for action, the powder had to be filled, the powder-horns and "partridge" or grape shot placed between the guns, the hammered shot stowed in buckets, the crows and hand-crows at guns, nets and "cheeses" of wads fore and aft, match-tubs in place, matches ready, lockers full of shot, spare tackles and breechings handy, wet swabs at the door of the magazine and at the heads of ladders, and boxes of hand grenades provided for use in the tops.

One would hardly expect to find much of the humour of war among men raised and treated in such a way, and exposed to so many hardships. But hardships became their second nature, and rather increased their natural tendency towards happy-go-lucky dare-devildom of all kinds. One of the queerest tales of these old sea-dogs is the taking of the Boujee-Boujee fort by pure accident on the

30th of December, 1756. Clive and Admiral Watson had agreed to storm it at daybreak, and a naval brigade had been landed to assist the army. But in the middle of the night an A.B. named Strachan, of H.M.S. *Kent*, being rather the worse for liquor, and walking over to the fort, unseen by either friend or foe, stumbled upon the breach, and immediately rushed through it with a wild hurrah! Some of his boon companions, who had also broken out of camp, ran to his assistance, and together they kept the defenders at bay, till Clive and Captain King, of the Navy, came up with their men and took possession of the fort. When Strachan was asked what he meant by it, he only scratched his head, twirled his hat round uneasily, and answered, "Why, to be sure, sir, it was me as took the fort; but I thought there was no harm in it." A more conscious form of humour was shown by this versified expostulation, called forth by the failure to supply Hawke's fleet with fresh provisions, after the battle of Quiberon Bay had relieved England of all fear of invasion :—

Ere Hawke did bang
Mussoo Conflang,
You sent us beef and beer.
Now Mussoo's beat
We've nought to eat,
Since you have nought to fear.

The general disposition among most of the men was to make the best of a bad business; since, as sailors, they were bound to follow the sea, and, as men-of-warsmen, they were in the service for life. The only ways in which a man left the Navy were by death, desertion, or being paid off. There was

no such thing as superannuation. Hood once applied for his gunner's discharge, "which he is justly entitled to, being seventy-five years old, and totally unfit." Captain Cook, some time after his Quebec experience, reports that his sailmaker, "an old man between seventy and eighty, is constantly drunk every day." And the *Arrogant* had a boatswain "quite worn out and incapable, having been more than sixty years at sea." But no wonder a man who had got used to the Navy wanted to stay in it. For once a worn-out sailor left the service, he was generally cast adrift like a derelict. Shortly before Saunders left for Canada, Hawke was engaged in championing the cause of a great many old men who had just been turned out after long and faithful service. They were suffering from disease or wounds, or both, and yet could not even get the back pay coming to them. "They have nothing to subsist them on their way home, and are reduced to beg through all parts of the kingdom." But the Government treated the whole thing as a public nuisance, and would not admit that these men had any rights at all.

It certainly seems at first sight as if "the service had been going to the dogs" so persistently throughout the whole of the Great Imperial War that it could only have won the British command of the sea by some sort of miracle. But, as has been explained already, the British personnel overcame all obstacles, and beat all its rivals, because it was drawn from such an overwhelming seafaring population that it could afford a continual loss which must have ruined any Navy supported upon narrower

resources. In 1763 the following return was made up, showing the almost incredible wastage that took place in the Seven Years War, especially by sickness and desertion :—

> "An account of the number of seamen and marines employed during the war, with the number that appears to have been killed in action or by accident; also those who died of disease, or missing.
>
> Number of seamen and marines employed 184,893
> Killed in action or by accident—1,512
> Died by sickness, or missing—133,708—135,220
>
> Remaining on the books at the Navy Office 49,673
>
> All of whom, except 16,000, were paid off."

The chief blame for this state of things must remain with the voting public; for, in a free state, it is they who are always responsible, in the last resort, for such criminal neglect. The Navy itself was better than the country deserved to have; and the Admirals, as a class, showed to great advantage in the care they took of their men. They are generally remembered only for what they did in a few hours of actual fighting. But men like Anson, Hawke, Boscawen, Saunders, Hood, Nelson, and many more, richly deserve to be held in honour for all the anxious days, and months, and years, during which they strove, by every means in their power, to keep

their men in good health, and make them as happy and comfortable as the conditions of the service would permit.

One other point about the personnel of the Navy is well worth noting by the way. The lament over the decline of British-born seamen and their replacement by foreigners would appear to be no new thing. For there was always a certain proportion of foreigners aboard the fighting fleets themselves, throughout the whole of the Great Imperial War which determined the command of the sea. Saunders had foreigners under him, Anson had nearly as many foreigners as Englishmen when he captured the Manila galleon; and when Sir Theodore Martin commanded the *Implacable*, which took the *Sevolod* in face of the whole Russian fleet in 1808, he had seventy-two foreigners aboard, and they all did well. It is better, of course, to have a purely British personnel. But it is some comfort to know that a fair proportion of foreigners was quite usual in the old Navy, and that their presence never did any particular harm to the service. And yet the English contempt for all foreigners was never more offensive—nor amusing—than in the middle of those very times. It rose to its zenith after the Seven Years War, and was well expressed, with every outrageous touch of buncombe, in the following inscription, which was cut on the window of an inn at Falmouth, and quoted in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1764: "I have seen the specious vain Frenchman; the truckling scrub Dutchman; the tame low Dane; the sturdy self-righting Swede; the barbarous Russ; the turbulent

Pole; the honest dull German; the pay-fighting Swiss; the subtle splendid Italian; the salacious Turk; the ever-lounging warring Maltese; the piratical Moor; the proud cruel Spaniard; the bigoted base Portuguese; with their countries; and hail again Old England, my Native Land!"

Such outbursts were to be expected after the successes of the war had raised the tidal wave of national self-conceit to an extraordinary height and driven it abroad to break furiously on every foreign shore. But there was at least as much excuse for them as for similar outbursts among other people in the same situation. And there were some good reasons for legitimate pride as well. For Pitt's administration had shown how great British foreign policy could become, when freed from the contemptible party politics of a Newcastle or a Bute. The Army had shown that when it was controlled by statesmen, and not mishandled by politicians, it could produce leaders like Wolfe and Clive, who were able to make other British field forces equal to those formed by Edward III, or Henry V, or Cromwell, or Marlborough. And the Navy had again proved that, under the like good conditions, it could hold the sea against the world in arms.

Most of the credit for the administrative side of this all-important naval success must be given to Anson. And the difficulties under which he worked make his deserts all the greater. The First Lord of the Admiralty was not then at the head of a great unified organization as he is now; but was one of three semi-independent officials, the other two being the Comptroller, at the head of the Navy

Board, and the Master-General, at the head of the Board of Ordnance. As in the Army several controlling offices grew up side by side without being harmonized under one supreme command, so in the Navy these three Boards clogged the administrative machinery with no end of useless correspondence, whilst their functions overlapped each other, producing friction, waste and confusion in every department. The system was the autocratic one without the autocrat ; a survival of what could never be the fittest for a parliamentary environment. Each office neutralized a good deal of the energy of the others, because no one made them all work harmoniously towards a common end. In fact, the whole administration of both services kept falling between two stools, because nothing had been invented to take the place of an absolute sovereign who was his own commander-in-chief. The problem has not been completely solved to the present day. And ignorant political interference still sometimes usurps the place of that statesmanlike civil control which is, of course, absolutely indispensable. But great advances have been made towards harmony of administration and a full recognition of true naval policy. And it is interesting to see how well Saunders stands in the great line of reforming officials : for he was a most capable First Lord himself ; and Anson, who was his patron, began by raising the Board of Admiralty to a height never before attempted ; whilst Jervis, who was his protégé, not only made the first successful stand for purity of patronage and unity of control, but also formulated the general scheme of naval defence

which was officially reformulated in 1903 amid universal applause.

Under Anson's first administration the Admiralty issued the Articles of War which remained in force till 1865, and made the Marines a permanent branch of the service by establishing 50 companies of 100 men each in 1755. It also began to make serious attempts to build ships in homogeneous classes, to settle the difficult question of relative rank between the two services, to regularize naval uniforms, and to effect a workable compromise between the claims of merit and seniority by giving flag rank to old captains who were being laid on the shelf. This last experiment was made necessary by the pressure of outside influence in favour of respectable nonentities, who were made Rear-Admirals "in the fleet"—not "of the blue," or white, or red. The wags of the service called them Admirals of the Yellow, and a man passed over on the active list, and then "kicked upstairs" a step of honorary rank, was said to be "yellowed." The system ran to seed in later years, and produced an absurd number of men who were dubbed Admiral or General because they had extinguished themselves as Captains and Colonels. But it was both anomalous and workable, and so possessed two prime qualifications for becoming a British institution.

Anson was again at the head of the Admiralty during the war, after a few months out of office at the beginning of 1757. Pitt had altogether ignored mere party politics for the welfare of the Empire; and he gloried in the fact at the time, and

never regretted it afterwards. Indeed, he reaffirmed his opinion more than once when speaking in the House of Lords on questions of Imperial Defence : " I replaced Lord Anson at the Admiralty, and I thank God that I had resolution enough to do so." And again : " I draw my information from the greatest and most respectable naval authority that has ever existed in this country. I mean the late Lord Anson. To his wisdom, to his experience and care—and I speak it with pleasure—the Nation owes the glorious successes of the last war." The only serious mistakes fairly chargeable against Anson are his appointment of Byng and his failure to foresee the Spanish declaration of war in 1762. But even these two blunders together can hardly dim the glory of his splendid services. His masterhand was constantly at work in every department of the Navy, and nearly always with the best results attainable. He was individually responsible for the improved output of the dockyards. Forty line-of-battle ships were launched during the seven years ; and, as a whole, they showed a decided advance on previous construction. He had the principal hand in devising the first regular system of blockade ; and most of the administrative honours belonging to the destruction of the troop-boats at Havre, to the fleet-actions at Lagos and Quiberon, and to the taking of Louisbourg, Quebec, Montreal, Martinique, Manila and Havana are also due to him. But perhaps his chief title to honour is that he himself selected the seven first-rate admirals who carried out the executive work with such marked ability : their names answer for his judgment—Hawke,

Boscawen, Osborn, Saunders, Rodney, Howe and Keppel. It is interesting to note, also, that two other famous Admirals owed their first commissions as Lieutenants to his good offices: they were the future Lords St. Vincent and Camperdown.

These were all men of birth and education, who set a high standard of professional attainment before their juniors. But among these latter were a good many men of a most inferior stamp, who were brought in to complete establishment at every recurrence of the war. The political chiefs neither would nor could understand the war as a whole, nor the proper maintenance of standing forces to cope with it. And so the merchant service was drawn upon for officers right and left. Occasionally, an excellent man was obtained in this way. The great Captain Cook, for instance, had once been a sailor in a collier brig. And those who became masters—the navigating lieutenants of the day—did good work in their own line. But, as a rule, these panic-stop-gaps were coarse rude ill-disciplined boors, and ignorant of most things required in the Navy, except a fair amount of rule-of-thumb seamanship; and their presence in the fleet gave a worse name to the service than it ever could have acquired otherwise. Hawke did more than any one to overcome this disadvantage; and, with the help of Saunders and other capable leaders, he succeeded in raising the whole tone of this mixed personnel and changing its idea of duty very much for the better.

Officers were not lavishly rewarded for their services in those days. The few very hard-won

peerages were richly deserved; while subordinates were generally ignored altogether. Hawke's second-in-command got nothing for Quiberon, and Hawke himself got a very grudging dole. Medals, of course, were practically unknown, and orders were in their infancy. But as pensions were always forthcoming for service to a political party their discreditable dearth in the Army and Navy was all the more marked. There were occasional rich hauls of prize money—Pocock got £122,000 at Havana—but these were fairly won by the sword. It was the national rewards for professional services that were wanting.

Yet there were more service members in parliament then than there are now. Anson, Hawke, Saunders, and indeed nearly all the more distinguished admirals, sat for some nomination borough at some period of their careers. But they did not increase their reputations by it. The great sailors do not come out well as speakers or writers. Even at the Admiralty their desk-work has rarely had any merit, except from the purely official point of view. With the pen they are nowhere beside the great soldiers; unless, indeed, as regards brevity. The supreme example of this quality is the well-known report from Walton, who was sent to cut off the ships escaping from Cape Passaro. "Sir, we have taken and destroyed all the Spanish ships and vessels that were upon the coast; the number as per margin; and I have the honour to be, sir, Your obedient servant, G. Walton." Saunders wrote a respectable letter, but nothing more. No one would dream of quoting his words, as Wolfe's

and Montcalm's are quoted. Nelson's irresistible vigour carried him through everything, but Howe was almost unintelligible. Blake was the most scholarly of all the great admirals ; but even he has left nothing that is really memorable. The Navy is the silent service.

It did its best work where the fewest civilians were looking on — in far-off and out-of-the-way places ; or else at sea, beyond the landsman's knowledge altogether. Its immediate readiness under all circumstances is another point well brought out during the Seven Years War ; but only when it had its resources under its own control. For though the annual tour of inspection instituted by Anson was some check on mismanagement at the government dockyards, these places continued to be full of political jobbery and peculation till long after Trafalgar. It was almost impossible to get a ship well-found in every respect ; but, in spite of this, men like Hawke and Saunders were noted for the wonderfully serviceable condition of their commands. And, when dishonest muddling officials were out of the way, some particularly smart bits of work were done on the spur of the moment. Boscawen's Toulon squadron, which formed one part of the great scheme of which Saunders's and Wolfe's forces formed another, offers a notable instance. Being short of provisions and rather weather-beaten as well, Boscawen had put into Gibraltar on the 14th of August. At half-past seven on the evening of the 17th a look-out frigate came in under a press of sail to report twelve French line-of-battle ships in sight. The British were all refitting at the time ; some with

topmasts down, and the flagship with sails unbent. But before ten o'clock that night every one of them was standing out to sea, all ready and cleared for action. And the next morning they closed with De la Clue's fleet, and broke it up so effectually that it was unable to form the junction with Conflans which was designed to cover the proposed invasion of England.

But the Navy was even more severely tried, though in a different way, by the joint expeditions in which it generally seemed to be quite as inconspicuous to the public eye as it was important to the public service. Many of these attacks failed through the incompetence of the military chiefs. The engineers at Cartagena and Pondicherry drove Vernon and Boscawen to despair. And the Rochefort Expedition was made ridiculous by the abortive councils of war, at which the three generals always agreed to do nothing, and turned a deaf ear to Wolfe's sensible advice. But, in justice to the Army, we should remember that the Government always denied it all adequate opportunity of learning its work beforehand, and that the Ministers of State themselves put incompetent old fogeys at the head of it. When the right men were chosen, and enough means granted to make shift with, the results were very different. And the Louisbourg and Quebec expeditions were splendid examples of what might be done by a statesman who made the proper plans, did his best to supply the proper means, and gave the proper admirals and generals a free hand to do the executive work in their own way.

And there are several good reasons why the

Quebec expedition, in particular, should be singled out for special consideration from the naval point of view. For the whole strategy of the war depended on the Navy. The advance on Quebec was made entirely by water. And all the principal manœuvres on the spot were carried out by the help of the transports and men-of-war. Then, the admiral chosen to command was one of the most distinguished men in the service, even in those great days. He was in the true line of naval glory, Anson being his patron, he himself being a patron of Jervis, and Jervis being Nelson's commander-in-chief. And his own previous career had been well worthy of such good company. He was the best officer Anson had with him on the voyage round the world. He fought his ship with most admirable skill and courage under Hawke. He was successively appointed Treasurer of Greenwich Hospital in 1754, and Comptroller of the Navy in 1755, and did well in both positions. The next year, again, he was specially selected as Hawke's second-in-command for the "cargo of courage" which was sent out to replace Byng and West after their failure off Minorca. He twice commanded the Mediterranean fleet himself. And he finally closed his career by a long spell of good work as the official head of the whole Service.

But the most striking fact of all is, that whilst the British Navy was then the strongest fighting force in the world, its Canadian squadron formed no less than a quarter of its full war establishment. The official complements of all the crews serving under Saunders amounted to nearly 15,000 men; whilst the grand total voted for the service at large

that year was 60,000. And the naval vote itself was of such immense relative importance, compared with all others, that it absorbed no less than thirty-five millions, out of the ninety which formed the entire national income, for all purposes of peace and war, during all the years between 1756 and '62 inclusive. And so there can be no doubt whatever, that whilst the Navy was the great determining factor of the whole war, the squadron of it under Saunders was an equally important factor in the expedition against Quebec.

CHAPTER VI

Wolfe

THE Quebec campaign, which cannot be fully appreciated without some knowledge of Montcalm's previous service in Canada, would seem at first sight to be much less intimately affected by Wolfe's antecedents, seeing that he only entered this theatre of war at the siege of Louisbourg, and then only as a subordinate. But his whole career was an equally distinguished one; and its cumulative result had a profound effect on his action at the supreme crisis of his life. And though, like Saunders, he saw Quebec for the first time, yet the same assiduous study of his profession had given him the same quick power of seizing every opportunity which might present itself at this all-important centre of French dominion. The predetermining influences at work throughout his military life are, therefore, quite as important as those in the lives of Saunders and Montcalm.

He belonged to the same class of men which has given us all our best commanders—men of good blood, but small means; men like Cromwell and Marlborough and Wellington among the greater dead; and Lords Wolseley, Roberts and Kitchener among the living. Colonel Edward Wolfe, who had

J.H. L'Hyatt. Sc.

Major-General James Wolfe.
from a portrait in the National Gallery

been a brilliant young staff officer under Marlborough, married, at forty, Henrietta Thompson, of Marsden, a woman of remarkable beauty, intelligence and force of character. Their son James was born at Westerham, in Kent, on the 2nd of January, 1727, and was sent to Swindon's, at Greenwich, where he proved himself an apt pupil. He was most affectionate and dutiful towards both parents all his life long, and followed their religious views in all sincerity and without a particle of cant, though perhaps too much as a mere matter of course. But, at the same time, he soon began to show a marked independence of judgment in all the affairs of the world around him.

The following extracts from two letters to his mother, written in 1749 and 1751, show a good deal of the strenuous aspiration that was in him from the first. "This is Sunday, and we are just now come from church. I have observed your instructions so religiously that rather than want the Word, I got the reputation of a very good presbyterian by frequenting the Kirk of Scotland, till our Chaplain appeared. I am now come back to the old Faith, and stick close to our Communion. The example is so necessary that I think it is a duty to comply, were that the only reason, as in truth it is not. Tomorrow, L. G. Sackville, Colonel, 20th Regiment, goes away, and I take upon me the difficult and troublesome employment of a commander; you can conceive how hard a thing it is to keep the passions within bounds, when authority and immaturity go together; to endeavour at a character that has every opposition from within, and that the condition of the blood is

a sufficient obstacle to. Fancy you see one that must do justice to both good and bad, reward and punish with an equal unbiassed hand: one that is to reconcile the severity of Discipline to the dictates of humanity; one that must study the tempers and dispositions of many men, in order to make their situation easy and agreeable to them, and should endeavour to oblige all without partiality; a man set up for everybody to observe and judge of; and last of all suppose me employed in discouraging vice and recommending the reverse, at the turbulent age of 23, when it is possible I may have as great a propensity that way as any of the men that I converse with!"

"There are young men among us that have great revenues and high military stations, that repine at three months' service with their regiments, if they go fifty miles from home. Soup, and Venaison and Turtle is their supreme delight and joy; an effeminate race of coxcombs; the future leaders of our Armies, the defenders and protectors of a Great and Free Nation! You bid me avoid Fort William because you believe it still worse than this place; that will not be my reason for wishing to avoid it, but the change of conversation, the fear of becoming a mere ruffian, and of imbibing the tyrannical principles of an absolute commander or giving way insensibly to the temptations of power, till I become proud, insolent and intolerable, these considerations will make me wish to leave the regiment before the next winter, and always (if it could be so) after eight months' duty, that by frequenting men above myself I may know my true condition, and by discoursing with the other sex may learn some civility and

mildness of carriage, but never pay too high a price for this last improvement—better be a savage of some use, than a gentle amorous puppy, obnoxious to all the world; one of the wildest of all the wild Clans is a worthier being than a perfect Philander."

It is hard to realize such exceptional services and such rapid promotion as fell to Wolfe's lot at such an early age; especially when we remember that he deserved every step of rank he got. At sixteen he was acting as adjutant to a battalion on active service in Germany—a significant comment on the professional zeal and capacity of the senior subalterns! A curious parallel to his subsequent action at Quebec was furnished at Dettingen, where he and his commanding officer went along the line, trying to make the men reserve their fire until the French came close up. But at Dettingen the discipline was not so good, and his regiment began firing almost before the enemy were within range; whilst at Quebec, as all know well, the British line stood fast, like a living wall, as silent and as firm. One of his brothers, a good soldier with a feeble constitution like the rest of the family, succumbed to the hardships of campaigning and died at Ghent. He himself returned home, and went north to take part in the suppression of the '45. There he had a good opportunity of learning the value of that sea-power which was to put him in position to conquer half a continent fourteen years later. For a convoy of victualling ships advanced along the coast, in touch with the army, which thus gained an immense advantage over the Pretender's forces in every detail of commissariat and transport. He was

employed on staff duty at Culloden, acquitted himself admirably, and wrote an excellent account of the battle the next day. In 1747 he again embarked for the continent, this time as a brigade-major. He was wounded at Laffeldt, greatly distinguished himself wherever he went, and was specially noted for promotion without purchase. And, on the 5th of January, 1749, he was given the vacant majority in the 20th Foot, now known as the Lancashire Fusiliers. Two years later he became lieutenant-colonel; his commission being dated March 29, 1751.

In 1753 he paid a short visit to Paris, where he was most kindly received by the British Ambassador, Lord Albemarle, and saw a good deal of the fashionable life of the capital. His letters home contain acute remarks on all sorts of topics: manners, the Court, religion, gossip, and women. He was not favourably impressed by the Court functions at Versailles; but he was well received by the King; and he greatly admired La Pompadour, with whom he also had an intimate conversation. He was, however, very much disappointed at only getting such short leave that he could not carry out his idea of making an extensive tour abroad, with a view of increasing his knowledge of foreign armies. An application for long leave for purposes of professional study was evidently so contrary to all precedent that the War Office of the day refused to consider it. Wolfe's own words show how disgusted he was at this stupid red-tape discouragement. "I got powerful people to ask the Duke of Cumberland no less than three times for leave to go abroad, and he absolutely refused me that necessary indul-

gence ; this I consider as a very unlucky incident, and very discouraging ; moreover, he accompanied his denial with a speech that leaves no hope—that a lieutenant-colonel was an officer of too high a rank to be allowed to leave his regiment for any considerable time. This is a dreadful mistake, and if absolutely pursued, will disgust a number of good intentions and preserve that prevailing ignorance of military affairs that has been so fatal to us in all our undertakings, and will be for ever so, unless other measures are pursued. We fall every day lower and lower from our real characters, and are so totally engaged in everything that is minute and trifling that one would almost imagine the idea of war was extinguished among us ; they will hardly allow us to recollect the little service we have seen ; that is to say, most things seem to return into their old channel, and he is the brightest in his profession that is the most impertinent, talks loudest, and knows least."

Wolfe is often spoken of as a man who won promotion by his own unaided exertion and merit, in marked contrast to the pampered favourites of the Court or Cabinet. But this is not exactly true. His merit was undeniable, and his high professional attainments easily distinguished him from the general run of amateurs who officered the Horse and Foot. But his father used all the honourable means of advancement known; and Colonel Napier, Lord George Sackville, and the Duke of Cumberland, all brought influence to bear in his favour. The fact is that the right thing was often done in the wrong way ; and merit itself was advanced by favour. The

truer glory of Wolfe's nature is shown rather by the way in which he used his rapid promotion than by that in which he won it. Neither the holding of substantive field rank at twenty-two, nor, almost immediately afterwards, the acting position of commanding officer, ever turned his head for a moment. In a letter home he says: "'Tis a disadvantage to be first at an imperfect age; either we become enamoured with ourselves, seeing nothing superior, or fall into the degree of our associates." The man who was alive to that danger could be trusted to turn every opportunity of the following eight years of peace routine to the greatest advantage, and be ready for war whenever it came.

Wolfe was a poorer man than Montcalm, equally averse from squandering money, and equally incorruptible. He was often in considerable straits; and, even when in command of the independent field force which won the Quebec campaign, he was obliged to eke out his miserable two pounds a day by getting a special allowance of £500 for table money. Amherst was a substantive major-general commanding-in-chief, Wolfe was a regimental officer holding only the local and temporary rank of major-general. Consequently, the estimates provided £1,000 table money for Amherst, in addition to his £10 a day, but no contingent allowance at all for Wolfe! Each campaign cost Wolfe and his family much more than they could afford; and his executors were unable to carry out the very modest provisions of his will for want of means, because the Treasury, to the lasting disgrace of the British Government, refused the paltry sum that was necessary.

But he was no fortune-hunter. He made no attempt to win the heiress whom his family considered such a desirable match. He fell in love with a penniless girl, and only gave her up when marriage seemed an absolute impossibility. And his engagement to Miss Katherine Lowther seems to have been almost like an affair of the heart. Just before the Battle of the Plains he entrusted her miniature to Jervis, the future Earl St. Vincent, once at Swindon's like himself, who was to return it to her, set in jewels, in case he fell in action; and this wish was duly complied with. Miss Lowther, who was sister to the first Earl of Lonsdale, married the Duke of Bolton six years after, and the miniature is now to be seen at Raby Castle. The idea of Wolfe in the character of a lover is generally mentioned as if it was something incongruous, which needed explanation. But he was hardly the ugly and unattractive hero he is represented to have been. The stereotyped profile of him is a true caricature, perpetuated by West's famous, but utterly untrustworthy, death-scene. The four authentic portraits in oils, all by different artists, make him much better favoured; and the recorded testimony of those who knew him bears this out. Besides, he had a strong individual charm of manner, and, like nearly all men of genius, possessed a very real power of fascinating women. As for "wild oats," we have his own confession; yet it all amounts to so very little, that when we consider the nature of his ardent temperament, and the circumstances of his life, we can only say that his wild oats are chiefly conspicuous by their astonishing rarity.

But the professional side of his character concerns us much more intimately. Though imbued with the true spirit of all the finest traditions of the service, he adapted himself thoroughly to new conditions as they arose. Naturally gifted with quick intuition and deep insight, he always had the courage of his convictions, whenever he felt called upon to assume the initiative. Like Montcalm, he was inclined to chafe over-much at enforced inaction, and, again like Montcalm, he always preferred wearing out to rusting out. As a soldier, pure and simple, he may be fitly called the military Nelson—zealous, thorough, profound and aspiring. But this by no means implies that Wolfe can be placed on the same level of comparison with Nelson, so far as actual achievement goes. Death found Nelson's great work complete, and Wolfe's only just beginning. Yet, though Wolfe was different in this and other ways—different in his wider outlook on life and his higher self-education, as well as different in his shorter career, with its single supreme opportunity—the resemblance is still a striking one. Both men were alike in their love of the Service, in their patient mastery of every essential detail, and immediate concentration on the heart of any problem. Both were alike in sympathetic care for their men; in their way of inspiring devotion by being themselves the living symbols of their country's honour; in their innate capacity for leadership, and in their union of profoundly calculated strategy with instantaneous sure decision on the battlefield. Both were the embodiment of that true discipline which is not mere obedience, but a willing self-sacrifice,

wisely made for some great and noble purpose. And both alike were made happy in victorious death.

Wolfe had not been so carefully educated as Montcalm ; but his natural aptitude for true scholarship was quite as strong. He studied French, mathematics, and other useful subjects, most assiduously, and read widely for general information. And, like Montcalm, he had that sympathetic insight into life which craves expression in the fittest words, and naturally stimulates a man both to read the best in literature and to find a true style for himself when he comes to write. And so, drawing knowledge and inspiration from life and books together, he avoided the two dangers of being either a futile bookworm on the one hand, or a mere rule-of-thumb empiric on the other. His immortality was certainly won with the sword ; but he achieved at least distinction with the pen ; for his style is always graphic, well-knit and individual, and it is in admirably sure touch with its subject at every point.

In an excellent letter recommending a course of military study to a young officer, he shows a wide knowledge of the literature of war. He mentions specially, *The King of Prussia's Regulations*, *Vauban on Sieges*, *Sully's Memoirs*, and various works on outpost duties and military engineering. With a keen appreciation of the valuable lessons to be found a little off the beaten track, he notes the lives of Ziska and Scanderbeg. And, again like Montcalm, he sets their proper value on the Ancients, who, both in pure human nature and in its applied form known as strategy, can still teach us a good deal well worth

knowing. Cæsar, Thucydides, Xenophon, Vegetius, Suetonius and Polybius, all find a place in his list.

Writing to his great friend, Captain Rickson, of the 47th, he says: "You know I am but a very indifferent scholar. When a man leaves his studies at fifteen, he will never be justly called a man of letters. I am endeavouring to repair the damages of my education, and have a person to teach me Latin and the mathematics two hours in a day, for four or five months; this may help me a little." And again, "'Tis doubly a misfortune to be banished without the relief of books, or the possibility of reading; the only amends that can be made to us that are sequestered in lonely and melancholy spots, is that we can fill up part of our time with study." And, later on, he writes to his mother in the same strain: "I intend to devote myself this winter to my profession, and shall read without ceasing—if you would have me with you for a short while, it must be upon condition that I never stir out of the house after dinner. With that indulgence I shall engage to be at home whenever you are in the evening. My mornings are always, as you know, divided between exercise and study."

And, being a genuine student, he had a sound appreciation of any new book that came within his own field of work. He did not have to wait for any official appraiser to tell him what he might properly admire in a case like this: "There is a Frenchman has told me many excellent truths in two volumes entitled *L'Esprit des Loix*—Montesquieu. It is a piece of writing that would be of great use where you are"; Rickson being in Nova Scotia, where colonial

administration was then on its trial in nearly every department of the public service.

Like all great leaders, Wolfe found study a stimulating aid in the actual command of men. And, as we have already seen, he did his utmost to improve himself still more, by applying for leave to attend the French and Prussian manœuvres and schools of military science. But his thick-witted superiors would not hear of ten months' leave, and he was only able to have a glimpse of the French army. In spite of official indifference, however, he was already becoming a marked man, through the excellent peace-training he gave his battalion. The 20th was looked upon as a model; and the Prince of Wales specially inspected it, to see how ordinary officers and men could be brought up to such a high standard of efficiency.

The usual shortcomings of the British Army in those days are too well known to be insisted upon here. They were just what one would expect from a warlike, but most unmilitary, people, whose parliament entertained the most ridiculously false ideas about standing armies. It was only when a real statesman, like Pitt, gave a good leader, like Wolfe, the best material to be had, and a free hand to use it as he thought best, that anything could be accomplished. English-speaking politicians the world over have never been able to understand that, in a free country, no army can ever take its profession more seriously than its own civilian fellow-countrymen themselves do, and that the only really good British armies have been those which the stress of apprehension has put into the executive hands of

great generals, who were under the full civil control of statesmen, but absolutely free in all military affairs whatsoever. Control without interference is everything. But, in Wolfe's time, interference nearly always came first. The Army was cut down to complete inefficiency at every opportunity. Then, suddenly, a war came, and regiments were raised right and left by contract. The contractors were the "Colonels," who raised the men, and often maintained them as well, and who received allowances from Government for clothing, etc., besides the price of the sale of commissions. The actual battalion commanders were the lieutenant-colonels, who were originally the working deputies of absentee colonels. These colonels all had political influence, and generally used it to the detriment of the service. Favoured juniors could always set the authority of unfavoured seniors at defiance; and everything was managed by shifts and expedients. The two men who did most towards bettering the Army in Wolfe's time detested each other; but effected a few military reforms together for all that. They were Pitt and the Duke of Cumberland. The Duke's failures in the field and brutalities in Scotland have prejudiced opinion against everything he did. But he was really the Army's best administrative friend. As for Pitt, he was the Army's best parliamentary friend; and these words from a speech of his in the House of Commons are quite as well worth noting to-day as they were when he uttered them. "We have no business with the conduct of the Army, nor with their complaints one against another. If we give ear to any such complaint, we shall either destroy all

discipline, or the House will be despised of officers and detested of soldiers."

When Pitt chose Wolfe, gave him seasoned troops to work with, and allowed him to select his own generals and staff, so far as possible, he went a long way towards making the best British field force of the eighteenth century. Wolfe completed the work, and the Army saw nothing else so good of its kind from the days of Marlborough to those of Wellington. Even the dire effect of the negligence which deprived him of a military chest was overcome. With a war credit of £12,000,000 for 1759, surely he might have been given a little money for the barest necessities. But no! he had to put up with makeshifts of all kinds—even the kettles were old ones that had been returned to store! Writing to Amherst from Halifax on the 1st of May, he says: "There is a great siege to be undertaken, and not a farthing to pay the workmen." In the end a private loan had to be negotiated. What a comment on the Treasury of the day!

Wolfe's own remarks on the professional side of soldiering are very much to the point. He traced the crying evils of the day to their true source in the prejudice and indifference of both Parliament and Public. Alluding to the maladministration of military affairs in 1751, encouraged by the commonplace Pelham and tortuous Newcastle, he says: "The present schemes of economy are destructive of great undertakings, narrow in the views, and ruinous in the consequence. I was in the House of Commons this winter when great sums of money were proposed for you, and granted readily enough,

but nothing said of any increase of troops. Mr. Pelham (Secretary of State) spoke very faintly upon the subject; wished gentlemen would well weigh the importance of these undertakings before they offered them for public approbation, and seemed to intimate that it might probably produce a quarrel with our everlasting irreconcileable adversary; this I took to be a bad prognostick; a Minister cool in so great an affair, it is enough to freeze up the whole! but perhaps there might be a concealed manœuvre under these appearances, as, in case of accidents: 'I am not to blame; I was forced to carry it on,' and so forth; in the meantime I hope they are vigorous in supporting our claims." And again, six years later, when writing to Rickson about the proposed expedition against Rochefort, he says: "I can't flatter you with a lively picture of my hopes as to the success of it. The reasons are so strong against us in whatever we take in hand, that I never expect any great matter; the chiefs, the engineers, and our wretched discipline are the great and insurmountable obstructions. I myself take the chance of a profession little understood and less liked in this country."

His service in the Highlands opened his eyes to the utter want of military foresight shown in the distribution of the troops, both before and after the '45. Detachments were scattered about haphazard, instead of being concentrated at strategic centres. No flying columns were sent out to strike home at the clans; and the initiative was always left to the enemy. He had seen a good deal when at Rob Roy's own post of Inversnaid, and was all for strong

measures. "A few well-chosen posts in the middle of these clans that are likeliest to rebel, with a force sufficient to intrench and defend themselves, and with positive orders never to surrender to the Highlanders (though ever so numerous), but either to resist in their posts till relieved, or force their way through to the forts, would, I think, have lively effects. A hundred soldiers in my mind are an overmatch for five hundred of your Highland milice, and when they are told so in a proper way, they believe it themselves." And he was quite ready to take the initiative himself. Speaking of the troublesome McPherson he says: "Trapaud will have told you that I tried to take hold of that famous man with a very small detachment. I gave the sergeant orders, in case he should succeed and be attacked by the clan with a view to rescue their chief, to kill him instantly, which I concluded would draw on the destruction of the detachment and furnish me with a sufficient pretext (without waiting for any instructions) to march into their country, où j'aurais fait main basse, sans miséricorde. Would you believe that I am so bloody? It was my real intention, and I hope such execution will be done upon the first that revolt, to teach them their duty and keep the Highlands in awe."

But what troubled his ardent professional spirit more than anything else was the incompetence of most of the officers. Lack of leaders was, he felt, the curse of the Army. In 1755 he writes to his mother: "The officers of the Army in general are persons of so little application to business, and have been so ill educated, that it must not surprise you

to hear that a man of common industry should be in repute amongst them. I reckon it as a very great misfortune to this country that I, your son, who have, I know, but a very moderate capacity and a certain degree of diligence a little above the ordinary run, should be thought, as I generally am, one of the best officers of my rank in the service. I am not at all vain of the distinction, the comparison would do a man of genius very little honour, and does not illustrate me by any means; and the consequence will be fatal to me in the end; for as I rise in rank, people will expect some considerable performances, and I shall be induced, in support of an ill-got reputation, to be lavish of my life, and shall probably meet that fate which is the ordinary effect of such conduct."

In 1757 Wolfe was appointed Quarter-Master-General to the abortive Rochefort expedition, which would have been a signal success if his sound advice had only been followed. The future Lord Hawke was the Admiral in command, and thoroughly approved of Wolfe's plan. But the Generals, Mordaunt, Conway and Cornwallis, could not make up their minds to commit their forces to decisive action. After five days' deliberation over what was to have been a surprise attack, they decided that it would be too dangerous to land in face of an enemy who had already had so much time for preparation! Yet, after two days more, they ordered an immediate landing, kept the men waiting idly in the boats for three hours, and then re-embarked them and sailed for England!

Wolfe's caustic commentary on this fiasco is given

in the following letter to Rickson: "I thank you very heartily for your welcome back. I am not sorry that I went, notwithstanding what has happened; one may always pick up something useful from amongst the most fatal errors. I have found out that an Admiral should endeavour to run into an enemy's port immediately after he appears before it; that he should anchor the transport ships and frigates as close as can be to the land; that he should reconnoitre and observe it as quick as possible; and lose no time in getting the troops on shore: that previous directions should be given in respect to landing the troops, and a proper disposition made for the boats of all sorts, appointing leaders and fit persons for conducting the different divisions. On the other hand, experience shows me that, in an affair depending upon vigour and despatch, the generals should settle their plan of operations, so that no time may be lost in idle debate and consultations, when the sword should be drawn; that pushing on smartly is the road to success, and more particularly so in an affair of this nature—a surprise—that nothing is to be reckoned an obstacle to your undertaking, which is not found really so upon tryal; that in war something must be allowed to chance and fortune, seeing it is in its nature hazardous, and an option of difficulties; that the greatness of an object should come under consideration, opposed to the impediments that lie in the way; that the honour of one's country is to have some weight, and that, in particular circumstances and times the loss of 1,000 men is rather an advantage to a nation than otherwise, seeing that

gallant attempts raise its reputation, and make it respectable ; whereas the contrary appearances sink the credit of a country, ruin the troops, and create infinite uneasiness and discontent at home. I know not what to say, my dear Rickson, or how to account for our proceedings, unless I own to you that there never was people collected together so unfit for the business they were sent upon—dilatory, ignorant, irresolute and some grains of a very unmanly quality and very unsoldier-like or unsailor-like. I have already been too imprudent ; I have said too much and people make me say ten times more than I ever uttered ; therefore repeat nothing out of my letter nor name my name as the author of any one thing. The whole affair turned upon the impracticability of escalading Rochefort ; and the two evidences brought to prove that the ditch was wet (in opposition to the assertions of the chief engineer, who had been in the place), are persons to whom, in my mind, very little credit should be given ; without these evidences we must have landed and must have marched to Rochefort ; and it is my opinion that the place would have surrendered or have been taken in forty-eight hours. It is certain that there was nothing in all that country to oppose 9,000 good foot. A million of Protestants, upon whom it is necessary to keep a strict eye, so that the garrison could not venture to assemble against us, and no troops except the Militia within any moderate distance of these parts.

" Little practice in war, ease and convenience at home, great incomes and no wants, with no ambition to stir to action, are not the instruments to

work a successful war withal; I see no prospect of better deeds; I know not where to look for them, or from whom we may expect them.

"Many handsome things would have been done by the troops had they been permitted to act. As it is, Captain Howe carried off all the honour of this enterprise, damn it; notwithstanding what that scribbling —— has been pleased to lie about that fort and the attack of it."

But however intent Wolfe was upon his own service he fully appreciated the good work done by the Navy; and he thoroughly understood the supreme importance of the British command of the sea. In the letter just quoted he says: "Whatever diminishes our naval force tends to our ruin and destruction"; and adds: "God forbid that any accident should befall our fleet." The next year, in speaking of Louisbourg, he says: "In another circumstance, too, we may be reckoned unlucky. The squadron of men-of-war under De Chaffault failed in their attempt to get into the harbour of Louisbourg, where inevitably they would have shared the fate of those that did; which must have given an irretrievable blow to the marine of France, and delivered Quebec into our hands, if we chose to go up and demand it." In a letter to his mother in 1755 he defends the personnel of the Navy against his father's criticism. "May I be permitted to say that my Father's apprehensions are not well founded. He was aboard the fleet in the beginning of a war preceded by a peace of thirty years, in which the sea officers, as well as ours, had almost forgot their trade. Matters are not so circumstanced now;

there are many commanders in the fleet who are men of high courage and spirit. The success of our Fleet in the beginning of the war is of the utmost importance." And, three years later, he writes from Louisbourg, praising the way in which the land and sea forces worked together for the common end. "The Admiral and the General have carried on public service with great harmony, industry and union. Mr. Boscawen has given all, and even more than, we could ask of him. He has furnished arms and ammunition, pioneers, sappers, miners, gunners, carpenters, boats; and is, I must confess, no bad fantassin himself. Sir Charles Hardy, too, in particular, and all the officers of the Navy in general, have given us their utmost assistance, with the greatest cheerfulness imaginable." Naval Brigades and "The Handy Man" are by no means an invention of the nineteenth century.

Early in 1758, Pitt, who had thoroughly studied the Rochefort fiasco, selected Wolfe as the junior of Amherst's three Brigadiers in the expedition for the siege of Louisbourg. Amherst was rather slow and over-cautious; but otherwise a fairly competent officer, and quite able to appreciate and act upon good advice. Wolfe's personal force was so great that his officially subordinate leadership became the determining factor which ensured victory; much as Nelson's did at St. Vincent and Copenhagen. His brigade was rowing in towards the shore, when the French foolishly opened a rattling fire at extreme range, thus unmasking the strongest part of their defences. A party of his Light Infantry immediately tried for a landing further on; succeeded; and

were followed at once by the rest of the brigade. This opened the way for the remainder of the attack ; and the French, afraid of being cut off from the fortress, fell back in some confusion. The landward siege then began, and was soon brought to a successful issue.

Wolfe wrote his usual running commentary to his friends. In a long letter to Lord George Sackville he was exceedingly severe, and with great justice, on the mismanagement of the commissariat. " Some of the regiments of this army have 3 or 400 men eat up with the scurvy. All of them that are wounded or hurt by accident run great risk of their lives from the corrupted state of the blood, so your Lordship may rest assured that the enterprize of Louisbourg will cost a multitude of men, as contemptibly as the mareschal treated that subject. There is not an ounce of fresh beef or mutton contracted for even for the sick and wounded, which, besides the inhumanity, is both impolitick and absurd. Mr. Boscawen, indeed, has taken the best precautions in his power by ordering 600 head of live cattle for the fleet and army the moment he arrived. The curious part of this barbarity is that the scoundrels of contractors can afford the fresh meat in many places and circumstances as cheap as the salt. I think our stock of provisions for the siege full little, as none of the medicines for the hospitals are arriv'd, no horses or oxen for the artillery, &c."

And he was equally severe on the want of adaptability to American conditions so conspicuously shown by the Regulars, or rather by their more

obtuse superiors at home. He himself, and several other officers of standing, fully appreciated the wholly different conditions under which they were called upon to fight. And the general run of officers and men took to the necessary changes fast enough, when they were given the chance. Indeed, the French Irregulars began to complain that the British Regulars were learning the art of bush-fighting far too well. No American officers knew better than Wolfe what ought to be done. His interest in America was of long standing. In 1750 he keeps on asking Rickson, who had gone out to Nova Scotia, for all kinds of information about that part of the country. "I beg you will tell me at large the condition of your affairs and what kind of order there is in your community; the notions that prevail; the method of administering justice; the distribution of lands, and their cultivation; the nations that compose the colony and who are the most numerous; if under military government, how long that is to continue; and what sect in religious affairs is the most prevailing. If ever you advise upon this last subject, remember to be moderate. I suppose the Governor has some sort of council, and should be glad to know what it is composed of. The southern colonies will be concerned in this settlement, and have probably sent home able men to assist you with their advice, and with a proper plan of administration. Tell me likewise what climate you live in, and what soil you have to do with; whether the country is mountainous and woody, or plain; if well watered." The following year he writes again: "I should advise you to

stay where you are, and would say you ought to be kept there ; and give, as a reason for saying so, that I do think the infancy of a colony has need of able hands, civil and military, to sustain it, and I should be for sacrificing you and all the men of worth to the general good."

And seven years later, after the fall of Louisbourg, he wrote a letter criticizing the British action both there and at Ticonderoga, whilst praising Bradstreet's capture of Fort Frontenac, in a way which shows how thoroughly unbiassed his judgment was in all professional affairs. He made mistakes himself in war, and occasionally went wrong in his estimate of other military men. But this was from want of information, not from prejudice ; for, while condemning faults, he was always on the alert to learn the good points of any force, no matter whether it was British or foreign, regular or militia. Here is his opinion of the conduct of affairs at Louisbourg and Ticonderoga. " Amongst ourselves be it said, that our attempt to land where we did was rash and injudicious, our success unexpected and undeserved. There was no prodigious exertion of courage in the affair ; an officer and thirty men would have made it impossible to get ashore where we did. Our proceedings in other respects were so slow and tedious as this undertaking was ill advised and desperate ; but this for your private information only. We lost time at the siege, still more after the siege, and blundered from beginning to end of the campaign. My Lord Howe's death left the army upon the continent without life or vigour ; this defeat at Ticonderoga seemed to stupefy us

that were at Louisbourg ; if we had taken the first hint of that repulse, and sent early and powerful succours, things would have taken perhaps a different turn in those parts before the end of October. I expect every day to hear that some fresh attempts have been made at Ticonderoga, and I can't flatter myself that they have succeeded ; not from any high idea of the Marquis de Montcalm's abilities, but from the very poor opinion of our own. You have obliged me much with this little sketch of that important spot, till now I have been but ill-acquainted with it."

And here is what he has to say of Bradstreet's surprise and capture of Fort Frontenac. This admirable feat of arms was performed entirely by American provincials, 3,000 of whom had been detached by Abercromby for the purpose. The Fort was razed to the ground ; 60 cannon and 16 mortars were destroyed, together with an immense store depôt and magazine ; and all the French shipping was taken. The provincials then rejoined Abercromby without the loss of a single man. " Bradstreet's coup was masterly. He is a very extraordinary man ; and if such an excellent officer as the late Lord Howe had the use of Bradstreet's uncommon diligence and activity, and unparalleled batoe knowledge, it would turn to a good public account."

The above was written to Rickson from Salisbury at the end of 1758, and contains the following postscript : " Remember that I am Brigadier in America, and Colonel in Europe." He was still only a Lieutenant-Colonel commanding an ordinary Line

battalion. But he had caught the imperial eye of Pitt; and he could not help knowing himself that he was fitted for a greater sphere of action than that in which routine was keeping him.

The end of the letter just quoted shows the mixed feelings of high aspiration and a sort of gallant despair with which he faced disease and looked forward to his chances in the next campaign. "When I went from hence, Lord Ligonier told me that I was to return at the end of the campaign; but I have learned since I came home, that an order is gone to keep me there; and I have this day signified to Mr. Pitt that he may dispose of my slight carcase as he pleases, and that I am ready for any undertaking within the reach and compass of my skill and cunning. I am in a very bad condition both with the gravel and rheumatism, but I had much better die than decline any kind of service that offers; if I followed my own taste, it would lead me into Germany, and if my poor talent was consulted, they should place me to the cavalry, because nature has given me good eyes, and a warmth of temper to follow the first impressions. However, it is not our part to choose, but to obey."

"My opinion is, that I shall join the Army in America, where, if fortune favours our force and best endeavours, we may hope to triumph."

There were, however, several good reasons for his dislike to service in America in 1758. Lord Howe —the friend whom he describes as "the noblest Englishman that has appeared in my time and the best soldier in the Army"—was dead, and the other principal officers were by no means to his

taste. "Abercromby is a heavy man, and Brigadier P—— the most detestable dog on earth, by everybody's account. These two officers hate one another. Now, to serve in an army so circumstanced is not a very pleasing business." Besides, he was chafing at the general slowness and want of grasp exhibited by nearly all the authorities. He wanted either to reinforce Abercromby or go up to Quebec. But the Admiral did not think the latter project feasible after July. On the 8th of August Wolfe wrote to Amherst the following proposition: "If the Admiral will not carry us to Quebec, reinforcements should certainly be sent inland to the continent without losing a moment's time. The companies of Rangers, and the Light Infantry, would be extremely useful at this juncture; whereas here they are perfectly idle, and, like the rest, of no manner of service to the public. If Lawrence has any objection to going I am ready to embark with four or five battalions and will hasten to the assistance of our countrymen. . . . This damn'd French garrison takes up our time and attention, which might be better bestowed upon the interesting affairs of the continent."

But Amherst decided otherwise; and Wolfe was told off to the disgusting duty of laying waste the Gaspé coast. This was a necessary act of war, in furtherance of the plan of cutting off all supplies from Quebec before the final attack upon it. But Wolfe did not relish the part he had to play. Before starting he wrote: "Sir Charles Hardy and I are preparing to rob the fishermen of their nets and to burn their huts. When that great exploit is at an end I return to Louisbourg." And after his return

he writes again in the same strain : " Your orders were carried into execution. Our equipment was very improper for the business, and the numbers, unless the squadron had gone up the River, quite unnecessary. We have done a great deal of mischief—spread the terror of His Majesty's arms through the whole Gulf ; but have added nothing to the reputation of them."

However, in spite of all present drawbacks, Wolfe was particularly anxious for American service under better conditions, and, like Pitt himself, quite alive to the far-reaching importance of conquering the country. His remarks about the future of the English-speaking peoples in the New World may seem commonplace enough in the light of later knowledge ; but, as a prophecy made before the success of the Seven Years War was by any means assured, they are well worth respectful attention, especially as very few people in those days had foresight enough to agree with him. In a letter to his mother, written on the 11th of August, 1758, he says : " This will, some time hence, be a vast empire, the seat of power and learning. Nature has refused them nothing, and there will grow a people out of our little spot, England, that will fill this vast space, and divide this great portion of the globe with the Spaniards, who are possessed of the other half of it."

Early in the following year Pitt selected him for the Quebec expedition. The offer of this high command to a regimental lieutenant-colonel naturally caused a good deal of vexation among most of the senior officers. Some of the old fogeys placed

on the shelf even maintained that Wolfe was mad—a favourite term always applied by the dullards of the service to the few with offensively high professional attainments. But the King, who was no bad soldier himself, knew better than that; and, when the story was repeated to him, drily remarked: "Mad, is he? then I wish he would bite some of my other Generals!" Both Pitt and the King saw clearly enough that the Active List was choked with the usual glut of incapables. Then, as always, except in some great crisis, the British people were not at all in earnest about the higher organization; and the inevitable result followed. There were two sets of Generals, one for peace and another for war: the peace generals high up in substantive rank, and commanding the odds and ends of armies in their different districts; and the war generals hidden away out of sight, and only thrown to the surface by a national convulsion. But, for once, the right man was chosen beforehand; and the result of the great Quebec campaign will justify that choice for ever.

CHAPTER VII

The Siege of Quebec

IN 1759 France, though preparing to invade England, Ireland and Scotland, only aimed at keeping sufficient foothold in Canada to enable her to claim some actual possession there, when the time came for peace negotiations.

But it is not true that she abandoned her Colony through pure neglect. The fact was that the British Navy commanded the whole American coast; and so it was almost certain that if many transports were sent out most of them would fall into the hands of the enemy and be lost to France herself as well as to Canada. Besides, it must be remembered that France was far more ready to help Canada than the Canadian Government was itself. When Doreil and Bougainville went home to ask for reinforcements in the winter of 1758–9 the French Government might have done much more, if its judgment had not been perverted by Vaudreuil's secret vilification of these two men, whom he had himself furnished with official credentials. The King and his advisers did not know what to believe or do. They did know, however, that no matter how much help was sent out to Canada, the Colony was always on the brink of ruin. Of course, they

and their predecessors must bear a good deal of the blame; for they failed to colonize on true principles, and the maladministration in Canada was only an intensification of the evils at home. But, all the same, France would willingly have saved her Colony; she was stung to the quick by the loss of it: and the immediate blame must always rest with the three colonial confederates—Bigot and Cadet, and their truckling tool, Vaudreuil.

All the help Canada received consisted of fifteen provision ships, 326 men, a good many military decorations for distinguished service, and reams of exhortation and good advice. Vaudreuil seconded the last-named effort by furious manifestoes and much fussy interference with the military preparations. He publicly announced his own determination to die rather than surrender; but he never appeared on a battle-field, he headed the disgraceful flight from Beauport after Wolfe's victory, and he surrendered the following year, with special stipulations regarding himself and the safety of his property. Bigot and Cadet were far abler men in every way. But, even if they had wished it, they could no longer save the dying colony, upon whose vital resources they had been preying for so many years.

All the better life of Canada, however, rallied splendidly in her defence. The good and brave Bishop, Henri de Pontbriand, issued a stirring mandement, in which he fearlessly exposed the prevailing corruption, and called on the faithful to repent and obey the call to arms. And the habitants did obey it. They believed all they were told by Vaudreuil and others, that the British army was coming to

ruthlessly destroy everything—life, property, laws, language, and religion—long before they were roused to a truer loyalty by the manly appeal of their revered bishop. Besides their own sincere patriotism, too, they had the pains and penalties of disobeying the authorities continually before their eyes. And so, animated by all the mixed motives which can influence people towards one course of action in a great crisis, they came forward almost to a man.

Montcalm had good lieutenants. Those with independent commands—Pouchot, de la Corne and Bourlamaque—could all be trusted to do well anywhere. The three most prominent men among his subordinates at Quebec—Lévis, Sennezergue and Bougainville—were equally well suited to their positions. Sennezergue was a brave, capable and quiet man; perhaps not a brilliant officer; but certainly no medal-hunting self-advertiser. Lévis was courteous, insinuating and persevering by nature, and excelled in the art of getting on in the world. Had he lived in these days, he would have been just the man to have been well "written up" by enterprising war correspondents. He succeeded in keeping on good terms with every one whose influence might tell in his favour, and he died a Marshal of France. Except for his equivocation at Montreal in 1760, he acted as an honourable soldier; he had respectable military talents; behaved admirably at Ticonderoga; and won the gallant stand-up fight against Murray, though with vastly superior forces. But he was not by any means the great commander that some suppose him to have been. And there is no

justification whatever for setting him up as a military rival to Montcalm. He was quite wrong when they differed about the Mohawk River expedition. When he was right about the plan of defence for Quebec, he was only echoing Montcalm's own words. And there was nothing in his barren victory at Ste. Foy which required any more military skill than the ordinary run of good generals must always possess.

Bougainville was exceedingly clever at soldiering, as, indeed, he was at everything he undertook. He afterwards became a captain in the Navy, commanding the *Guerrier* in 1778, under d'Estaing, who, curiously enough, had also exchanged the Army for the Navy some years before. He was a man of many parts—soldier and sailor and scholar; and circumnavigator, like Captain Cook, who was actually aboard the squadron he was watching at Quebec. He was an excellent linguist and man of science. His name is immortalized in botany by the Bougainvillea, and celebrated in geography by Bougainville Island in the South Pacific. He knew England well, having been in the French Embassy there in 1755. In that year he had been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, for his treatise on the integral calculus. And, several years after his Canadian experience, he assisted in arranging the plans for the earlier English Polar expeditions. His life was a long one, full of stirring incident and honourable achievement. He had commanded a brigade under Montcalm ten years before Wellington was born, and a man-of-war in action twenty years before Nelson's first victory. Yet he lived through all the horrors of the Revolu-

tion, and afterwards saw Napoleon rise to the very summit of imperial power. But, in all his splendid career, he never played a greater or a nobler part than during the fateful days when he was the loyal lieutenant of Montcalm.

Niagara was entrusted to Pouchot; but he could only be given a bare 1,000 men. De la Corne had charge of the line of Lake Ontario, with 1,200. Bourlamaque was told off to delay Amherst's advance by Lake Champlain; but he, too, had an inadequate force of only 3,000. Quebec was felt to be the key to the whole campaign, and so all the remaining resources of the country were devoted to its defence.

Montcalm wished to place batteries down the river, below the Island of Orleans, to harass the passage of the British fleet; but he was overruled by less expert opinion. No attempt, either, was made to defend the narrow ship channel at the Traverses, further down; and the few French men-of-war were idly wasted at points as far up as Sorel, 120 miles above Quebec. But the capital itself was secured as well as possible. A reference to the Map of the Siege will show the French disposition at a glance. It is curious to observe that Wolfe's first idea, before he saw Quebec, was to seize the line of the St. Charles, if possible, and keep the ground open from the mouth of that river to Beauport; whilst Montcalm's first idea was to occupy the same river-line, and the one he actually adopted was to entrench the same shore-line, which Wolfe wished to keep open for himself.

The plan of defence, as Wolfe found it on arrival,

was this. There were about 17,000 men of all sorts, capable of bearing arms. Less than a quarter were Regulars, and the whole force was divided, in round numbers, as follows : 4,000 French Regulars ; 11,000 Militia ; and less than 3,000 more of Seamen, Colonial Regulars and Indians. About 250 picked men had been turned into mounted infantry, and did good service.

De Ramesay was commandant of Quebec, with a garrison of 2,000. He had the help of the Naval brigade as well ; the batteries along the water front in the Lower Town being manned by seamen, who also furnished the skilled portion of the gun-crews on the cliffs above. The town was not well fortified ; but its natural strength was considered great enough to make it almost impregnable. It is situated on the North Eastern end of a long narrow promontory, which is bounded to the Southward by the St. Lawrence and to the Northward by the valley of the St. Charles. The precipitous cliffs on the St. Lawrence side run up the river for many miles ; for the most part from 200 to 300 feet high, and offering but few places where an ascent can be made, and then only by steep and narrow paths. The top of the promontory slopes towards the North, so that the cliffs over the St. Charles valley are much lower than those facing the river ; but they are still both steep and continuous, and quite easily defensible. The Eastern extremity of these lower cliffs forms two sides of the triangular point of the promontory on which the Upper Town is situated. The base of the triangle was formed by a line of poorly fortified walls, 1,500 yards long, drawn nearly North across

the promontory, from the Citadel, where the high river cliffs begin, to a point overlooking the St. Charles near its mouth. The Citadel cliff is 345 feet above the river, and from there the walls crossed the slope towards the North, till they abutted at a height of less than 100 feet above the Valley. There is also a general downward slope of the ground from half a mile beyond the walls to the North-easterly point, about 2,000 yards away, where the ramparts facing towards the Island of Orleans stood, at a height of about 150 feet, above the Valley and River. The Lower Town was built against the base of the promontory, curving round from the Valley along the narrowing beach, which, from underneath the Citadel westward, did not give room for much more than a mere track between the River and the foot of the cliffs.

It must be remembered that Quebec had never really been a fortress at all; but only a natural stronghold, defended by temporary works. The great importance of making it impregnable had long been recognized. Colbert had included its proper fortification in his schemes for the defence of a Greater France. And Frontenac had built its first walls at the end of the seventeenth century. But in this, as in everything else, corruption began so soon as the contracts were big enough to make dishonesty worth while. Frontenac was thoroughly honest, like Montcalm; but no military chief had any power over the contractors.

Even at this early date every move at Quebec was being watched in New England. In 1692 five escaped prisoners gave information to Governor Fletcher at

New York about the state of the walls. The next year Peter Schuyler, of Albany, got more details from a messenger at Oneida; and the year after this again, a written deposition, now in the Public Record Office in London, was taken down in New York from several eye-witnesses. In fact, New York sometimes took more interest in Quebec than Paris did. The French authorities were often negligent, the Canadian ones always dishonest, and the works invariably bad. The procedure was always the same. A plan would be formulated in France, badly executed by dishonest contractors in Quebec, and then condemned by the next engineer who was ordered to report on the subject. The two de Lérys, whose sinister influence lasted from 1715 up to the conquest, were the worst of all the engineers employed. Their plans were bad, and they were always changing them. None of the French authorities could get the younger de Léry to render any account; and the loads of earth he charged them for were so scandalously small that payment had to be made per cubic yard instead. Franquet, a good engineer sent out to report in 1752, found the works in a most disgracefully unserviceable state; but, as they were already too far advanced to allow any radical changes, he had to content himself with making a few indispensable additions. In 1758, Pontleroy, another good man, was in the same predicament, and had the mortification of seeing de Léry's miserable pretence of a wall left to meet the coming attack of the British expedition.

Wolfe was well posted on the subject, having carefully studied the plan compiled by his chief

Engineer, Major Mackellar. This plan was based on a copy of Bellin's plan of 1740; but Mackellar enlarged it considerably, and kept on adding details which he obtained from spies, so that it was well up to date when it fell into Wolfe's hands.

The remainder of the French army, about 14,000 strong, occupied the shore-line from the River St. Charles, at the North of the City, to the mouth of the Montmorency, a distance of seven miles. The mouth of the St. Charles was blocked by booms, the bridge, only about half a mile from the mouth, was secured by hornworks, and the fords, still higher up, were also put in a state of defence. The flats known as La Canardière, which extend round the mouth and down to the village of Beauport, were strongly entrenched, just beyond highwater mark. From Beauport to the Falls a continuation of the same entrenchments ran along the crest of land, which gradually increases in height up to nearly 300 feet, until it is suddenly cleft by the deep chasm of the Montmorency. Beauport Church was taken as the centre. The left, under Lévis, comprised the Royal Roussillon, Dubreuil's Volunteers, the Montreal Militia and the Indians. The right, under Dumas, comprised the Quebec and Three Rivers Militia, and some of the Canadian Regulars. Sennezergue commanded the centre—the French Regulars of the regiments of La Sarre, Languedoc, Guienne and Béarn. And Montcalm's own Head-Quarters were in the village of Beauport, at the house of M. de Vienne, which was called "La Mistanguienne." A disproportion

of about three to one, in favour of the attack, would be necessary to give a reasonable chance of success in an assault upon any part of this position.

Montcalm's general plan, then, was an excellent one; and Lévis and the other principal officers all approved of it. The Valley of the St. Charles was covered by these entrenchments. The line of the Montmorency could only be forced at a couple of fords, where the British would have to advance on a very narrow front, and through dense woods, in which they would fight at a great disadvantage; and where the French might even hope for another Braddock's Defeat at Repentigny's Post, two miles above the Falls. The water front of the Lower Town was defended by floating batteries, and that of the Upper Town by a continuous line of guns, also manned chiefly by seamen. Above the town the St. Lawrence cliffs could be made practically impregnable by a corps of observation always on the alert. And Montcalm proposed to complete his plan by occupying the heights of Levis, opposite the City, whence an enemy's batteries could play on the Lower and Upper Towns, at ranges between 1,400 and 1,800 yards. But, here again, Vaudreuil interfered, with disastrous consequences to his own side. The Island of Orleans was out of range altogether, and could therefore be neglected with safety. The line of communication westward was a double one, being by road or river, and thus unusually secure. Finally, there were several fire-ships and a swarm of fire-rafts; the latter designed to be lashed together, so as to cling round the bows of a ship, covered

with combustibles and explosives, and sent down among the British vessels riding at anchor in the cramped sea-room of the South Channel of Orleans.

The weak points in the defence were these: 1. The neglect of any active opposition to the passage of the fleet through the Traverse, and the failure to occupy the heights of Levis. Vaudreuil is to blame for both. As Saunders and Wolfe had just force enough for their purpose, with none to spare, it would have been well worth while to have sacrificed every ton of French naval shipping afloat on the River in a determined effort to reduce the British fleet, even by a little, before its arrival at Quebec. 2. The lack of sufficient powder. This was chiefly owing to peculation. 3. The lack of sufficient food. This was the old story of all-round economic ruin. Supplies were short enough in any case, but concealment made them shorter still. When Bigot could fix prices at will the habitants were not going to sell cheap at the risk of starving when prices rose. 4. The divided command, and the mixed nature of the forces. These evils have been dwelt upon already. It is only necessary to add here that they were worse than ever throughout the siege.

Such were the weakness and strength of New France in that fatal summer, when her Motherland did not know how to save her, and her bad government officials were anxious to see her ruin cover up their own misdeeds; whilst Montcalm and his army, and all that was best in herself, so bravely stood at bay.

Meanwhile, preparations were being rapidly completed on the British side. Pitt had been maturing his plans during the winter, and had written the following secret instructions to Amherst :—

" WHITEHALL,
" *February* 10, 1759.

" MAJOR GENERAL AMHERST,
" Secret.

" SIR,—

" That you may be fully informed of all the operations directed to be carried on, the ensuing Campaign, in North America, I have His Majesty's Commands to send you inclosed a Copy of the Secret Instructions the King has been pleased to give to Brigadier-General Wolfe ; by the Fourth Article of which You will observe, that he is ordered to concert, as far as may be, with you any ulterior operations, which shall be judged expedient to be undertaken, higher up the river St. Lawrence, in consequence of the reduction of Quebec ; And it is the King's pleasure that You do accordingly, as far as may be, act in concert with Brigadier Wolfe with regard to any such Operations as above. It is also His Majesty's further Pleasure, that you should correspond with Brigadier Wolfe, and give him, in due Time, such Directions as shall be necessary for the Disposition of the Troops, and putting himself under Your Command, when the several Services up the River St. Lawrence are over, agreeably to the orders contained in the 5th Article of his Instructions.

"It being of the utmost Importance, in case Brigadier General Wolfe shall succeed in the expedition under His Command, that a sufficient and ample supply of Provisions be timely provided for the Troops, that shall be judged necessary to be left, during the Winter, at Quebec, as well as in the other Posts which may happen to be found expedient to maintain; I am to signify the King's Pleasure to you, that you be particularly attentive to collect, and send, in due time to Quebec, and any other places, that you shall judge necessary, such a Quantity of Provisions of all Species, as shall be fully sufficient for the subsistence of the troops that shall be to remain in those Posts, together with every other supply Succour and Assistance that may be necessary, so as that they may not, on any account, suffer any want, during the time that the Season of the Year shall render the communication with the above places impracticable; and Tho' very large Quantities of Provisions are ordered to be sent from hence to Louisbourg, you will not, on that account, lessen your Diligence and Attention to a Service of this very great Consequence, and thereby run the least Hazard of a Disappointment, in case the Provisions from England should not arrive in due time in North America.

"I am, &c.,
"W. PITT."

The following are the Royal instructions given to Wolfe himself:—

" Secret Instructions

" For Brigr. General Wolfe,

" *Feby. 5th,* 1759.

" George R.

" Secret Instructions for Our Trusty and Well beloved James Wolfe Esqr., Brigadier-General of Our Forces in North America, and Major-General and Commander-in-Chief of a Body of Our Land Forces, to be employed on an Expedition against Quebec, by the way of the River St. Lawrence. Given at Our Court of St. James the Fifth of February, 1759, in the Thirty Second Year of Our Reign.

" Whereas We have, by our commission bearing Date the Twelfth Day January last, appointed You to be Major General and Commander-in-Chief of a considerable Body of Our Land Forces directed to Assemble at Louisbourg in our Island of Cape Breton, in order to proceed, by way of the River St. Lawrence, as early as the Season of the Year will admit of operations, by Sea and Land, in those Parts, to attack and reduce Quebec; And whereas We have appointed Rear-Admiral Saunders to be Commander-in-Chief of a squadron of our ships to act in Conjunction, and co-operate with our said Land Forces, in the execution of the above most important service; We have thought fit to give you the following instructions for Your Conduct. And that you may be fully informed of the Number of Our Forces destined for this expedition against Quebec, and of the several Preparations, directed to be made for that service; We have ordered to be delivered to you herewith Extracts

of Copies of Three Letters, wrote by one of our Principal Secretaries of State, to Major-General Amherst, dated the 29th of December, and the 12th and 13th of January, last past, together with a list of said troops, And of the Additional Artillery and Stores, ordered to be sent to Louisbourg; Also copies of three Letters to Rear-Admiral Saunders, dated the 9th, 12th, and 20th January, last past, and of one to Rear-Admiral Durell dated the 29th of December last.

"1. You are immediately, upon the Receipt of these our Instructions, to repair to Portsmouth, and there embark on board one of our Ships of War, and proceed, without loss of Time, to Louisbourg, in the Island of Cape Breton, where you are to take under your command the troops we have ordered to rendez vous at that Place, on or about the 20th of April, if the Season shall happen to permit; And you are, on your arrival at Louisbourg, to use all possible diligence and Expedition in concert with Rear-Admiral Saunders, or the Commander-in-Chief of Our Ships, in Embarking the Troops, Artillery, Stores and all the other Requisites for the Expedition against Quebec, and to proceed therewith, at about the 7th of May or as soon as the Season of the year shall permit, up the river St. Lawrence, and attack and endeavour to reduce Quebec: And it is Our Will and Pleasure, that you do carry into Execution the said important operation with the utmost application and vigour.

"2. In case, on your arrival at Louisbourg, you shall find, that the Troops, which we have ordered Major-General Amherst to send with all

Expedition to that Place, together with the Artillery, Stores, and all other Requisites for the Operation directed, shall, contrary to our Expectation, and by any unfavourable accidents, not be yet arrived at Louisbourg, you are without loss of a moment's time, and by the most expeditious and sure means, to make the most pressing Instances to Major-General Amherst, or the Commander-in-Chief of Our Forces in North America, and to Rear-Admiral Saunders or the Commander-in-Chief of our ships in North America, in order to quicken and expedite, with the utmost diligence and despatch, all possible measures for most speedily assembling and collecting the said troops at Louisbourg, as well as the Artillery, Stores, and all Requisites, for the Expedition against Quebec.

"3. In Case, by the Blessing of God upon Our Arms, you shall make yourself Master of Quebec, Our Will and Pleasure is, that You do keep Possession of the said Place, for which purpose, You are to appoint, out of the Troops under your command, a sufficient and ample Garrison under the Command of such careful and able officer, as You shall judge best qualified for so important a trust, effectually to defend and secure the said Place; And You will immediately make, in the best manner practicable, such repairs to the Works, as you shall find necessary for the Defence thereof, until you shall receive further orders from Us; And You are forthwith to transmit an exact account to be laid before Us, of the State and Condition of the said Place.

"4. As it cannot be foreseen, by what Time

the attempt against Quebec may have its Issue, or what the number or state of Our Troops may be, when that service shall be over; and also considering in case, by the Blessing of God upon Our Arms, You should make yourself Master of that Place, the necessary Garrison, That must be left for the defence thereof; We judge it expedient to leave it to you and Rear-Admiral Saunders, or the Commander-in-Chief of Our Ships, to consider the State and Circumstances of things as they shall then be found, and thereupon to determine what Ulterior operations, higher up the River St. Lawrence (in case the navigation of that river shall be found safe for such vessels as shall be best suited for the service) may be practicable and expedient for making still further and effectual Impressions on the Enemy. And in Case any such Ulterior Operations, as above, in consequence of the Reduction of Quebec shall be judged by you and Rear-Admiral Saunders expedient to be undertaken, Our Will and Pleasure is that you do carry the same into Execution, in the Manner which You shall think most conducive to the Good of Our Service; And you will not fail, as expeditiously as may be, to inform thereof Major-General Amherst, Commander-in-Chief of Our Forces in North America, and, as far as may be, to concert the same with our said General, in order that the Operations in different parts may coincide and mutually facilitate and strengthen each other.

"5. With regard to such of our Forces under Your Command, as shall be remaining after the above Services are over (and having first, in case

of Success, left a strong garrison at Quebec as well as provided for the defence of any other Posts, which you shall find necessary to be maintained) You are to cause the same to be disposed of in such manner as Major-General Amherst, or the Commander-in-Chief of Our Forces in North America, shall direct (for which purpose You will take all timely opportunities of corresponding with Major-General Amherst), but if, from the distant operations, in which the said Major-General or Commander-in-Chief, may happen to be engaged, Prejudice may arise to Our Service, by waiting for such orders, You are to use Your best Discretion in disposing of Our Troops in the manner the most conducible to Our Service; and Our Will and pleasure is, that you do then put yourself under the command of Major-General Amherst, as Brigadier-General in North America.

"6. Whereas the success of this expedition will very much depend upon an entire Good Understanding between Our Land and Sea Officers, We do hereby strictly enjoin and require you, on Your part, to maintain and cultivate such a good Understanding and Agreement, and to Order that the soldiers under Your Command shall man the ships, when there shall be occasion for them and when they can be spared from the Land Service, As the Commander-in-Chief of Our Squadron is instructed, on His Part, to entertain and cultivate the same good Understanding and Agreement, and to order the Sailors and Marines under His Command to Assist Our Land Forces, and to man the batteries, when there shall be occasion for them, and when

they can be spared from the Sea Service; And in order to establish the strictest Union that may be, between You and the Commander-in-Chief of Our Ships, You are hereby required to communicate these instructions to Him, as He is directed to communicate those He shall receive from Us, to You.

"7. You are to send constant and particular accounts of All Your Proceedings, by Letter to One of Our Principal Secretaries of State; And You are to obey and follow all such orders as You shall receive from Us under Our Royal Sign Manual, or from One of Our Principal Secretaries of State."

"G. R."

On the 17th of February Wolfe sailed with Admiral Saunders from Portsmouth on board the *Neptune* for Louisbourg, where the united forces were to rendezvous on the 20th of April. The general plan of campaign was a modification of "The Glorious Enterprise" of 1689. The British-American militia were to attack the French posts along the Great Lakes. Amherst was to advance by Lake Champlain with the central force, composed half of regulars and half of militia. And Saunders was to sail up to Quebec with Wolfe's army, which consisted almost entirely of regular troops. Wolfe was to have 12,000 men; Amherst, all the rest of the mobile forces available. They were to mutually support each other. If Amherst could force his way through in time, he was to join Wolfe before Quebec. If Wolfe should happen to take Quebec early enough, he was to make it secure with a sufficient garrison, and place the

rest of the troops at Amherst's disposal. Thus Wolfe at Quebec was a subordinate, in locally independent command, just as Nelson was at the Nile. And the well-won fame of both juniors eclipsed that of their seniors in the same way and to the same astonishing extent.

The attack in the West does not concern us here, as its ultimate result depended upon that in the East. Amherst's tedious advance, with his 11,000 men, only served to hold Bourlamaque's 3,000 to their position in the centre of the Colony, and only became decisively effective when renewed in greater strength the following year, and carried forward to the surrender of Montreal and final capitulation of the French. The whole interest of the present campaign, therefore, centres in the great duel now impending at Quebec.

The fleet which Saunders commanded was a very formidable one, though none too large for the work in hand. The *Neptune*, his own flagship, was of ninety guns, with a ship's company of 750 men. Rear-Admiral Philip Durell flew his flag on board the *Princess Amelia* of eighty guns and 700 men; whilst Rear-Admiral Charles Holmes, third in command, flew his from the *Dublin*, a seventy-four with a crew of 600. There was one ship of ninety guns; there were two of eighty; three of seventy-four; four of seventy; and many more of smaller size. Besides these, there were a couple of armed ships, three bomb-vessels, three fire-ships, a cutter and a store-ship. In all, forty-nine vessels, mounting altogether nearly 2,000 pieces of ordnance, with a total tonnage of about 40,000; and carrying

about 13,750 men of all ranks and ratings. But, like Wolfe's army, Saunders' fleet was not up to its proper strength. Two ships of the line, The *Bedford* and *Prince Frederick*, were undermanned and unseaworthy as well; and, whilst a few of the transports were too late to join at all, others were in a very unserviceable condition. Besides, it must be remembered that the fleet was a most heterogeneous one, all sorts and sizes being represented; and this naturally added to the difficulty of keeping together. Fortunately, there was fine weather as a rule, and favouring winds for a good part of the way.

The personnel of the fleet was quite up to the average of the time; and, in the quality of some of the officers, decidedly above it. Saunders was an admirable naval commander to take part in a joint expedition by sea and land; for he was as full of tact as he was of skill and resourcefulness. Durell was also a competent officer, and had done well as commodore under Boscawen at Louisbourg. And Holmes, a particularly good seaman and commander, was the naval mentor of Hood, who, in his turn, was one of the seniors under whom Nelson learnt his work. But another and much closer link with Nelson is found in Jervis, who was then a young man of twenty-four, in command of the little *Porcupine* of fourteen guns. Several of the senior captains were men of exceptional note in the service. Lord Colvill, of the *Northumberland*, was the Admiral who commanded the North American squadron which witnessed the final surrender of New France the next year; and Swanton, now Captain of the *Vanguard*, was then his Commodore. Hughes,

of the *Somerset*, afterwards became the Sir Edward Hughes so well known in naval history from his five desperate actions with the great Suffren in the East Indies. Palliser, afterwards Sir Hugh Palliser, was Captain of the *Shrewsbury*. And the famous Captain Cook, for whom Palliser had obtained quarter-deck promotion in 1755 as a reward for distinguished service in the *Eagle*, was now a young man of thirty, serving as master, or navigating officer, of the *Pembroke* frigate. The well-known service families of Rous, Schomberg and others were worthily represented. And the gallant young Laforey, the hero of the cutting out of the *Bienfaisant*—the most daring naval feat of arms at Louisbourg the year before—was now in command of the *Echo* of twenty-eight guns.

The mercantile marine, English and American—supplied the transports and most of the small boats for landing and surveying work. The tonnage ordered was 20,000; but some of the transports failed to appear. The merchant seamen employed amounted to about 5,000, all told. Of the various transports and other similar vessels in Saunders' convoy, seventy-four were American, of course including those from Nova Scotia. Pownall also supplied the fleet itself with 240 local seamen from Boston. These men were highly commended by the British Admiral, who regretted that the terms of their enlistment required that they should be returned to their homes after the expedition. And well they deserved his commendation; for the pure American seaman has always been one of the very best and handiest of sailors; and, in the merchant

service, his discipline, though often maintained by sheer force, has generally been far better than anything seen in British ships. The admirable quality of American sailing craft, too, is not an affair of yesterday; but is the result of the work of many adaptive generations. The East India Company's monopoly killed all progress in ship-building in that direction; whilst the keen competition in the West India trade brought about the astonishing triumphs of American construction, which culminated in the nineteenth century in the magnificent *Sovereign of the Seas*. And so the almost unrecognized seventy-four American ships and 3,000 American seamen with Saunders really had much more to do with the taking of Quebec than Wolfe's 900 American Rangers, who, though so much better known, do not deserve half so much credit, being neither good soldiers, nor good rangers, and far from the best of Americans.

The army employed was a much smaller force; and Wolfe had to face several great disadvantages at the very start. For, though estimates to the amount of £12,000,000 had been voted for 1759, his military chest was quite empty: a poor provision for the expenses of a siege. He also found out at Louisbourg that more than a quarter of the authorized establishments were non-effective. The actual number of all ranks embarked was 8,535. But these were nearly all Regulars, and quite as good as any the British Army could then supply.

There were about 900 American Rangers, altogether, present during the siege; including 100 who joined on the way up to Quebec, and 300 others who

joined after the siege had begun. These men were useful in bush fighting ; but otherwise better as raw material than complete soldiers. The unorganized military resources of the American colonies were quite unequal to the task of turning out any thoroughly fit field force for distant operations : and some colonial governments, like Virginia, utterly failed to supply their proper proportion of auxiliaries. Wolfe was disgusted with these men, and was rather hasty and unjust in expressing his unfavourable opinion in his letters home. Had he been supplied with a sufficient colonial force of the proper kind, there can be no doubt that he would have trained it, by means of discipline and the all-round lessons of war-service, into a force quite equal to the veterans of Valley Forge, or the best armies of Grant and Lee. But the Rangers sent to him were not by any means the best men of their kind. The thirteen colonies were very slack in their military organization ; they were always at loggerheads with the Home Government ; they did not fully grasp the strategic idea of the " Glorious Enterprise " ; they had few enough able-bodied men at home at any time ; and they were unwilling to send large bodies of troops away on distant expeditions. Besides these drawbacks, it must be remembered that the best men in civil life were not to be had, except in cases of extreme emergency nearer home. For, like all settlers, the American colonists were rooted to their own soil, and could only be turned into " embattled farmers " by bringing the war into their own districts. And so it was only natural that Wolfe's Rangers were made up of a few good men, who liked that sort of

life at any time, and of many more who were only the waifs and strays of Colonial life. Taken altogether, they were a rather poor lot of men, whose military qualities can only be "advertised" as magnificent by wilful believers in the superiority of unskilled labour for the special work of war. Then, as now, there was no end to the nonsense talked and written about the value of undisciplined troops. Though every campaign, then as now, proved the truth of Napoleon's saying that a man is not a soldier; and nothing ever did then, nor ever can now, affect the one invariable cardinal truth, that all success in war depends entirely upon the well-disciplined adaptability of the personnel.

The three Brigadiers, Monckton, Townshend and Murray, were all capable young men in their thirties, who owed their selection much more to their fitness than to the fact that they were all sons of peers. Monckton and Murray were both chosen by Wolfe himself, whose confidence they had won by their past services. Robert Monckton was the second son of Viscount Galway. He had seen service in Germany, and was familiar with American conditions. He came out to Nova Scotia in 1752, and took part in the unhappy Acadian incident of 1755. After the Quebec expedition was over, he was made Governor of New York, and led the successful attack on Martinique in 1761. He was promoted Lieutenant-General in 1770, and died in 1782. James Murray was a son of Lord Elibank. His exceptionally good service at Louisbourg clearly marked him out for future promotion; and Wolfe always regarded him as a most trustworthy executive

officer. He is, of course, very well known as the first Military Governor of Canada; and, in that capacity, he again proved his fitness for intelligent command.

Carleton, afterwards Governor-General of Canada, and first Lord Dorchester, was Quarter-master-General. His appointment was only made through Pitt's most determined efforts. The King would not forgive him for having disparaged the Hanoverians, and twice struck his name off the list. He made an ideal staff officer in every respect. Barré, afterwards well known in Parliament from his espousal of the American Revolution, made a good Adjutant-General; but he was always a very rough diamond indeed. The other Staff and Departmental Officers were surprisingly competent for those days; and the regimental officers were, as a whole, rather above the average of their class. The Third and Fourth Arms were well managed throughout: Colonel Williamson handled his guns with much skill; and a special word of praise is due to the Engineers —Mackellar, Montrésor, Holland and Delbeig.

Townshend's appointment was the one unfortunate mistake which marred the harmony of the personnel. He was not selected by Wolfe, nor did he seek the appointment himself; but was thrust into it by his relations and political friends, in order to gratify excessive family pride and make political capital for his party. He was a very able man, did his military duty exceedingly well, and showed sound judgment in handling his brigade under Wolfe, and the whole force after the battle. But he and Wolfe were mutually incompatible. He was cold and proud,

over-critical of his superior officers, and over-conscious of his own much greater family and political influence. Wolfe, on the other hand, was too much inclined to keep putting him in his place, even when his behaviour was correct. The fact of the matter is that he was one of those disconcerting men who are always distrusted by their superiors and disliked by their inferiors. He was never at home in Wolfe's army, and would have been much better away. But a great deal of the odium attaching to his name is due to his ignorant and injudicious admirers, who tried to place him on a pinnacle of glory so high as to make his figure look pretentiously absurd.

On the 1st of June the fleet began to leave Louisbourg. There were 39 men-of-war, 10 auxiliaries, 76 transports, and 152 small craft of various kinds for 'longshore service at the siege. The total personnel of all kinds present with the expedition amounted to 27,000 : that of the Navy being over 13,000, of the mercantile marine about 5,000, and of the Army 9,000. It will thus be seen that there were twice as many seamen as landsmen engaged in the taking of Quebec. Admiral Durell had failed to cut off the French provision ships ; but he had subsequently taken three others, in one of which he found some valuable charts of the River, which were of considerable use to Saunders. The advance of the great fleet and convoy up the river, without any serious accident, was a most masterly feat, and one which had to be executed to perfection, or not done at all, because there was nothing to spare in either the land or sea forces, and a few mishaps might have

caused the failure of the whole expedition. Besides, it was a necessary part of a great strategic scheme, the other part being played with equal skill by Hawke and Boscawen in their blockade of the French coasts. And so, at every turn, we are reminded that Wolfe's army was nothing else but a great landing-party. But he had a fleet beside him, whilst Montcalm had been left to shift for himself; and this, of course, made all the difference.

The St. Lawrence had a bad name among seamen in those days; and the French naturally lost no opportunity of blackening its reputation for dangerous waters. Besides, every one remembered the disastrous loss of eight ships and nearly a thousand men off Egg Island in 1711. And few stopped to consider the reason, which was the obstinate incompetence of the Admiral, Sir Hovenden Walker. The only good thing about Walker's mistake was that it saved the army he was convoying from an even worse fate; for General Hill was a greater fool on land than Walker was by sea. In reality, the Gulf of St. Lawrence presents only the ordinary difficulties of coast navigation, with the added risk of fog; and the same may be said of the Estuary, which extends from the Gulf up to the Saguenay. There was some danger along the south of the Estuary for the 117 miles of the iron-bound Gaspé Peninsula, which is steep-to in every place, without any bank of soundings at all. But there was no good reason for hugging this shore, and it was hardly any menace to the fleet. A more general danger then than now, because not so well understood in those days, was the difference of variation in the compass,

which amounts to no less than 20 degrees between Quebec and the Atlantic.

But the great obstacle in the way of Saunders was the River proper, from the Saguenay to Quebec: 120 miles of intricate waters, from which all aids to navigation had been removed by the enemy. The tides and currents here are very strong and variable. For the flood comes, with continually increasing force, up the ever-narrowing Estuary, through an immense volume of water many miles wide and over 100 fathoms deep; and then, opposite the mouth of the Saguenay, is forced into the River, which suddenly narrows here to only twelve miles, and is cut up into North and South channels by reefs and islands, besides quickly shoaling to about a tenth of its former depth. And the returning ebb swirls back again in very puzzling currents, the force of which is much increased by the natural outflow of the River. All this makes very baffling navigation, though safe enough when lights and other aids are plentiful. The passage between Red and Green Islands, just below which the Saguenay flows in at right angles to the St. Lawrence, was a dangerous one for such a large fleet. The ebb current sets over Red Bank at nearly 6 knots, runs 7 knots beside Red Island, and sets over Green Island NE. Reef at more than 5 knots an hour. Had there been any bad seamanship here, some accident must have happened, as the only guide would have been the soundings, and it would have been most perilous for vessels near in to have lost way by rounding to in such currents in order to heave the lead: and there was no station-pointer nor patent sounding-machine

in those days. The Traverses, nearer Quebec, were still more dangerous, with currents up to 7 knots on the flood and nearly 9 on the ebb. But every obstacle was successfully overcome. The fleet felt its own way up, much as a modern army feels its way into hostile country. A continuous crescent of sounding boats covered the foremost ships, as a cavalry screen covers the advanced guard: one of the boats, which was taken by the enemy, was almost three days ahead of Saunders. Look-out men aloft noted the aspect of the water in every direction, as a military balloon observes the country below and beyond it. And the navigating officers went ahead in full confidence that they were being well scouted for in every possible way.

Jervis, in the little light-draught *Porcupine*, was far in the van. And Captain Cook may almost be called the scout-master of the fleet, for he was always to the fore in taking soundings and all navigating work; and during the siege he made surveys from which he compiled the first British admiralty chart of the St. Lawrence—and a very good chart it is. As the advance came abreast of Bic, the leading ship ran up French colours, and so lured the pilots on board, besides giving rise to great rejoicings on shore. But presently the colours were changed; when a priest, who had been watching the squadron with intense anxiety, dropped dead at the shock. The pilots were not of much use, for, with the help of the charts and of continuous sounding, the whole fleet found its way up with an easy assurance which amazed the French—pilots and landsmen alike—beyond all measure. Themselves unable

to pass the tortuous Traverses in a single sloop of war, without much anxious precaution, they never thought for a moment that a great British fleet containing scores of vessels of all sizes, from ships of the line down to flat-bottomed boats, could ever get up in safety, especially after all aids to navigation had been removed. But then they measured the difficulties by their own lubberly standard, and naturally found them insurmountable. The pilots could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the big ships drive through in column ahead without a check, or sometimes advance to windward on the flood tide, by tacking in a continuous zigzag of successive echelons, with just enough sea-room left on either alternate flank to go about; thus forming a long serpentine which almost grazed both sides of the channel. The sworn testimony of Vaudreuil and Bigot, when afterwards being tried for negligence about this part of the operations, is one of the most eloquent tributes ever paid to British seamanship; and their ingenuous confessions give the Navy its due share of the glory far better than any historians have done.

On the 26th of June the fleet reached St. Laurent, on the Island of Orleans, and came to anchor. Wolfe issued a proclamation to the inhabitants, declaring his intention of protecting them if they remained peacefully at home, but threatening them with all the customary rigours of war if they should take an active part in the hostilities. It was worded in a rather inflated style, with the self-righteous tone of a regular declaration of war. It had no effect whatever. But his divisional orders of the 5th of

July were a great improvement on this, being both soldierlike and sensible.

Some hard things have been said about Wolfe's action in laying waste the country. But he only did so after warning the people that if they remained combatants they must be treated as such. He simply proceeded on the thoroughly justifiable principle that a state of war gives an invader the undoubted right of destroying everything which is used to destroy him. If houses are used as a means of active defence, they may be burnt down. If civilians take up arms, they must be treated as combatants, if organized as such. But if they try to fight one day and be peaceful citizens the next, they are worse than spies, and should be shot whenever caught. In fact, Wolfe acted as all other Generals do under similar circumstances, no matter to what army they belong—British, French, American, German, or any other. His only ungenerous mistake was the mere threat of tying the fire-rafts to the prison-hulk, if the French persisted in sending them down among the British shipping. But, generally speaking, his action, throughout all the operations, was entirely correct, and in complete accordance with the well-understood rules of war.

The advance of the fleet had been heralded by a continuous line of blazing beacons. The inhabitants along the river, astounded at the masterful ease of the British seamanship, simply stood aghast at the endless array of ships, whose multitudinous sails seemed to fill the narrowing waters from shore to shore. The rumour ran that Wolfe's army was in overwhelming strength. And the worst fears of

most people were confirmed by three British prisoners, who declared that it numbered no less than 20,000 men. Montcalm did not share this absurd belief. But he had wisely made up his mind to stand by Fabian methods, and the apparently great strength of the enemy only confirmed his decision.

Wolfe's object, on the other hand, was to tempt Montcalm to a decisive battle in the open. Both commanders knew that a formal collision between two armies so dissimilar in composition, drill, discipline, self-reliance, and uniformity of every kind, must result in a British victory. But though Wolfe was well posted as to the enemy's strength, and had studied Mackellar's able report very carefully, he was none the less determined to feel his way into position with all due caution.

On the 27th he landed unopposed at St. Laurent with most of his army. The same afternoon a heavy gale made some of the transports foul each other, and a few small boats were sunk.

All the next day the French were busy with their fire-ships and fire-rafts. Montcalm, who had partly accepted the general French opinion as to the difficulties of navigation, was again inclined to take the mere landsman's view of the value of this method of attack. But he never supposed it to be infallible. Vaudreuil put a confident coxcomb called Delouche in charge of the seven ships; and at 10 o'clock at night they began to drop down stream with the ebb-tide. Delouche was to lead, fire two guns as a signal, and the others, taking the time from him, were to light their own vessels and then save them-

selves. But he had only just rounded Point Levis, and the aftermost stragglers had hardly opened the South Channel at all, when his nerve failed him, and he fired his two guns. Five of the others followed his example, and useless projectiles were soon flying about all over the empty part of the channel. But while these six disgraced themselves with this display of fireworks, the seventh, a consummately cool and daring hero, Captain Dubois de la Miltière, came steadily on. He stood by for half an hour, trying to get within striking distance. But, unfortunately, he was surrounded by the other ships, and was burned to death at his post, without doing any damage to the enemy. The British picket boats then came well up stream, grappled the burning vessels, and towed them ashore. Vaudreuil held an inquiry into the conduct of the six skulking Captains which ended in mutual recriminations all round. And the only advantage gained on the French side by this fiasco was the dishonest profit made by Bigot and Cadet, with whom Vaudreuil had contracted for the fitting out of eight fire-ships, at the scandalous price of 80,000 livres apiece.

On the 29th Carleton occupied the point of the Island opposite the Falls with a small force. And Monckton's brigade crossed the South Channel to Beaumont, where they encamped for the night. The next morning they had a sharp skirmish with a party of Canadians and Indians, who had decidedly the best of this little bush fight. Twelve British scalps were lifted, and a prisoner taken to Vaudreuil. This man gave the reassuring information that Wolfe had not more than 10,000 men. He also told Vaudreuil

that an immediate attack was to be made on the Beauport flats. The French were kept under arms all night, but nothing happened.

The fact was that Wolfe kept continually changing his plans, to the great annoyance of the French, and often of his own army as well. He knew that what with deserters, prisoners and camp gossip, his only chance of surprising the enemy was to keep every one in the dark until the time of action. Besides, he laboured under the disadvantage of having to execute nearly all important movements in full view of the Town and entrenchments. And so, up to the very last, he kept all information about decisive action entirely to himself.

On the 2nd of July Montcalm dictated a memorandum, again recommending the occupation of the Levis heights. But Vaudreuil rejected it; and Wolfe immediately afterwards occupied the position himself with 5,000 men and many siege guns. The town was fairly safe from a naval bombardment, because the ships' guns would have had to fire into it at an ineffectively high angle, while the ships themselves would have been commanded by its ramparts, and exposed to the fire of all the floating batteries along its water front. But, on the other hand, the Lower Town was itself completely commanded by the opposite heights, where the British batteries were soon established.

On the 4th Wolfe sent in a note to Vaudreuil, under a flag of truce, requesting that the French would forbid scalping, and threatening revenge for such practices in the future. But the Indians knew no discipline; and in all the frontier wars the two

sides had generally winked at scalping, when practised on an enemy, and protested against it only when practised on themselves; and both the Canadian and British settlers who joined the Indian war-parties often scalped on their own account. The reasons why more scalping was done by the French forces than by the British were that the Canadian *coureurs-de-bois* mixed more freely with the Indians than the British backwoodsmen did, and that most of the Indian tribes sided with the French.

Meanwhile, the British batteries at Levis were being built as fast as possible, just above the Pointe des Pères, under a furious fire from the French. Sixteen men were killed at work the first day ground was broken. But the covering fire of two frigates afforded a good deal of relief; and as the gun epaulements progressed the artillerymen and working parties suffered less and less. The batteries were well protected from attack by a strong detachment of Marines which had been landed for the purpose.

Wolfe was fortunate in having another very capable subordinate in Colonel Williamson, who commanded the Artillery. Williamson had long been one of the best officers in the service, and had distinguished himself especially by his scientific experiments in gunnery. As early as 1745, when stationed at Port Mahon, he had studied the question of siege artillery carefully; and had determined the best construction for 18-pounders, as well as the best charges for mortars. He was far in advance of his day in all professional affairs. In 1757 he came

out to America with two companies, and took over the command of the Artillery from Captain Ord, whose men had been fearfully cut up, and whose ten guns had all been taken, in Braddock's defeat. He had the good luck to command his own Arm at Louisbourg, Quebec and Montreal; and his three years of Canadian service form a record of which any officer might well be proud. He afterwards became a General and held the Woolwich command for several years.

The Royal Artillery had only just become an integral part of the Army, having been placed on the same footing as the Infantry and Cavalry in 1751, from which time all commissions were to be signed by the King, instead of by the Master-General of the Ordnance. This change settled the vexed question of relative rank; for, previously to this year, the Artillery had been going through the same long struggle for full social and service recognition which always marks the earlier career of every new branch added to an old-established Army or Navy: witness, the case of the Royal Engineers up to Waterloo, or the Commissariat and Medical Departments up to almost the end of the nineteenth century, or that of the Naval Engineers into the first decade of the twentieth. The evolution of the corps went through the regular phases. Artillery being of little relative importance at first, it was then left in the hands of mere artificers. As it became of greater consequence it attracted a higher type of men, till, finally, it won its place as the Third Arm of the Service. And, as such, it was on its trial during the Seven Years War; and in no part of the world did it win its spurs more

meritoriously than at Louisbourg, Quebec and Montreal.

The guns and gunners of the day were both in a state of transition. It was a progressive age in artillery. This very year, 1759, saw the introduction of horse batteries by Frederick the Great. And in siege operations new men and material were everywhere coming to the front. Both old and new guns were being used side by side. The old idea was that the greater the charge of powder used the better, and that the heavier the gun was the safer it would be. Finally, charges and weights became so excessive that six-pounders weighed over a ton, and the larger howitzers could not keep up with an army at all. A reaction then set in, brass, and even copper, being used to lighten weights. But these materials were too soft for continuous use, and cost nearly ten times as much as iron did. Then Williamson and others proved that iron guns of half the old weight, fired with a third of the old charges, would, if properly made, do the work required far better; and he had the satisfaction of using some of this improved ordnance at the Siege of Quebec.

The battering pieces in ordinary service use in 1759 were 18-, 24-, 32- and 42-pounders. The new ones weighed from a ton for an 18-pounder to twice as much for a 42-pounder, the old-pattern guns being about double these weights. The extreme effective range of their solid shot was about a mile and a half, or somewhat more; and one shot a minute was reckoned as the very acme of quick firing. The accuracy was spoilt by the windage, which was the difference between the diameter of the shot and that

of the bore. In an 18-pounder, with a 5-inch bore, the windage was at least a quarter of an inch; so that the shot had that amount of play on its way out, bouncing about from side to side, and leaving the muzzle with a considerable angle of random deflection from the straight line.

The 10- and 13-inch mortars fired 100- and 200-lb. shells, up to an extreme range of about 5,000 yards. The land-service ones weighed half-a-ton and a ton-and-a-quarter, respectively. But the sea-service mortars, used where mobility could be sacrificed to strength, weighed three times as much. Some of these heavy ones were landed for the siege, and, with their greater range, did excellent service. Howitzers, then as now a compromise between cannons and mortars, were also used with effect for shell fire. And much damage was also done to Quebec by the carcasses, which were incendiary projectiles, filled with pitch and other combustibles, and made with five holes to let the burning stuff flame out and set fire to anything it fell upon.

The gunners' uniform had already become essentially the same as it has remained ever since, though of course cut in the style of the day. There was the familiar dark blue, with a little red; no facings; and yellow braid for the gunners, and gold for the officers. The men carried carbines and swords. In fact, the Royal Regiment of Artillery, as represented at the siege of Quebec, was practically a detachment of the same splendid single corps it continued to be, almost down to the Boer War.

On the 9th of July Wolfe seized the left bank of the Montmorency, under cover of a naval demonstration

against the Beauport entrenchments. He now had three camps : one at Levis, from which to bombard the town ; another at the Island, convenient for a hospital and stores ; and the third, and principal one, at Montmorency, to command the enemy's left. From here he hoped to march up river to the fords, rush the passage by surprise, take the Beauport entrenchments in reverse with the concurrent aid of the fleet, and then seize the line of the St. Charles and closely invest the town. At the same time he did everything he could to tempt Montcalm to attack ; but in vain. Lévis was unconsciously seconding him by urging Montcalm to cross the fords and drive him into the St. Lawrence. But Montcalm knew better.

On the 12th a detachment of 1,500 men, under Captain Dumas, of the regiment of Languedoc, went up to Cap Rouge, nine miles above Quebec, and crossed the St. Lawrence there on the evening of the 13th, for a night attack on the Levis, or Pointe des Pères, batteries. The detachment was a very mixed one : 150 Regulars, some Militiamen, a number of students from the Seminary, and several hundred citizens of Quebec. It was divided into two columns, which soon lost touch. The first advanced briskly, until some of the leading men became alarmed at a noise in the woods, and ran back. Others joined them, and these all ran on together, till they were brought to a halt by the fire of the second column. Each took the other for enemies, and the mistake was not discovered until several casualties had occurred. The whole force then retired and recrossed to the North Shore. Vaudreuil was responsible for this expedition ; but Montcalm

acquiesced in it so far as to send the small detachment of 150 from the regiment of Languedoc.

On the 18th Wolfe reconnoitred the North Shore. And, at 10 o'clock at night, two frigates and some smaller craft passed up along the South Shore, beyond the Town, without any material damage, in spite of the French batteries. This was a surprise to both sides. But the success of the experiment by no means proves that Wolfe should have gone straight past the town on his first arrival, as some maintain. To begin with, it is always easy to be wise after the event. And it would have been absurdly foolhardy to have run the gauntlet of a passage little more than half a mile wide with over 100 crowded ships. These could never have run through in a single tide, under the most favourable circumstances; and between two fires—which they had every reason to expect—the loss must have been excessive. Besides, the passage on the 18th was made under cover of a very heavy fire from the Levis batteries, and by only a few vessels on a dark night. And, even if the whole fleet had got through, it is at least doubtful whether Quebec would have fallen that year. The unknown risks and certain losses attendant on the passage up the narrows under fire, the landing on the North Shore in face of an undistracted enemy, and the advance towards Quebec through difficult country would not have justified Wolfe and Saunders in making any such immediate attempt; while the final victory, based on a consummate calculation of all the pros and cons, is an ample justification of the plan which they eventually did carry out.

On the 21st Wolfe reconnoitred again, under a

severe fire from the Samos battery, which was less than two miles above the walls of Quebec. More vessels began to pass the town, and a successful descent on the North Shore was made by a considerable force, which landed at Pointe aux Trembles, 20 miles higher up still. This alarmed Montcalm for the safety of his communications; and he also took precautions against the remoter danger of a landing in force on the promontory above Quebec, closer to the walls. He told off Bougainville with a picked corps of observation, including the mounted men, to watch the British movements and check any attempt at landing.

The British guide in these operations was the infamous Stobo, an officer of the Virginia Regiment, who had been taken as a hostage by the French for the affair of Fort Necessity. He had kept up a correspondence with the British forces, notwithstanding his parole, and had been condemned to death in consequence. Unfortunately, he had been reprieved; and he repaid French generosity by escaping to Louisbourg, and then coming back to Quebec as a spy. The British officers despised him, calling him "one Stobo"; but, of course, he was used as any other spy would be in any other army. His character has been highly coloured by several hands, and he has often passed as a hero of romance and a prominent figure in the Battle of the Plains. But nothing could be further from the truth. He was a disgrace to the Service in breaking his parole; and he was not in the battle at all, as he left Wolfe to join Amherst on the 7th of September.

On the 25th Wolfe made a reconnaissance in force about 5 miles up the Montmorency, with a view of testing the practicability of passing the fords. It was not successful. The French were in great strength, and were well handled by Repentigny. Their casualties were only 18 ; whilst the British lost 55 in killed and wounded.

On the 27th the French renewed their attempt to burn the British shipping. This time the affair was managed by a brave and competent leader, de Courval, some of whose little flotilla of 72 rafts actually got home and set fire to a couple of vessels. But the fire was put out, Courval barely escaped with his life, and the picket-boats again towed the rafts ashore. In the middle of their dangerous work, one of the happy-go-lucky bluejackets was heard to ask his mate, " Damn me, Jack, did you ever take Hell in tow before ? "

Thus the siege went on, with move and counter-move, feint and attack, guard and counter-guard. The British batteries on the Levis Heights had nearly ruined the Lower Town, and without sustaining any considerable damage themselves. It seems incredible, but it is true, that from the day these batteries opened, early in July, until the 18th of August, not a man was killed in them by a shot from the town ramparts ! Deserters and prisoners now began to give encouraging reports to both sides. The French were said to be much straitened for food and powder, and the Canadians anxious about the harvest and beginning to desert. The British were reported to be much weakened by sickness and casualties, and to be giving way to despair. But the net value of all

this was admirably summed by the entry in Montcalm's Journal: "déserteurs, verbiage, aucune lumière."

A most interesting letter, written by Montcalm to Amherst on the 30th of this month, gives an insight into the siege as it then appeared from the French point of view. After discussing the exchange of prisoners, and officially disclaiming any responsibility for the Cayugas, who were in no way connected with his command, Montcalm goes on to describe the state of affairs at Quebec:—

"La Nécessité de Secourir La Capitale de Cette Colonie, me prive de l'honneur de faire la Campagne vis à vis d'un Général de Votre Réputation: quelqu'en eût été l'évènement, J'en aurois été flatté; ce n'est pas que Je ne sois rempli aussi d'estime pour la personne du Général Wolff, vis à vis duquel Je me trouve. Il y a aujourd'huy dix huit Jours qu'il paroit occupé d'Incendier Québec, car independamment des bombes et boulets, il y Jette beaucoup de pots à feu et Carcasses. Par des lettres au Marquis de Vaudreuil, il paroit surpris que nous nous Servions d'Indiens, comme si Les Gouverneurs et Généraux de Sa Majesté Britannique n'en avoient Jamais Employés. Ses Billets et Déclarations tour à tour mêlés de Douceur et de Menaces pour débaucher les Troupes provincialles Dont Sa Majesté très chrétienne se sert ainsi que le fait Sa Majesté Britannique, ne produiront aucun effet. Nos Armées sont, on ne Sauroit plus près. Il faut Esperer que nous pourrons nous Mesurer et Mériter reciproquement l'Estime que nos Nations quoiqu'en

guerre sont faites pour s'accorder. Personne n'est plus pénétré que Moi de ces Sentimens pour la Nation Angloise et pour Ses Généraux.

" Je prens la Liberté de recommander à Votre Excellence une Lettre du Chevr. de la Miltiere pour son Frère.

" J'ay l'honneur d'Etre, avec la plus haute considération,

Monsieur,

" Votre très humble et très obéissant Serviteur,

" MONTCALM."

Wolfe began to feel that an attempt to drive home a decisive attack should be made without further delay ; and on the 31st he tried to carry the Montmorency Heights by storm. He was impelled to take this risk by his intense desire to fulfil the King's instructions, which bade him leave no means untried to assist Amherst and reduce Quebec. His plan was to distract the enemy as much as possible by feints and bombardments in different places, whilst he concentrated all available force on the mile of entrenchments on the French left, between the mouth of the Montmorency and their advanced redoubt on the tidal flats.

In the morning, one of Townshend's regiments, with a detachment of Light Infantry, marched up the Montmorency, in full view of the enemy, as if intending to try the fords. Later on, they returned, under cover of the woods, and rejoined their brigade in time for the action. Another regiment was detached to march westward from the Levis batteries and threaten the North Shore. Meanwhile, Monck-

ton was embarking his brigade at Point Levis. It comprised the three-company battalion of Louisbourg Grenadiers, the ten grenadier companies of the regiments present at Quebec, a wing of the Royal Americans, and the whole of the 15th Foot and 78th Highlanders. These left about 10 o'clock, and remained off the Island, opposite the Beauport entrenchments, whilst a couple of transports ran in-shore at high water and grounded opposite the redoubt, at a distance of about 600 yards from it, and 800 from the entrenchments. At the same time the *Centurion*, of 60 guns, fell down channel and anchored opposite the Falls. The three vessels immediately opened fire, seconded from the left of the Falls by Townshend's artillery, which tried to enfilade the entrenchments up to the redoubt. But this flanking fire was rendered ineffective by the clever arrangement of the French traverses. The Levis batteries also began a heavy bombardment on the town at the same time.

Montcalm reinforced de Lévis, commanding the left, with all the men that could be spared from the right and centre. And the French opened such a hot artillery fire, that Wolfe cleared the transports, the men joining the rest of Monckton's brigade at about half-channel over between the Island and Beauport shore. Wolfe himself was struck three times by flying splinters, and his cane was knocked out of his hand by a cannon ball. The crowded boats lay to for hours, under the burning sun that precedes a thunderstorm, until past three o'clock. Then, as the tide was low enough, he signalled from the transports for Townshend and Murray to march

across the fords at the fort of the Falls. He then took boat himself and joined Monckton; when the combined advance began.

Some of the boats ran on the outer shoals, and there was considerable delay and confusion in landing; though Saunders was present in person and did his best to make the operation a success. The Grenadiers got ashore first, closely followed by the Royal Americans. The orders were that the thirteen companies of Grenadiers were to form in four distinct bodies, and lead the attack on the redoubt. But, owing to the hurry of the landing, the cheering of the bluejackets behind them, and their own eagerness for battle, they now made one of those unaccountable blunders that will sometimes happen with the best troops in the heat of action, no one knows how. They began the advance without forming up, and in a moment had broken into a headlong and disorderly charge.

The French skilfully evacuated the redoubt, which was open towards the rear, and so could not be used as a support for the attack. They then poured a deadly fire on it from the entrenchments. So, after a short pause, the Grenadiers once more advanced, with another wild rush, over the shot-swept flats, and straight for the nearest French works. But no thousand men, however brave, could take those fatal heights in the face of that furious concentrated fire of grape-shot and musketry at point-blank range. There was not an inch of cover anywhere, and nearly half of this reckless storming party had fallen before Wolfe succeeded in calling the survivors back.

The rest of Monckton's men had meanwhile formed up in support, and the two brigades from Montmorency were close at hand, advancing in splendid order along the beach. But the French were evidently in great strength and very well handled. The flood was making, and the rising tide would soon cut off the retreat to Montmorency, and entail almost certain disaster in case of a second repulse. The storm had burst in torrents of rain, making an escalade more difficult than ever. And Wolfe, seeing the great danger of his position, ordered the whole force to retire.

Townshend's and Murray's brigades and the Highlanders marched off in excellent order to the Montmorency camp; the men waving their hats as they left the field, and daring the French to come down and fight them on equal terms. The 15th returned to Point Levis. And the wing of the Royal Americans crossed over to the Island with the half that was left of the Grenadiers. No less than thirty officers and four hundred and twenty men had fallen. But the survivors reformed at once, the discipline which had been lost for those few fatal minutes was restored; and the next day all ranks were as fit for service as ever.

One moving incident, after the fight was over, is worthy of special mention, even among the many that happened that gallant day. Captain Ochterloney, commanding the Grenadier Company of the second battalion of the Royal Americans, had been severely wounded in a duel the day before. But he rose from his sick-bed, saying that he could not let any private quarrel come between him and his

country's service, and marched to battle with his men. In the attack he fell, shot through the lungs; and, close beside him, his subaltern, Peyton, also fell, shot in the leg. When the retreat took place some Highlanders came to carry him to the rear; but he refused, again on a point of honour, saying that he would never leave the field after such a defeat. The men then turned to Peyton, but he refused too, saying that honour forbade him to leave his captain. Ochterloney ordered Peyton to save himself, but the young subaltern again refused; and the two men lay there among the dead and dying, under the deluge of rain, waiting for the end.

Presently, a French Colonial soldier and two Indians approached, and Ochterloney called out to the soldier to say he would surrender as a prisoner of war. But the cowardly brute simply came up, stripped him of all valuables, and left him to the Indians. One of these fiends then struck at Ochterloney with a clubbed musket, whilst the other shot him in the chest, and dashed in to finish him with a scalping knife. Meanwhile, Peyton had crawled to a double-barrelled musket, shot one Indian dead, and missed the other. This one then rushed in with a bayonet, while Peyton drew a dagger, and a terrible hand-to-hand struggle ensued, in which the Indian was stabbed deeply in the side, and finally killed by another good stroke, well driven home. Peyton then rose, to find Ochterloney apparently dead, and himself in imminent danger from a large scalping party of Indians coming towards him. Fortunately, some Highlanders, who had come back to look after the wounded, rescued him; whilst a

French soldier of the regiment of Guienne rescued Ochterloney and took him to the General Hospital in Quebec.

Two days later a messenger came out, under a flag of truce, for Ochterloney's effects, which Wolfe sent in, with twenty pounds for the soldier who had saved him. But Vaudreuil refused to allow any money to be given for such an act of humanity. So Wolfe replied, thanking Vaudreuil, and promising Madame de Ramesay, Directress of the Hospital, that he would grant her and her hospital his special protection, in case victory should crown the British arms. Somehow or other his promise became generally known, and the French showed their appreciation of British good faith by moving their valuables into this haven of refuge. Towards the end of August Ochterloney died; having been tenderly nursed by the good nuns to the last. And both sides ceased firing for two hours, while Captain St. Laurent came out of Quebec to announce his death and return his effects.

Besides the courteous chivalry shown by both sides in the affair of Ochterloney, there were several other occasions on which the French and English indulged in an interchange of civilities. Wolfe had sent several casks of wine to the French officers, and they returned the compliment in kind. And on the 22nd of July hostilities were again suspended for a time, while a party of French ladies, who had been captured the day before, were sent in to Quebec, in charge of Wolfe's aide-de-camp, Captain Hervey Smith. A French journal states that: "All the women, though of different rank, spoke well of the

treatment they had received from the English officers. Several of them even had supper with General Wolfe, who joked considerably about the circumspection of our Generals. He told these ladies that he had afforded very favourable opportunities for an attack, and had been surprised that no advantage had been taken of them."

Wolfe's scathing remarks in General Orders on the 1st of August caused a good deal of heartburning among the troops. "The check which the Grenadiers met with yesterday will, it is hoped, be a lesson to them for the time to come. Such impetuous, irregular and unsoldierlike proceedings destroy all order, make it impossible for their commanders to form any disposition for an attack, and put it out of the General's power to execute his plan." But he wound up by saying that "the loss may be easily repaired when a favourable opportunity offers, if the men will show a proper attention to their officers." And he himself was the first to give them this opportunity; and nobly, indeed, did they profit by it and redeem their reputation.

The French were naturally elated at their success; and well they might be. They had all fought excellently, regulars and militia alike; and their casualties only amounted to sixty-six, all told. They now began to hope that Wolfe would wear himself out in fruitless efforts till the autumn, when he would be forced to raise the siege altogether.

Wolfe, just as naturally, felt that he had made a mistake, and that he and his army would have to suffer for it. He pointed out the chief error himself

in his dispatches, when he said that he should never have tried to combine the landing of a whole brigade so close to the enemy with the advance across the fords from Montmorency. This combination involved the fatal fact that the French had plenty of time to concentrate at the right place, between the grounding of the two transports at high tide and the crossing of the fords at low. Besides, it is an open question whether the heights could have been carried by storm in any case; at least, the flats were very muddy and devoid of all cover; and the French could mass at any point, by moving to a flank on a good road and behind earthworks, whilst the British could only march over boggy open ground, and advance to the attack with all the odds against them.

The month of August was a time of severe trial for both sides.

The French had lost very few men in action: their total casualties, up to the day of the battle, were less than 500; only about half as much as the corresponding loss from among the much smaller numbers in the British army. But the whole of the Lower, and half of the Upper, Town were in ruins, and the city batteries were quite overpowered by the British guns at Levis. The floating batteries were more effective; but many of them had been destroyed by the men-of-war. Food was getting so scarce that bread cost three francs a pound; while a good deal of the little food-stuff that did exist was concealed for fear of arbitrary seizure. Sickness was rife; hospital appliances and accommodation bad and scanty. Powder was running short, and the gun-fire slackened in consequence. All sorts of

abuses flourished in Quebec itself. Some people drew twice as many rations as they needed; whilst others were starving beside them. The official returns showed forty vehicles employed in the artillery service, which was done by civil contract; but, in reality, there were only eight. There were no regular guards or patrols, and the commandant had been taken to hospital. But, about the middle of the month, an effort was made to improve matters in the town; several good officers were told off to various duties there, and they succeeded in restoring at least a semblance of discipline.

The river line of communication was interrupted by the British ships for twenty or thirty miles up: and sometimes for much further still. The consequence was that supplies had to come in by bad roads and in country carts, loaded and driven by old men and women and children. But the supplies themselves were failing; for, as the Canadians persisted in firing from their farms, Wolfe was obliged to lay waste the country. The crops were unusually heavy; but they could not be harvested; for if the Canadians left camp in sufficient numbers to reap them, Montcalm's forces would be too dangerously weakened. And, to make matters worse all round, the late summer became one of the wettest ever known, and the autumn threatened to set in early.

On the British side the inconvenience and distress were not so bad. But the casualties in the army amounted to 854 between the end of June and the beginning of September. This was a serious loss; being ten per cent. of Wolfe's effective total. Be-

sides, there were a great many sick; but, as they were put into a good field hospital on the Island, and fairly well supplied with provisions, they were much better off than the French sick, and many of them returned to duty. The outposts, detachments and ordinary fatigues became very harassing as the effectives diminished. And the failure either to carry the defences by storm, or tempt the French to a decisive battle in the open, had a depressing influence on the whole army.

On the 8th Murray suffered a smart check at Pointe aux Trembles. Captain Fraser landed first, with a company of Grenadiers; but, finding himself outflanked and greatly outnumbered, he signalled to Murray for reinforcements. Murray mistook this for "shyness," and ordered De Laune's company ashore on the same reef. The tide was rising, the men were soon up to their waists in water, and the French fire was getting very hot. The two companies were then re-embarked, and a second landing tried, in greater force, elsewhere. But Bougainville again anticipated Murray's movements, and drove him off with a total loss of 82 killed and wounded. In spite of this, Murray's raid up the river was fairly successful. He destroyed a French magazine and other stores of various kinds. But he only returned on the 25th, by which time Wolfe and Saunders were beginning to be very much inconvenienced by the absence of 1,200 soldiers and the strong flotilla under Admiral Holmes.

On the 17th a very gallant feat of arms was performed by a party of eighteen men of the 47th, under a volunteer named Cameron. They were outposted

in a house below Montmorency, where they withstood the assaults of over 100 Canadians and Indians for two hours, when reinforcements arrived from the camp. Wolfe made special mention of this brilliant little affair in General Orders, and gave Cameron the promise of the first vacant commission.

But on the 24th another affair happened, which was entirely different, in all its discreditable details. Father Portneuf, parish priest of St. Joachim, had fortified a house at Château Richer, and was holding it with 80 Canadians. A detachment under Captain Montgomery, of the 43rd, with a six-pounder and howitzer, was ordered out against them. When the gun opened on them the Canadians sallied out, disguised as Indians, and were cut to pieces in an ambush. All this was right and proper; nor can Montgomery be blamed for giving no quarter, as it was well understood that Indians neither gave nor expected it. But several prisoners were taken on the spot, and afterwards murdered by Montgomery's orders. And two other prisoners, to whom a young officer called Fraser had granted quarter, were taken to Montgomery by a sergeant; when one was shot, the other tomahawked, and both scalped. Montgomery's brother, once an officer in the 17th Foot, was the General Montgomery who fell at the head of the American storming party of over 500 Continentals, which was repulsed by the fifty defenders of the Près-de-ville barricade at Quebec, on the last night of 1775. But the American general, though not to be mentioned in the same breath with men like Putnam, much less Washington, and inferior in a military sense to Arnold, was in every way a better

man than the savage British captain. It is a curious fact that Carleton was the Chief Staff Officer of the army in which one of the brothers disgraced himself, the General in personal command at Quebec when the other was so signally defeated there, and, as Governor of Canada, the great English champion of the French-Canadian people, whom both attacked.

On the 26th Captain de Vauquelin, of the French Navy, offered to board a British frigate that was a great menace to the river line of communication above the town, if Vaudreuil would let him have 500 men and two vessels. This officer deserves special mention, as he was a very brave man and a fine seaman, who was denied the opportunity of distinguishing himself at Quebec, through the jealousy of the friends of the Government. Having nothing but merit to recommend him, he was of course set aside. Vauquelin had behaved very well indeed at Louisbourg—much better than the French Admiral did there. And in 1760, when Colvill's fleet came up with the retreating French above Quebec, he again did gallant service, fighting his ship to the very last. But Cadet immediately brought forward a creature of his own, one Kanon; and this man was given five frigates and crews with which to execute the plan. The men were to go up river to their frigates, drop down to Pointe aux Trembles, and board the British man-of-war there. But Saunders, suspecting some mischief from the unusual activity along shore, sent up four vessels during the night as reinforcements, and the plan fell through.

On the 31st a French deserter reported that Am-

herst's dispatches for Wolfe had been intercepted at Three Rivers. The two officers bearing them were put in chains, whilst their four Indian guides were tortured and killed, being scalped and burnt alive.

By the 1st of September Quebec was a ruined city in the midst of a wilderness laid waste by war; though the besieging fleet and army seemed further off from taking it than ever. Some idea of the severity of the bombardment to which Williamson's artillery had subjected the town during the past two months may be gathered from his official return of the amount of ammunition expended. Nearly 4,000 barrels of powder were used up. Over 6,000 shells were fired; half of these being 13-inchers, weighing over 200 lbs. a-piece. And the larger battering guns, 24- and 32-pounders, had discharged no less than 36,000 solid shot between them.

It was amid all this stress of war that Wolfe wrote his last letter to his mother. The wish for peace and retirement which he expresses at the end of it, finds its pathetic parallel in Montcalm's own longing for his happy olive groves at Candiac.

"31 *Augt.* 1759.

"BANKS OF THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

"My writing to you will convince you that no personal toils (worse than defeats and disappointments) have fallen upon me; the enemy puts nothing to risk, and I can't in consequence put the whole army to risk. My antagonist has wisely shut himself up in inaccessible intrenchments, so that I can't get at him, without spilling a torrent of blood, and

that perhaps to little purpose. The Marquis de Montcalm is at the head of a great number of bad soldiers and I am at the head of a small number of good ones, that wish for nothing so much as to fight him; but the wary old fellow avoids an action, doubtful of the behaviour of his army. People must be of the profession to understand the disadvantages and difficulties we labour under, arising from the uncommon natural strength of the country. I approve entirely of my Father's disposition of his affairs, though perhaps it may interfere a little with my plan of quitting the service, which I am determined to do the first opportunity; I mean so as not to be absolutely distressed in circumstances; nor burdensome to you or anybody else. I wish you much health, and am, Dear Madam, yr. obedient and affectionate son,

"JAMES WOLFE."

The siege was now entering on its final phase. Wolfe had either to strike a decisive blow in September or give up all hope of taking Quebec that year. No help was forthcoming from Amherst; so he had to depend entirely on the fleet and his own resources. He had ranged over the whole field of operations in every direction, and found it impossible to defeat the French in their own position. So he determined to make one more effort to win his way by stratagem to some open ground, where they would be forced to meet him on equal terms. He firmly believed that such an action would lead to certain victory. And the Battle of the Plains will justify for ever this belief in his army and himself.

CHAPTER VIII

The Battle of the Plains

BEFORE the end of August it was plain that New France was being very hard pressed in every direction by the triple British invasion. Her last connecting link with the West was broken when Pouchot was obliged to surrender Fort Niagara to Johnson; the other main link, Fort Frontenac, having been destroyed by Bradstreet the year before. And the central advance on Montreal, by way of Lake Champlain, was telling against her waning strength more and more every day; for Crown Point and Ticonderoga had been abandoned to Amherst, and Bourlamaque had retired to Isle aux Noix.

At Quebec the two armies were still facing each other as before; Wolfe and Montcalm both preparing for a final struggle; and Montcalm looking forward to it with the greater confidence of the two. And he certainly had some reason for his confidence. For though the quality of his troops was inferior, they greatly outnumbered the British army; his position was immensely strong in every way; and in military genius, judged by his whole career, including every phase of the Quebec campaign, from first to last, he was quite the equal of Wolfe. On

the other hand, however, sickness and semi-starvation were reducing his fighting strength day by day; and, as the news from Montreal became still more alarming in August, he felt obliged to send de Lévis with over 1,000 good men to reinforce Bourlamaque. His military stores in Quebec were dangerously low, and it was becoming more and more difficult to replenish them from outside. Above all, he could hardly hope to mature and carry out any plan with any degree of secrecy. He had to consult Vaudreuil at every turn; and Vaudreuil, like all weak and spiteful people, was an inveterate gossip. It was a constant subject of comment in the French camp that nothing certain could be discovered about Wolfe's intentions, whilst every discussion at Vaudreuil's headquarters was immediately repeated to the enemy. Montcalm was certainly no gossip himself—he had nothing so base as that in his nature. But he was exposed to a double danger from the sort of perpetual council of war where so much was discussed behind his back; for this kept him in the dark almost as much as it enlightened Wolfe. And so he could only grope his way forward through the numbing denseness of all those rumours, doubts and dilemmas which make up what is so aptly called the Fog of War.

The Fog of War in which Wolfe moved was the merest haze in comparison. He was in supreme command himself, and was on the best of terms with an excellent naval colleague. He had been well served by his Intelligence Department; though he could have learned about the dissensions between the French leaders, even from the New York papers

of the year before. Finally, like the great Pitt, he kept his own counsel to perfection; and every act of initiative was his alone. He never revealed his plans except to those charged with their immediate execution; and, even then, each individual only knew what concerned himself, and nothing else. And he was happy in having subordinates who never allowed anything to come between themselves and their public duty.

It was under this combination of circumstances that he set himself to solve the desperate problem in hand. And he solved it, as all good commanders must, by bringing a whole lifetime of preparation to the test of a moment's action. Unfortunately, the profound knowledge of the art of war shown by men like Nelson and Wolfe is always misunderstood by the general public. How many readers will stop to think out the underlying interest of such well-wrought careers, when they can be so easily and excitingly amused by the mere incidents on the surface? People who are all agog with every newspaper nonsense-tale about the something or other that is always going to "completely revolutionize the art of war" will always believe that Wolfe took Quebec by the merest chance. But any one who can grasp the simple and invariable general principles of strategy, who knows that tactics have always been undergoing the same slow process of evolution, who sees that off-chances tend to neutralize each other, and, finally, any one who can understand that true commanders must always be consummate judges of human nature, will find the Battle of the Plains an object-lesson of enthralling

interest. The fact is, of course, that Wolfe's plan exactly suited the time and place and circumstances. And the contention of those who believe that he owed his success to mere luck simply amounts to this: that if the circumstances had been different, his plan would never have suited them so well. Probably not.

The idea of an attack on the promontory was by no means a new one with him. On the 19th of May—several weeks before his arrival at Quebec—he wrote to his uncle, Major Walter Wolfe, as follows:—"The town of Quebec is poorly fortified, but the ground round about it is rocky. To invest the place, and cut off all communication with the colony, it will be necessary to encamp with our right to the River St. Lawrence and our left to the River St. Charles." That is, astride the promontory, facing the walls. "It is the business of our naval force to be master of the river both above and below the town." Then, after discussing other points, he gives this first suggestion of his final plan: "I reckon we shall have a smart action at the passage of the River St. Charles, unless we can steal a detachment up the St. Lawrence, and land them, three, four, five miles or more, above the town and get time to entrench so strongly that they won't care to attack."

But, on his arrival in June, he and Saunders did well not to blindly run the gauntlet of the narrows. They rightly preferred to work their way into position. On the 18th of July he reconnoitred the North Shore carefully. Major Dalling also marched some Light Infantry along the South Shore, and marked down

two or three places on the opposite side of the river, which might be suitable for an ascent in force. Then, in August, Wolfe again reconnoitred several times, thoroughly familiarizing himself with every topographical detail. Murray's operations in this month also bore some good results. For they taught both officers and men how to take part in boat expeditions, and they accustomed the French to seeing combined British movements going on above Quebec. Besides, after repulsing Murray at Pointe aux Trembles, the French became still less anxious about the much more difficult heights near the city.

During the latter half of August Wolfe suffered from a sort of low fever, which left him too weak to do his duty properly. He therefore sent a note to Monckton on the 29th, recommending these three alternative plans: 1. To ford the Montmorency high up and attack the entrenchments from the rear, at dawn, in conjunction with another attack from the beach. 2. To pass the ford below the Falls at night and attack near Beauport Village, Monckton supporting with a strong brigade waiting to confirm the first success. 3. General attack on Beauport, from Montmorency, before dawn. On the 30th the Brigadiers answered this: They objected to any attack on the Beauport entrenchments, pointing out that even if these were carried, the line of the St. Charles could still be held, whilst the western land communications would remain clear for victualling the town; and that even should the line of the St. Charles be carried, the town might still defy assault long enough to keep Wolfe out till the end

of October, when he would be compelled to raise the siege. Their own plan was to abandon Montmorency, leave 600 men at the Island, 600 at Point Levis, 1,000 at the Levis batteries, and encamp the rest on the South Shore, between the Etchemin and Chaudière rivers; the object of it all being to land on the North Shore at any convenient spot between Cap Rouge, nine miles, and Pointe aux Trembles, twenty-two miles, up the river.

In his dispatch to Pitt on the 2nd of September, Wolfe states his reason for accepting the plan of the Brigadiers. His final dispatch of the 9th—written the day before his own decisive reconnaissance—adds nothing of consequence to this one. "I found myself so ill, and am still so weak, that I begged the general officers to consult together for the public utility. They are all of opinion that, as more ships and provisions are now got above the town, they should try, by conveying up a corps of four or five thousand men, which is nearly the whole strength of the Army, after the Points of Levi and Orleans are left in a proper state of defence, to draw the enemy from their present situation, and bring them to an action. I have acquiesced in their proposal, and we are preparing to put it into execution. The Admiral and I have examined the town, with a view to a general assault; but after consulting with the chief engineer, who is well acquainted with the interior parts of it, and after viewing it with the utmost attention, we found that, though the batteries of the lower town might be easily silenced by the men of war, yet the business of an assault would be little advanced by that, since the few

passages leading from the lower to the upper town are carefully entrenched, and the upper batteries cannot be affected by the ships, which must receive considerable damage from them and from the mortars. . . . In this situation there is such a choice of difficulties, that I own myself at a loss how to determine. . The affairs of Great Britain, I know, require the most vigorous measures. However, you may be assured that the small part of the campaign which remains shall be employed (as far as I am able) for the honour of His Majesty, and the interest of the nation; in which I am sure of being well seconded by the Admiral and the Generals; happy if our efforts here can contribute to the success of His Majesty's arms in any other part of America."

Although Wolfe fully realized the great importance of taking Quebec at once, he could not have known to what a critical pass the whole war had come, and how great would be the results of a decisive British victory anywhere, either by land or sea. For in the centre of the American theatre of war the British attack was still far from striking home at the heart of Canada. And in Europe the French had long been threatening to carry the war into England itself. Immense preparations had been made for an invasion in force. The Brest and Toulon squadrons were to unite at the Morbihan, and convoy a fleet of transports to Ireland, where an insurrection was confidently expected. Five frigates were to convoy another army to Scotland, where a Jacobite rising was to take place on their arrival. And a much larger army than both of these together was to make a dash for the South of England in flat-bottomed

boats from Havre. To guard against this combined plan of French attack the British Navy developed the system of regular blockade for the first time in history: this ever-memorable year of 1759 being even more remarkable for the growth of the art of war by sea than by land. Two small squadrons cruised off Dunkirk and the Morbihan; Rodney watched Havre; Hawke blockaded Brest, and Boscawen blockaded Toulon; whilst Admiral Smith—the well-known "Tom of Ten Thousand"—held the reserve squadron ready in the Downs. And so completely interdependent on each other were all the world-wide parts of the great game of naval strategy, that every change of fortune in the Old World was certain to be immediately felt in the New; while decisive victory in the heart of North America was equally certain to have a controlling influence on every Government in Europe.

Throughout that fateful summer the great dread of invasion which had seized England three years before was again filling all her thoughts. The country had hardly felt such universal fear since the Armada came sailing up the Channel; nor was to feel it again, except when Napoleon's veteran armies were waiting for their chance within sight of her very shore. It is true that the spirit of England rose with that of her great imperial statesman, Pitt; but, all the same, her people looked for news from the different seats of war as if for tidings of life or death. At the beginning of August the dreadnought doggedness of Minden threw a splendid gleam of light on the British Infantry who fought there. But this great incident could not disperse the general gloom. And then, in

the middle of the month, just when Wolfe was almost despairing of success in Canada, and just at the height of the national apprehension at home, there came the disastrous news of the Prussian overthrow at Kunersdorf. It seemed as if the one great ally of England had been utterly destroyed there by Austria and Russia, who had thus freed the hands of France—the one great enemy of England. According to his own despondent letter, Frederick had attacked with 48,000 men, and brought no more than 3,000 out of action. And so the autumn was setting in already with brooding care ; and no one could tell whether the bad news from the front in Germany might not be followed by worse news still from the coast of France, and from the British fleet and army oversea.

But meanwhile Wolfe was losing no time in preparing for the final effort against the key of Canada. The removal of the camp from Montmorency began on the 31st. The whole of this difficult and dangerous operation took four days, the staff arrangements all through being admirably managed by Carleton. The enemy's attention was distracted by apparently important movements of the fleet above Cap Rouge, by tremendous bombardments from the Levis batteries, and by several vessels which hovered about the Beauport shore as if to cover a landing-party. Whilst all this was going on, the artillery, fifty pieces in all, was cleverly withdrawn to the Island and Point Levis ; some infantry also left in detachments ; and the final embarkation was arranged for the morning of the 3rd.

This last feat, of breaking camp under the enemy's

batteries without the loss of a man, is one of which Wolfe's army might well be proud. The night before everything was ready for an early start. At dawn the men lay hidden behind their earthworks, waiting for the tide, and meanwhile trying to draw on de Lévis and Montcalm to attack; but unsuccessfully. During this pause all the men at Point Levis put off in boats and came over opposite the Beauport shore, thus strengthening Montcalm's belief in a probable attack there. At ten the Montmorency troops, quickly marching down to the shore in successive detachments, embarked and stood over for the other boats. This confirmed the enemy's suspicions; and the French concentrated all their attention on preparing for immediate defence. But as the two divisions of boats drew together they both retired to the Island and Point Levis; and the daring manœuvre was successfully complete.

The next seven days were occupied in trying to execute the Plan of the Brigadiers. Seventeen ships were anchored between Sillery and Cap Rouge. They were watched by 500 men whom Bougainville had detached for the purpose. Five more vessels were continually under way just above Quebec, to facilitate the movement of the troops. And Admiral Durell had charge of a strong division of men-of-war, which patrolled the St. Lawrence from the Island of Orleans down to the Gaspé coast.

Wolfe's army was, therefore, quite safe, both on the South Shore and on the river. Besides, its movements were so well managed by the fleet, that, by the 7th, there were over 3,000 men afloat, ready to land anywhere; while water transport was easily

to be found for the rest, in time for any attack.

As many of these movements were carried out at night, while a daily show of force was made on the Levis heights, Montcalm, badly served as usual in the matter of military intelligence, was quite unable to determine where the bulk of Wolfe's forces were concentrated. However, he did all that could be done under the circumstances. He withdrew a good many men from his left, strengthened his right at La Canardière, and, on the 5th, sent the regiment of Guienne to Bougainville, for service on the heights between Quebec and Cap Rouge. On the 6th Monckton and Townshend marched from Point Levis, forded the Etchemin, and joined the fleet. Montcalm then reinforced Bougainville again, and gave him all the Indian scouts he could spare. The French were now on the alert everywhere along the North Shore for a distance of thirty miles, from the Falls to Pointe aux Trembles.

On the morning of the 7th Wolfe conferred with his Brigadiers about the plan of attack, and a naval reconnaissance in force was made against Cap Rouge. But the French were too well prepared at this place ; and the next day the Brigadiers reconnoitred up to Pointe aux Trembles, where they proposed landing on the 9th. However, such a heavy rain-storm set in on the 7th, and lasted till the 10th, that nothing could be done. The men were beginning to suffer severely from overcrowding on board the transports ; and Wolfe, who was himself in worse health than any of them, visited every ship and inquired minutely into the comfort of every one on board. He ordered as many men as possible to be disembarked

daily at St. Nicholas "to refresh themselves." As the inhabitants of St. Nicholas did not molest the troops in any way, all their property was scrupulously respected and left untouched when the village was evacuated. The men re-embarked every evening from here, four miles above Cap Rouge, and moved up to Pointe aux Trembles, nine miles further on still. This continual movement naturally led Bougainville to believe that the manœuvres on the fatal 12th were only a variation of what had been going on for several days. Besides, he had no means whatever of effectively patrolling the river himself.

On the 10th Wolfe made his final reconnaissance. Holmes, Monckton, Townshend, Carleton and De Laune accompanied him. The whole party were disguised as Grenadiers. He viewed the North Shore carefully from the point of high land just below the mouth of the Etchemin. From here he observed the path leading up from the Anse-au-Foulon, now known as Wolfe's Cove. This cove is well adapted for landing troops, and is less than two miles from the walls of Quebec. The path had been covered with an abattis of trees ; and a post of 100 men was established at the top. But there was a steep spur, 200 yards nearer Quebec, where a small storming party might scale the cliff and take the post in rear. The path could then be quite easily made serviceable for any number of men. Vergor, the Colonial Regular Officer commanding the post, was known to be very slack in his duty. A few days before the battle he had allowed several of his 100 men to go home and work at their farms, on condition that

they also worked at his own. He had been tried for surrendering, or rather selling, Fort Beauséjour two years before, and acquitted, with Vaudreuil's approval. And it was now by Vaudreuil's own orders that he held this particular outpost. He was one of Bigot's confederates, certainly dishonest, and possibly a traitor. In any case, he was quite as bad a soldier as Vaudreuil himself; and that is condemnation enough for any officer. Another obstacle was the Samos battery, of four guns and a mortar, 300 yards nearer to Sillery than the Foulon was. But this battery could easily be taken from the land side, as its guns could not be trained through a sufficiently wide arc to afford any flanking fire, and there were no embrasures at all towards the rear. The regiment of Guienne should have proved yet another, and much more serious, obstacle, had it remained on the heights between Quebec and Cap Rouge, where Montcalm had placed it. But Vaudreuil withdrew it on the 7th, and left that ground defenceless. Also, Lévis had taken 1,000 men away from Beauport to help Bourlamaque in checking Amherst's advance. Vaudreuil, Montcalm and Bougainville were all very anxious about Pointe aux Trembles and the safe passage of the much-needed provision boats along the North Shore down to Quebec. Bougainville was ordered to watch the heights even above Pointe aux Trembles, if necessary. Vaudreuil trusted to the natural strength of the heights between Cap Rouge and Quebec, and overruled Montcalm's objections. Both sides thought an assault on the town impracticable. And the French all thought another attack on Beauport very likely indeed.

Now, Wolfe had very fair intelligence of all these circumstances. He reviewed the situation once more, in the light of his fuller knowledge ; and seized the heart of it, then and there, and entirely on his own initiative. It is quite true, of course, that he had a happy flash of inspiration ; but it is at least equally true that the light of genius would have been of no avail, if the whole vast problem which it illuminated had not been familiar to him in its every detail. He had already studied the ground well, in Mackellar's plan, before coming to Quebec at all ; and so early as the 19th of May had carefully considered the idea of a surprise landing on the North Shore above Sillery. During the siege he had been making constant reconnaissances up the river, and had obtained a great deal of useful information from officers, guides, prisoners, deserters and spies. His failure at Montmorency naturally turned his attention to other places ; and, when writing to Saunders in August, he hints at being ready to execute a new scheme of his own, if he can only get well enough to direct it in person : " My ill state of health hinders me from executing my own plan ; it is of too desperate a nature to order others to execute." Then, during his illness, he once more proposed to attack Beauport ; but gave way, and allowed the Brigadiers to begin their new plan of landing at or above Cap Rouge. And so he found the situation on the 10th peculiarly favourable for a masterstroke of stratagem. For, while the French were expecting attack either below Quebec or above Cap Rouge, and while their attempts to guard the Heights were always being nullified by counter orders, the British shipping

gave him the chance of concentrating his own troops rapidly and secretly on any chosen point. And, better still, no one on either side appeared to be thinking of the Foulon at all, except himself and the constantly thwarted Montcalm. Thus he saw that the ground between Quebec and Sillery—the very heart of the French position—was lying open to a surprise attack ; provided that he could rush Vergor's negligent outpost, silence the weak Samos battery, and take his 5,000 men up the Foulon path quickly enough to anticipate Montcalm's arrival on the Plains.

His plan was formed at once. Bougainville's corps of 2,000 men was to be drawn up river towards Pointe aux Trembles, by a threatened landing from the ships there, twenty miles above the scene of action. Montcalm was to be kept at Beauport by a similar feint. The Quebec garrison was to be occupied by a heavy bombardment from the Levis batteries. And, whilst his enemy's attention was fully engaged at these three points, his own main body of 5,000 men was to land at the Foulon an hour before daylight, seize the post there, take the Samos battery, ascend the path in force as fast as possible, cross the promontory, and advance three-quarters of a mile along the Ste. Foy Road towards Quebec, to where a piece of perfectly level open ground afforded a splendid opportunity for the armies to meet in a regular line of battle. Everything depended upon seizing and holding the ground at the top of the path ; and no attempt at any advance in force from the beach was to be made unless this first difficulty could be overcome. No one had the slightest idea of what Wolfe's

plan really was, until it had been carried out, except the few officers who had to be partly taken into his confidence in preparing it. Even then, each officer only knew what immediately concerned himself. The only two men who knew the exact landing place were Holmes, the Admiral in executive charge of the covering squadron, and Captain Chads, the naval officer in charge of the leading boats. Carleton and Burton were given orders about having their detachments ready to start from the Island and Levis in good time on the 12th; but neither they nor the Brigadiers knew where the objective point was.

Indeed, Wolfe's great secrecy on this supreme occasion was only of a piece with his behaviour all through. Most of his officers failed to understand his reasons; and continued to resent the way he kept every one in the dark, until their eyes were opened by his crowning success. On the 20th of July James Gibson's journal-letter to Governor Lawrence gives a very fair indication of the then state of opinion in the army. "Within the space of five hours we read, at the General's request, three different Orders of consequence, which were contradicted immediately after their reception; which indeed has been the constant Practice of the Gen. ever since we have been here, to the no small amazement of every one who has the liberty of thinking. Every step he takes is wholly his own; I am told he asks no one's opinion and wants no advice; and therefore as he conducts without an assistant, the Honour or ——— will be in proportion to his success." But there is much stronger evidence than this to prove that Wolfe alone conceived the final plan, worked out its com-

binations, and brought it to complete success. Stobo could not have directed him, having left him on the 7th of September, and joined Amherst on the 9th of October. Holmes, writing an account of the battle a few days after it was fought, says: — "A plan was immediately set on foot, to attempt a landing about four leagues above the town, and it was ready to put into execution when General Wolfe reconnoitred down the River and fixed upon Foulon." The Brigadiers certainly could not have had any hand in this new plan of Wolfe's, since they all joined in a letter to him the night before the battle, asking him what place he intended to attack. And—besides Monckton, Townshend and Holmes—Carleton and De Laune were the only men with him on the 10th; and they knew absolutely nothing beforehand, except what appeared in orders. Thus Wolfe made the plan entirely alone on the 10th; on the 11th he told each principal naval and military officer concerned what his own particular duty would be, but without revealing the general scheme to any one at all; and it was only at half-past eight on the evening of the 12th, as the last preparations were being made, that he told his own Brigadiers exactly what he intended to do.

The General Orders were given out on the 11th. They entered into every particular about points of embarkation, the distribution of the entire force throughout the fleet and on shore, the exact hours at which every separate movement was to take place, and so on; but no definite point of attack was named. And the final orders of the 12th were equally silent in this respect. These last were,

in reality, Wolfe's farewell message to his army; and a few short sentences from them are worth remembering. "The enemy's force is now divided. A vigorous blow struck by the army at this juncture may determine the fate of Canada. Our troops below are in readiness to join us; all the light artillery are embarked at the Point of Levis; and the troops will land where the French seem least to expect it. The first body that gets on shore is to march directly to the enemy, and drive them from any little post they may occupy. The battalions must form on the upper ground with expedition, and be ready to charge whatever presents itself. The officers and men will remember what their country expects of them." How well that last sentence leads onward to the famous signal at Trafalgar!

Having finished every detail of his public duty, Wolfe called Jervis into the flagship cabin to arrange about the settlement of his private affairs, and handed over his will and note-book and the miniature of Miss Lowther for safe keeping. He had long had a presentiment that he was to fall in action; and, this very afternoon, while reconnoitring from a boat, he showed how closely the idea beset him, by reciting a part of Gray's new *Elegy* where he must have felt a poignant prophecy in the now famous line—"The paths of glory lead but to the grave." The will is worth quoting in full, as it throws a good deal of light on his character, more especially on the invariable kindness to those in humble positions under him which earned him the name of "The Soldiers' Friend."

"*Neptune* at Sea,
"8th June, 1759.

"I desire that Miss Lowther's picture may be set in jewels to the amount of five hundred guineas, and returned to her.

"I leave to Col. Oughton, Col. Carleton, Col. Howe and Col. Warde a thousand pounds each. I desire Admiral Saunders to accept of my light service of Plate, in remembrance of his Guest. My camp equipage, kitchen furniture, table linnen, wine and provisions, I leave to the officer who succeeds me in the Command.

"All my books and papers, both here and in England, I leave to Col. Carleton.

"I leave Major Barré, Capt. De Laune, Capt. Smyth, Capt. Bell, Capt. Lesslie and Capt. Calwall each a hundred guineas, to buy swords and rings, in remembrance of their friend. My servant François shall have half of my cloathes and linnen here, and the three Footmen shall divide the rest amongst them. All the servants shall be paid their year's wages, and their board wages till they arrive in England, or till they engage with other masters, or enter into some other profession. Besides this, I leave fifty guineas to François, twenty to Ambrose and ten to each of the others.

"Everything over and above these legacies I leave to my good mother, entirely at her disposal.

"JAMES WOLFE."

"Witness
"Will De Laune"
"Tho. Bell."

As the two friends sat talking together, a joint note from the three Brigadiers was handed in to Wolfe. This letter of itself proves how well he kept his own counsel; for the first sentence in it runs thus: "As we do not think ourselves sufficiently informed of the several parts which may fall to our share in the execution of the descent you intend to-morrow, we must beg leave to request from you as distinct orders as the nature of the thing will admit of, particularly of the place or places we are to attack."

Wolfe's general answer was addressed to Monckton alone, and was dated "*Sutherland*, 8½ o'clock, 12 Sept. 1759." In it he says: "I should be glad to give you all further light and assistance in my power," and mentions the several details which applied to Monckton's and Murray's brigades. But he ends with a rebuke. "It is not a usual thing to point out in the public orders the direct spot of our attack, nor for any inferiour officer not charged with a particular duty to ask instructions upon that point. I had the honour to inform you to-day that it is my duty to attack the French Army. To the best of my knowledge and abilities I have fixed upon that spot where we can act with the most force and are most likely to succeed. If I am mistaken I am sorry for it and must be answerable to his Majesty and the public for the consequence."

At the same time he wrote this special answer to Townshend:

"Sir,

"General Monckton is charged with the first landing and attack at the Foulon; if he succeeds, you

will be pleased to give directions that the troops afloat be set on shore with the utmost expedition, as they are under your command, and when 3,600 men now in the fleet are landed I have no manner of doubt but that we are able to fight and to beat the French army, in which I know you will give your best assistance.

"I have the honour to be,
"Sir,
"Your obedient servant,
"JAMES WOLFE.

"*Sutherland*, 8½ o'clock,
"12 Sept., 1759."

The total strength of Wolfe's army present at the battle was 4,829 of all ranks, and 2 guns:

Major General	1
Brigadiers	3
Divisional Staff	9
Louisbourg Grenadiers.—From 1st Royals; 17th, 22nd, 40th and 45th Regiments	241
15th.—"Amherst's." Now East Yorkshire Regiment	406
28th.—"Bragg's." Now 1st Bn. Gloucestershire	421
35th.—"Otway's." Now 1st Bn. Royal Sussex	519
43rd.—"Kennedy's." Now 1st Bn. Oxfordshire Light Infantry	327
47th.—"Lascelles'." Now 1st Bn. Loyal North Lancashire	360
48th.—"Webb's." Now 1st Bn. Northamptonshire	683
58th.—"Anstruther's." Now 2nd Bn. Northamptonshire	335
2nd. Bn. Royal Americans.—"Monckton's." Now 2nd Bn. King's Royal Rifle Corps	322
3rd. Bn. Royal Americans.—"Lawrence's." Now 3rd Bn. King's Royal Rifle Corps	540
78th.—"Fraser's." Now 2nd Bn. Seaforth Highlanders.	662
	4,829

The only addition to this total personnel is the small detachment of artillerymen that worked the two six-pounders: it comprised about twenty of all ranks. Only one of these guns was used against Montcalm: the other did not come into action till Bougainville advanced on the Samos battery. It will be noticed that while the Divisional Staff appears separately, the Brigade Staffs do not; the three officers employed as Brigade Majors being included with their respective battalions. The battalions, as given in this field state, include their own Light Infantry and Grenadier Companies. The former were detached and put under Colonel Howe, as usual; but the Grenadiers all remained with their several battalions. The Louisbourg Grenadiers—drawn from five regiments which had been present at Louisbourg, but which had not been detailed for Quebec—were thus not formed with the Grenadier Companies of the different regiments, as at Montmorency; but retained, as usual, in a special three-company battalion, under their own commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Murray.

The complete totals of the British forces are accounted for as follows:—

Embarked at Louisbourg, June 1	8,535
Joined at Bird Rocks	100
Three Companies Rangers, joined in July	300
One Company Rangers, joined in August	100
	9,035

Present at Battle, as above	4,829
Artillery at Battle	20
Rangers and details on detached duty, under Colonel Scott	1,600
Left in Camp at Levis batteries and at Point Levis	800
Left in Camp at Island	550
Casualties during siege, up to September 2	854
Casualties September 2–12, Minor detachments, Escorts sent with dispatches to Amherst, and a few not specified	382
Total accounted for at time of Battle	9,035

Wolfe's whole plan was put into execution without a hitch of any kind. The Light Artillery went on board an armed sloop on the 11th. On the 12th the troops at St. Nicholas embarked in the morning, went up on the flood-tide, and got back into touch with Holmes before dark. After sunset the detachments from the Island and Point Levis marched along the South Shore to the Etchemin, and spent the rest of the night at Goreham's Post near the mouth of that river. These were "the troops afloat" referred to by Wolfe as being under Townshend, who was to bring them across to the Foulon in the first boats available after the success of the landing there had been assured.

Meanwhile, the French at Beauport were engaged in fruitless efforts to cut the line of buoys which Saunders was mooring close inshore, as if intending to land in force; and their attention was definitely fixed on their own position at midnight, when all his boats threatened a general attack on their entrenchments. The vessels remaining above St. Nicholas were in motion all day long; and manœuvred so cleverly up the river, from St. Augustin to

Pointe aux Trembles, that they greatly increased Bougainville's belief in the reappearance of the main body early the next morning. But after dark Holmes at once assembled all this main body round the *Sutherland*, almost opposite Cap Rouge, and prepared to have everything ready for Wolfe on the turn of the tide at 11 o'clock. The boats were told off in separate divisions, all of which were under Naval officers. The strictest orders were given that every one was to keep perfect silence throughout the night. The troops took nothing but their arms and ammunition, and two days' rations with rum and water. Wolfe was to take Monckton's and Murray's brigades with him. As many men as possible were to be in boats; the rest were to come down in the smaller vessels. Townshend was to follow across in support from Goreham's Post, and Holmes was to bring down the store-ships, with entrenching tools and equipment of every kind, last of all. The landing was to begin at four, at which time the Levis batteries would be still bombarding Quebec.

About eleven the men got into the boats; and, shortly before midnight, a single light was hoisted into the main-top-mast shrouds of the *Sutherland*. This was the signal for the boats to form up between the flagship and the South Shore. Wolfe had given personal instructions to his friend, Captain Chads, who, having satisfied himself that all the different divisions of boats were in position, gave the word, about an hour and a half later, to hoist a second light above the first; when the whole force immediately began to drop down stream in succession from the front. Keeping such an array of boats in proper

order was a difficult task; and it was not till long past two o'clock that the aftermost divisions were all in motion.

Then, with a following breeze from the west, and under a clouding sky, which was reddened and torn by the flash and thunder of artillery in the east, that tense and silent British army swept down the mighty river with the ebbing tide, between those sheer black banks, and into the heart of that dark expectant night, to carry out a plan laid with such daring skill, and to win one of the great immortal battles of the world.

Wolfe and his staff were in the leading boat, with Captain De Laune and the twenty-four men of the forlorn hope. There was a three-knot current on the ebb along the South Shore, and about an hour after starting they were bearing down on the *Hunter*, which was anchored in the centre of the channel, between two and three miles above the Foulon. The arrangement was that they were to pass her close to, and then make in for the North Shore at Sillery Point, a couple of miles away. But, just as Wolfe got within about half a cable's length, he noticed that her crew were running to quarters and training their guns on his boat. However, they waited for him to close, and so prevented the failure of the whole enterprise. It appeared that the captain had been misled by a deserter, who had told him that the boats belonged to the French provision convoy, which was expected to creep down along the North Shore that very night.

This confirmed current rumour and was soon turned to good advantage, when, on coming in near

Sillery Point, the sudden challenge rang out, "Qui Vive?" Unsurprised, the younger Simon Fraser, who was on board, and who spoke French perfectly, replied, without hesitation, "France!" The sentry immediately asked, "à quel régiment?" and the answer came back, "de la Reine," Fraser knowing that some of that regiment were with Bougainville. The low tone in which the answers were given aroused the sentry's suspicions, and he asked again: "Why don't you speak out?" But the ready answer was, "Keep quiet, or the English will hear us." And then the sentry, satisfied that it really was the French convoy, allowed them all to pass without further challenge.

By about four, the boats of the leading brigade had all arrived safely in the Anse au Foulon. The men kept unbroken silence to the last; while the roar of the Levis batteries, still firing furiously on Quebec, prevented any noise made in landing from being heard by the enemy. Wolfe himself was the first man to leap ashore and anxiously scan the cliffs above him. The storming party, consisting of De Laune's forlorn hope and three Light Infantry companies, was quickly formed up; and Wolfe led these men in person 200 yards to the right, and pointed out the steep spur they had to climb, in order to take Vergor in rear. "I don't know," he said, "whether we shall be able to get up there—but we must make the attempt." The ascent was made without attracting the enemy's attention; the men scrambling up on their hands and knees and helping each other over the bad places, and soon beginning to feel their way cautiously along the crest through

the trees to the left. Presently they were challenged ; when Captain McDonald, another Highlander speaking perfect French, answered that he was bringing reinforcements from the Beauport camp, and wished the sentry to inform Vergor of it immediately. While this parley was going on the storming party came up in force, and a sudden determined rush was made with the bayonet. The surprise was complete ; and the French were driven off at once. Vergor—who jumped out of bed and ran away in his shirt at the first alarm—is said to have been wounded, and another man was taken prisoner. The moment Wolfe heard the ringing cheer with which his men charged home, he ordered the first battalion waiting at the foot of the Foulon path to lead the general advance. Howe's Light Infantry sprang eagerly forward ; but, just as they reached the top, they ran into the men of the forlorn hope, who were still following up their charge. Both of these parties had advanced so quickly that neither thought the French could have disappeared so suddenly from the ground between them ; and an accident was barely averted ; for it was still so dark that each was liable to mistake the other for the enemy. But discipline told ; and the two parties together then chased Vergor's men through the Indian corn, which covered many acres thereabouts, and took several prisoners. These men gave Wolfe some valuable information, which practically confirmed the truth of his own forecast in every particular.

Meanwhile, Holmes's squadron was coming round Sillery Point, Townshend's 1,200 men were crossing

over from Goreham's Post ; and the Samos Battery had begun to fire into them both as fast as it could. Some of the earlier boats, too, had been carried down nearly to the Anse des Mères, and were being vigorously attacked there by the French pickets. This mistake seemed so serious that Wolfe himself had put off in a boat and recalled them to the Foulon, a good mile higher up. He then at once climbed the path, finding the Light Infantry, Grenadiers, and 58th at the top ; Murray being the Brigadier in immediate command.

Murray was then told off to take the battery, and advanced to the assault. But before he got in touch with the enemy, Wolfe recalled him to cover a reconnaissance. The 58th returned ; but the Grenadier Officer bearing the order to the Light Infantry took a short cut, and came suddenly upon the enemy, who had placed a gun in position on the bridge over the ravine which had to be crossed before the battery could be reached. He was received with a single shot from the gun and a general discharge of musketry, which his men returned at once. The Light Infantry came up at the double, and together they rushed the bridge and took the battery without further difficulty. Howe then withdrew, in obedience to Wolfe's order ; but a detachment of his Light Infantry, 172 strong, was soon sent back to hold the battery against any interference from Bougainville.

During this little affair, a continuous stream of men was disembarking, climbing the hill, and forming up on the plateau above. By six o'clock the whole force was drawn up on the heights near Marchmont.

The astounded patrol furnished by the Regiment of Guienne, finding the enemy in such strength, retired toward the walls and sent word of this unlooked-for surprise to the camp at Beauport. The Guienne regiment itself was with Vaudreuil at the hornwork of the St. Charles bridge, where it had spent the last five days, since he withdrew it from the Heights of Abraham. Montcalm had made a second attempt on the very day before the battle to get this regiment back to the Heights ; but Vaudreuil countermanded the order again, saying he would see about it " to-morrow morning."

The two six-pounder field guns were brought up some hours later. The first reached the battlefield at nine—only just in time. The other only arrived at eleven, when Townshend used it against Bougainville. The entrenching tools and camp equipment required were also landed and taken up by detachments of bluejackets, who worked all day long without cessation.

While the other corps were coming up, Wolfe, having secured Vergor's Post and the Samos Battery, took the 58th and most of the Light Infantry with him and crossed the plateau to the Ste. Foy Road, whence he could look out over the valley of the St. Charles and the Beauport Camp. All was quiet in that direction ; and he marched in towards Quebec to select a suitable place for his line of battle.

The promontory gradually narrowed to about three-quarters of a mile across, at about which width it ran continuously for the last mile before reaching the city. Just at this distance of a mile, an irregular strip of slightly rising ground, about two or three

hundred yards wide, ran across the plateau, parallel to the town wall. But the wall itself could not be seen from this line; because another, and much more clearly defined, parallel ridge also ran across, exactly half way between them. This half-way ridge was formed by the culminating swell of the ground, which rose steadily from 100 feet, at the point of the promontory, through the whole half-mile depth of the town, and continued rising, for another half-mile beyond the walls, until it reached a height of 350 feet above the river. And between the one-mile strip, on which Wolfe was standing, and this half-way ridge, that hid him from the walls, lay an almost ideal open battlefield on which to await Montcalm.

Returning at once to his army, he led it across the same ground he had just followed himself; that is, Northward to the Ste. Foy Road, then, wheeling to the right, straight in towards Quebec. The Light Infantry and 58th covered his advance, some of them being thrown as far forward as the houses of Manseau and the younger de Borgia, which stood near the northern edge of the cliff, and a long musket-shot to the left front of his line of battle. This guarded his exposed flank and point of deployment, by commanding the top of the direct road leading up to the Plains of Abraham from the French camp at Beauport. Then, leaving the outer line of the one-mile strip for his reserves, which came up afterwards, he deployed to the right along its inner line, about 700 yards out to the knoll where the Quebec Gaol now stands at about 200 yards from the St. Lawrence cliffs. His left was thus

brought within 600, and his right within 500, yards of the half-way ridge. It was past eight o'clock before his firing line was in position and his reserves had come up in support.

The exact disposition of Wolfe's army—less than 5,000 men all told—was then as follows :—

The firing line consisted of 3,111 of all ranks ; and these were the only men who took part in repulsing Montcalm's attack. The plateau was three-quarters of a mile wide, the firing line half a mile long. There were thus 200 yards on each flank to be commanded by the British fire ; but, as an effective musket-shot was reckoned at about that distance, the protection of this flanking fire was considered sufficient to prevent any enveloping movements. The right was guarded by the 35th, which crowned the Gaol knoll, with one wing thrown back so far as to front the St. Lawrence. The Canadians were rather harassing here, their cover from sight encouraging them to press their attack with great persistency. But they were in far greater strength, and much more dangerous, on the left. The cover was still more excellent there ; and they were reinforced by several hundred Indians, besides being comparatively close to the rest of their army in the St. Charles Valley. They drove in Wolfe's advanced post, both houses held by it being burnt to the ground ; but they were kept in check by the 15th, whose wings were at right angles to each other, one facing the left front, the other the left rear, and also by the Light Infantry on the cliff side of the Ste. Foy Road, between the foot of Maple Avenue and the foot of de Salaberry Street.

The actual front—not much less than half a mile long—was occupied by six battalions, mustering only 1,800 rank and file altogether. And, as it was absolutely necessary to hold this extent of ground with so few men, the line was formed only two deep, with intervals of thirty or forty paces between battalions. This was the first occasion in history that one European army had stood two-deep to face another on a flat and open battlefield. Indeed, even the three-deep line was comparatively new in 1759, having been adopted from the infantry formations elaborated by Leopold von Dessau, whose Prussian drill-book has been the prototype of every other drill-book down to our own day. It was only in Dundas' book of 1809, fifty years later, that the two-deep line was first officially authorized, even in the British service. There is no mention of it in Faucitt's edition of Bland's famous Treatise of Military Discipline in 1762. So Wolfe's innovation was a daring one; but it was amply justified by the result. The Louisbourg Grenadiers were far on the right of the Grande Allée, then called the "Road from Sillery." The other five battalions stretched, in the same general alignment, across the Grande Allée and down to within a short distance of the Ste. Foy Road, From right to left they were: the 28th, 43rd, 47th, 78th, and 58th.

There were 1,718 of all ranks in rear of the firing line of 3,111. The 48th was in reserve, about 250 yards in rear of the right centre, being near the upper part of the present Maple Avenue. This battalion was the strongest on the field

of battle, numbering 683 of all ranks—21 more than the 78th, or "Fraser's" Highlanders, who had the next best muster. The Second Royal Americans were in column, in rear of the left, near the foot of Maple Avenue. The Third Royal Americans covered the approach to the top of the Foulon path; being about 300 yards to the North of it, and 1,200 yards in rear of the extreme right of the line of battle. The Samos Battery, 300 yards west of the Foulon, was held by 172 Light Infantry—a wise precaution against Bougainville's advance.

In addition to these troops, and quite distinct from them so far as the actual fighting was concerned, there were several strong landing-parties of seamen, who waited on the beach in charge of the guns and other siege material until the battle had been won on the Heights above. As appears from the description given by one of the young Naval volunteers, these bluejackets were anything but pleased with the tameness of the part assigned to them. "Such was their impetuosity to engage, and their resentment at being kept out of danger, that, according to their accustomed politeness, they were perpetually damning their eyes, etc., because they were restrained from pushing into the heat of the fire before they were wanted."

The Generals were all in the firing line. Townshend took post with the left, to superintend the flank defence there, Murray was with the centre, Monckton with the right. Wolfe moved up and down the line, making sure of every detail, and especially that all ranks clearly understood that there was to be no firing until the French came close up,

within less than point-blank range. His tall figure —he stood six foot three—was very noticeable as he passed along the front; and more particularly so because, in spite of the remonstrances of his staff, he had put on a new uniform for the battle, and thus made himself doubly conspicuous; just as Nelson did at Trafalgar by wearing all his decorations.

Indeed, he seemed almost to court personal danger, now that his generalship had surmounted all obstacles, and had placed his army safely on the way to victory. For though, on the one hand, he had the assurance of both love and fame to live for, on the other, he felt that disease had marked him out for an early death; and, true to his nature, he preferred going forward with victory and meeting it to awaiting its slow advance in the disabling days that would soon be upon him. He was now full of confidence; and his inspiring presence thrilled the whole army with a sure expectancy akin to his own. His popularity with the rank and file was as great as Nelson's; and Nelson's "band of brothers" have their military prototypes in the devoted officers whom Wolfe himself had chosen for this campaign. Both heroes were born to lead, because both knew the secret of sympathetic discipline. One was the "soldier's friend" as the other was the sailor's; and the commissioned ranks also felt that each was a true brother-officer in the best sense of the term. A Captain's discerning pen-portrait of Wolfe on the day of the battle speaks of "the Gentleman who commands in Chief, and who, in his military capacity, is, perhaps, equalled by few, and surpassed by none." But it was not only in military fore-

sight that Wolfe excelled. Like the great Pitt, who had chosen him out from among his fellows, he foreknew the wonderful future of America. And as he stood triumphant before its mightiest citadel, his humblest soldier in the rank and file caught something of his own great-hearted aspiration, and felt that the issue of the day was big with the fate of nations.

From eight o'clock till after nine the British waited for the French advance. There was continuous skirmishing on both flanks, and fitful firing elsewhere; but, for the most part, the men in the centre were resting on their arms. The rain was nearly over; and the first sunshine of that memorable day was soon to make every feature of the surrounding country stand out serenely clear.

And all Nature contains no scene more fit for mighty deeds than the stupendous amphitheatre, in the midst of which Wolfe was waiting to play the hero's part. For the top of the promontory made a giant stage, where his army now stood between the stronghold of New France and the whole dominion of the West. Immediately before him lay his chosen battlefield; beyond that, Quebec. To his left lay the northern theatre, gradually rising and widening, throughout all its magnificent expanse, until the far-ranging Laurentians closed in the view with their rampart-like blue semicircle of eighty miles. To his right, the southern; where league upon league of undulating upland rolled outward to a still farther-off horizon, whose wider semicircle, curving in to overlap its northern counterpart, made the vast mountain-ring complete. While

east and west, across the arena where he was about to contend for the prize of half a continent, the majestic River, full-charged with the right-hand force of Britain, ebbed and flowed, through gates of empire, on its uniting course between Earth's greatest lakes and greatest ocean. And here, too, at these Narrows of Quebec, lay the fit meeting-place of the Old World with the New. For the westward river-gate led on to the labyrinthine waterways of all America; while the eastward stood more open still—flung wide to all the Seven Seas.

While Wolfe had thus been carrying out his well-laid plans so successfully, Montcalm had been anxiously groping through the "fog of war" in the vain hope of finding some certain intelligence of the British movements. He had taken all precautions possible, under the circumstances, to safeguard the North Shore. But Bougainville was completely out-manœuvred by the superior mobility of the British squadron, which kept continually moving up and down with the tide, concentrating here, dividing there, threatening first one place and then another, embarking and disembarking troops at different points, and compelling the French to wear themselves out with ceaseless forced marches, whilst, at the same time, proving itself more impenetrable than any cavalry screen could be.

The heights between Cap Rouge and Quebec were generally believed to be impregnable, if guarded by small posts and batteries. Vaudreuil was quite sure about them; and, six days before the battle,

withdrew the regiment of Guienne which Montcalm had posted there for additional security. The great anxiety in the French camp was for the safety of the convoy of provisions; as even Montcalm hardly believed that Wolfe could form up on the Plains before the alarm could be given and a French force concentrated on the British troops whilst their rear was still in the act of landing. All the same, he had ordered the regiment of Guienne to guard the Foulon Cove itself, on the very day before the battle; and Vaudreuil had thwarted him again, saying, "We'll see about it to-morrow"—but Wolfe was there on that "to-morrow."

Montcalm had been on the alert all night long at the Beauport camp. With Saunders laying down buoys and threatening to land in full force after midnight; with over 2,500 British troops facing him at the Island and Point Levis; and without any proper military information; he naturally prepared to repel another attack on his entrenchments. Colonel Poulariès reported boats off La Canardière during the night, and the troops were kept under arms everywhere. And when the Samos battery opened on Holmes and Townshend, after two-thirds of Wolfe's army had landed, Montcalm supposed that the British ships were trying to seize the provision convoy, which he urgently needed to supplement the few rations left; though, as a matter of fact, the convoy had anchored above Pointe aux Trembles, since it had no chance whatever of running through the narrow berth between the men-of-war and the North Shore with any degree of safety. All suspicion of the truth was diverted, for the moment,

by the redoubled efforts of Saunders and of the Levis batteries, which were bombarding the town. Besides, Montcalm could see all the tents standing as usual at the Island and Point Levis.

He had fixed his own headquarters at Beauport Church, and had stationed Marcel, his Aide-de-camp, with Vaudreuil, who was in the hornwork at the St. Charles bridge. No message having come by six o'clock, he and his other Aide-de-camp, the Chevalier Johnstone, mounted and rode down to the hornwork. Johnstone was a gallant Scotch Jacobite serving in the French Army, who greatly distinguished himself during his two years in Canada ; and whose excellent diary shows him to have been a man of much insight and considerable power of expression. Here they found that Vaudreuil, having already been told that the enemy had landed at the Foulon, was still awaiting developments ! These came quickly enough, in the shape of a dispatch from Bernetz, acting commandant of the town, who reported that Wolfe was marching on Quebec in force by the Ste. Foy Road. Vaudreuil thereupon ordered Montcalm to take one hundred men and go to see what the enemy was about ! And then, having thus provided for the tactical needs of the moment, he sat down to write this masterly note to Bougainville : " Dear Sir, I have received the letter which you have done me the honour to write to me, together with the enclosed deposition of the deserter, or prisoner. I have handed it over to M. le Marquis de Montcalm. It seems quite certain that the enemy has landed at L'Anse-au-Foulon. We have set everything in motion. We have heard several little fusillades. M.

le Marquis de Montcalm has just left with one hundred men, belonging to the Government of Three Rivers, as reinforcements. So soon as I know positively what is going on, I shall inform you. I anxiously await news from you, to learn if the enemy has made any attempt against you. I have the honour to wish you good morning, at a quarter to seven o'clock. My messenger will see M. de Montcalm in passing, and may be able to give you later news."

Meantime, Montcalm had been informed of the British movements by Captain Boishébert, who had been looking out of a window in the General Hospital as Wolfe marched in along the Ste. Foy Road. Boishébert was a Captain in the French Army, and had been a good commandant of a post in Acadia, and also at Detroit. On one occasion he had burnt a British vessel; and on another destroyed a French fort on the river St. John, rather than let it be taken. He arrived from Acadia on the 19th of July with 100 men, and had to be taken to hospital, where he remained till the morning of the battle, as he was worn out by the hardships he had gone through in his efforts to reach Montcalm. As soon as he saw Wolfe's army on the Heights he left the hospital, together with all the other sick French officers who could walk, and joined his regiment. Immediately after this, Montcalm himself caught sight of the enemy. Well might he exclaim : " There they are where they have no right to be ! " For, though he perhaps overestimated the natural strength of the position, and underestimated the danger from the British fleet, he had always wished to keep a whole battalion constantly on the look-out between Quebec and Cap Rouge ;

and he had strongly objected to Vaudreuil's replacing the trustworthy St. Martin by the scoundrelly Vergor at the Foulon.

He at once took the initiative, so far as he could; sending Johnstone to bring up the whole of the left, except a guard of 200 men; and turning out all the troops in his own neighbourhood. The regiment of Guienne, which he had twice told off for duty on the Heights, and which Vaudreuil had twice counter-ordered, was sent to the front at once. It marched from the hornwork, ascended the Côte d'Abraham, and immediately went forward to reconnoitre.

But Vaudreuil once more began to issue contradicting orders. When Johnstone showed Poulariès Montcalm's orders to bring up the left, Poulariès showed him Vaudreuil's orders to keep the left where it was. Sennezergue, now second in command under Montcalm, and Poulariès finally succeeded in getting up the Royal Roussillon, but the rest of the left all remained in the trenches. Vaudreuil himself was fussily engaged in trying to direct everything from the hornwork, keep up his dignity, and thwart Montcalm. He never ordered de Ramesay, who had just left hospital, to let Montcalm have all the available light field pieces; and the consequence of this neglect was that de Ramesay refused to part with more than three guns, though there were twenty-five suitable brass pieces on the Palace ramparts at the time.

Montcalm himself had ridden back from the Côte d'Abraham, after the Regiment of Guienne had passed up, to make sure of getting at least all the Regulars.

At half-past seven he rode up again, at the head of the regiments of La Sarre, Languedoc and Béarn. By eight he had found out that he was not to have the men from the left, nor the guns from the town he had asked for; but only the Royal Roussillon from beyond Beauport, and three light field pieces from Quebec. He then prepared to do the best he could with the force at his disposal.

The combined total engaged during the whole course of the battle, on both sides together, was barely 10,000 men. Bougainville's subsequent intervention and withdrawal must be regarded as a separate action. Each side had almost the same number of men present, just under 5,000. The entire French personnel, however, attacked Wolfe, and was repulsed by his firing line alone: therefore the first stage of the action was fought out by about 4,500 French and Canadians against 3,111 British. But, as the skirmishing on the flanks was only of secondary importance at the crisis of the battle, it may be said that about 5,000 Regulars, evenly divided between French and British, virtually decided the issue between them, in the centre of the field. There were about 2,000 Canadians present; and the Indians amounted to about 500 more. These Canadian militiamen had no bayonets, and neither they nor the Indians were of the slightest use on open ground.

In artillery the French had a great preponderance. They had three light pieces from the town, with more from Beauport; and the cannon on the walls, and near the mouth of the St. Charles, all played a part in the final stage of the action. Whilst the British only had one six-pounder in action during

the whole battle, their second gun only arriving in time to be turned against Bougainville. But the French formation offered a splendid target for the single British gun, whilst the French artillery itself made the most miserable practice in every part of the field. The difference in the relative efficiency of the respective personnels was equally striking. Half of Montcalm's men were Militiamen or Indians; and even his Colonial Regulars were not to be depended upon in the open. Whilst, on the other hand, all Wolfe's men were war-seasoned Regulars of the best kind. They were well drilled, were under perfect fire-discipline; and had the physical advantage of better food, as well as the great moral advantage of having just overcome the most formidable obstacle in their way.

Montcalm formed up at first along the line of the Rue d'Abraham, the present Rue d'Artigny. His eight battalions of Regulars—five French and three Colonial—could not be deployed, as the ground was dotted all over with clumps of bush; and so the only formation possible was an irregular line of quarter columns. When this alignment had been taken up, he called all the General, Staff, and Commanding Officers to the front; being driven to hold this impromptu council of war by the extraordinary position in which he found himself. All agreed that their only chance was to push forward at once. No one knew how many men Wolfe had; but, as many of the men on the British right were lying down, and hidden by the inequalities of the ground, it was supposed that all his troops had not yet marched on to the field and deployed. There might thus be a good chance

of crushing those already in line, and driving them in on the column supposed to be advancing in support from the Foulon. Besides, it was reported that Wolfe was entrenching; and it was thought expedient to attack him before he had made himself too secure. The unanimous opinion, then, was in favour of an immediate attack. And, even though the infantry advance could not be prepared by the twenty-five guns, as it should have been, this decision was undoubtedly the right one.

Indeed, there was no choice at all. For, with a hostile fleet on the St. Lawrence above Quebec, and a hostile army on the promontory itself, the French position was quite untenable. And, as famine was imminent, prompt action was necessary. Nor was it of any use to wait for Bougainville, because whatever might be gained by this would be counterbalanced by the additional strength of the British position. Even if all the Canadians remaining idly at Beauport had been thrown into the fight, it could hardly have affected the result, as this was settled in the open field, where they were almost useless. And even if Montcalm had delayed a couple of days or more, the result must still have been the same; as any addition to his strength in men or armament would have been more than equalled by corresponding additions on Wolfe's part, in the shape of more artillery, Colonel Scott's flying column of 1,600 men, the concentration of the fleet at Quebec, and the landing of marines and a brigade of bluejackets. Whichever way the situation is looked at, the conclusion must be the same. Once Wolfe had gained the Heights in force, Montcalm was

compelled to fight immediately for his very existence.

Just after nine the French began to advance, and in a few minutes reached the low crest of the halfway ridge and came in full view of their opponents. The grey-coated Colonial Regulars of Three Rivers and Montreal were on their extreme left, beyond the Grande Allée, or "Road from Sillery." Then came the blue mass of the Royal Roussillon, followed by the white columns of Guienne, Béarn, Languedoc and La Sarre. On the extreme right of all was the battalion of Quebec Colonials. Both sides were armed very much alike, and the company officers carried muskets and bayonets like the men.

The old "Brown Bess" flintlock musket lasted all through the eighteenth, and well on into the nineteenth century. It was modified from time to time, and the introduction of the iron ramrod under Frederick the Great increased its possible rate of fire from under three to over five shots a minute. But it remained essentially the same kind of weapon throughout. Its bore was three-quarters of an inch, its leaden bullet weighed over an ounce, and it was very inaccurate at any range over a hundred yards, though it might carry three times that distance. The bullet was nearly a sixteenth of an inch smaller than the bore, and this windage allowed it to fly from side to side on its way out, to the great detriment of accuracy. Sharpshooters used to wrap the bullet up in a bit of greased linen before driving it home, so that it might fit the bore better and fly true. The principles of rifling were already well understood, and some excellent rifled arms were actually in use.

Wolfe's pistols are quite as well grooved as the best made at the present day; and a few individuals were just beginning to use the long rifle. But, when all the work had to be done by hand, the expense was prohibitive for the rank and file; and so the old smooth-bore remained in use for another hundred years.

The leading idea of infantry drill was to bring a rigid three-deep line to within decisive range of the enemy, and then carry out the attack by short successive advances at a slow march, with company, or "platoon," volleys at each halt. By this means the side with the better fire-discipline would loosen the enemy's ranks, and then rout him with a steady bayonet charge. As all regular armies conformed to this idea, it followed that the side which could keep its fixed formation the longer won the day. And so, while these conditions prevailed, there were the very strongest reasons for extreme precision in every detail of marching and firing. The line had to be rigidly straight so long as possible; because the actual charge of a formed body of men always overthrew another body whose ranks were disordered. And, when the men stood shoulder to shoulder, and the rear ranks locked up close for volley-firing, every man had to perform every motion of loading and presenting the musket with the same exactitude, in order not to interfere with those beside him. Flat, open ground made the ideal battle-fields of the period; Frederick's rigid Prussian lines the ideal fighting formation; and the barrack square a very real training ground for action.

As the French columns reached open ground,

on the crest of the half-way ridge, they began to deploy. Being a quarter of a mile from the British line, whose flanks were then being vigorously pressed by the Canadians and Indians, they were apparently safe for the moment. Besides, their own guns were covering them, firing from where the Sillery and Ste. Foy roads crossed the ridge; and also from several positions in rear of their right, just above the Côte d'Abraham. And their front was still further protected by their own skirmishers, thrown out to meet the British light troops, among the few patches of cover in the open ground between the two armies.

When Montcalm had first ridden up to the top of the ridge, he could only see the thin two-deep line in the centre and on the left, the British right being hidden under cover and all ranks lying down. The very unusual thinness of the line, and the great apparent gap on its right, both led him to believe that his officers were correct in their views, and that he could still catch Wolfe in the act of forming for battle. And, for the moment, he saw the chance of one more desperate victory within his grasp. If only he could drive his attack home now, he might destroy Wolfe's army altogether! He was doubtful about the Canadian Regulars for a stand-up battle in the open; but he thought the French battalions could do this work themselves. It is true that those were the evil days when the French army was ruled by corruption, and officered by amateurs. And the two great reformers, Saxe and d'Argenson, had made the mistake of copying, instead of assimilating, Prussian methods. But the officers were

splendidly gallant, the men brave and fairly well disciplined; and both had proved their worth in years of active service. And so it was with a real hope of victory in his heart that Montcalm rode down the front of his line of battle, stopping to say a few stirring words to each regiment as he passed. Whenever he asked the men if they were not tired they answered that they were never tired before a battle; and all ranks showed as much eagerness to come to close quarters as the British did themselves.

Whatever faction might do elsewhere, it had not yet destroyed the loyalty of the French troops to their leaders. And the leaders there that day were worthy of their trust. The three senior Colonels, Beauchâtel, Dalquier and Poulariès, had led well before; and the two last were to lead well again, at the battle of Ste. Foy. Both of them were afterwards superseded by their own juniors, who had nothing but Court intrigue to recommend them. Sennezergue, St. Ours and Fontbonne were the three Brigadiers, who took post with the right, centre and left respectively. And all three of them alike shared the glorious death of their great commander. But Montcalm himself towered aloft and alone, far above all around him—the last great Frenchman of the Western World. Honoured alike by the spiteful hate of the Canadian Government, by the personal devotion of his own army, and by the soldierlike regard of his enemy's, he never stood higher in all manly minds than on that fatal day. And, as he rode before his men there, in the full uniform of a Lieutenant-General of the King, wearing his cuirass, and mounted on a splendid black charger, his

presence seemed to call them on like a "drapeau vivant" of France herself.

Meanwhile, Wolfe had been watching his opportunity. As soon as he saw the French on the ridge forming up for attack he immediately moved his whole front a hundred paces forward, so as to commit both sides to close and decisive action. He then went along the line, repeating his final orders that there was to be no firing at all—no matter what the provocation might be—until the French were within forty paces; when they were to be met with a double-shotted volley and a further advance of twenty paces under cover of the smoke. As he turned to come back from the left a shot broke his wrist, which he tied up quickly with his handkerchief. And when passing the centre he was hit severely in the groin; but he paid even less attention to this second wound than to the first. He then took post between the 28th and the Louisbourg Grenadiers, and the whole line prepared to receive the French charge. A Grenadier officer, recording this fact, adds that Wolfe's "spirit was pouring itself forth in animated exhortations and fiery eloquence, which spring from that deep emotion which none but warriors can feel and none but heroes can utter." And an observant member of the staff notes, with equal vividness: "I was standing at this precise moment of time within four feet of the General. I shall never forget his look. He was surveying the enemy with a countenance radiant and joyful beyond description."

Captain York had just come up with his one six-pounder, and immediately gone into action,

right out beyond Wolfe's line of battle, and in front of the interval between the 28th and 43rd. Here he was within 300 yards of the Royal Roussillon. This battalion was fairly caught in the act of deploying, and the British grape-shot cut deeply into its living mass of men as they struggled into line. York also did great service during the whole of their advance, never slackening his fire for a moment, until the enemy were almost on top of him, and he had to fall back under cover of the Grenadiers.

The French line was thrown into considerable confusion by his skilful and daring use of grape at close quarters. But there was a short moment of some confusion along the British front itself, as its skirmishers ran in suddenly under a galling fire; according to orders, though with undue haste. Montcalm immediately ordered the final advance; for his quick eye had noticed that this confusion in the enemy's centre happily coincided with a warm attack on their left, where the Canadians seemed to be pressing them hard. But neither Canadians nor Indians would break cover, and so missed the splendid opportunity of pressing home their enveloping attack into decisive range. As there were about 2,000 of them here, they might have carried the houses held by a few hundred Light Infantry with a determined rush; and then, advancing boldly in conjunction with the main attack in front, shot down many of Townshend's completely exposed 1,000 men beyond, and perhaps rolled up the survivors in confusion on the centre. But the smallest patch of open ground proved an impassable barrier; their attack was absurdly feeble, and they

never once succeeded in even breaking through the Light Infantry, much less the 15th extended along the Ste. Foy Road.

The French and Canadian Regulars came on in three brigades; the centre in line of quarter column; the wings in double line, six deep altogether. Their front of eight battalions was, therefore, narrower than that of the six British battalions which stood in a two-deep line to receive them. Montcalm took post with the centre, which he probably kept in column because it included the Languedoc regiment, which was the worst disciplined of all the French troops in Canada. The advance began with loud shouts, and was pressed on with much energy for the first hundred yards. But no sooner were the Canadian Regulars within long musket-shot than they began firing without orders, and threw themselves flat on the ground to reload. This spoilt the whole formation, as it uncovered both flanks; and the French Regulars wavered and paused again, when they saw that whilst the Canadians who remained in line evidently declined to come to close quarters, the others were already slinking off to join the skirmishing attacks which were being carried on under cover. Closing their ranks, however, they went on alone; but with much less assurance than before. They soon began to lose direction; the left brigade inclining to its own left, against the 28th and the Louisbourg Grenadiers; whilst the centre and right inclined to their right, against the Highlanders and the 58th. Thus they all sheered off from the British centre, and left the 43rd and 47th without a single enemy in front.

And they had hardly commenced this new advance before their own ranks suddenly broke out in a disorderly long-range fire. It was a hurried, nervous, and undisciplined attempt to shake the British at a distance, before closing in on them for the final charge. And it was all in vain. There stood the long, straight, two-deep line, with shouldered arms—a steadfast living wall of red, flashing defiance from its keen steel-pointed crest of bayonets—magnificently silent, yet eagerly waiting to seize the long-despaired-of chance to fight it out fairly, hand to hand, on equal terms, and in the open field. Closer and closer came the densely massed attacking line of battle, its officers leading it on with the utmost gallantry to the very last; but with its far right and left still melting away, as the Canadians sought their familiar brushwood cover, and its five French battalions still breaking it asunder, as they instinctively bore outwards from the centre to save their deserted flanks from a double overlap of fire and steel. And soon even these tried veterans lost heart a little, when they began to near the narrow forty paces where they had to meet that silently expectant line in the death-grapple which was to decide the fate of half America. They still came on, however; though now their thronged white ranks only surged forward a few steps at a time, and broke continually in wild bursts of impotent smoke, as baffled waves break short of a reef-protected shore. And, as they came, Wolfe's straining eye was measuring every pace of that decreasing interval:—a hundred—seventy-five—fifty—forty—"Fire!"—and the first volley thundered

from the Grenadiers, and was instantly followed by another from each battalion, all down the British line. So perfectly delivered were these famous volleys that they sounded like salvoes of artillery, and so truly aimed that the whole front rank of the enemy went down, almost to a man, before their terrific storm of bullets.

In a moment the well-drilled men reloaded, and the whole line closed up twenty paces to its front, according to previous orders; so that when the smoke cleared off the two armies stood literally face to face. Then followed a short, but deadly, fire-fight; the French fighting gallantly, but firing wildly and without concentration; whilst the British line kept up its quick, intense, but perfectly controlled, double-shotted volleys. In five minutes the French formations were crumbling away, quite unable to hold together under that tempest of lead, from front and flank alike. For the 43rd and 47th, having a clear field in front, fired volleys into the flanks of the French on their right and left, with the precision and regularity of the parade ground. The French right could not endure the stress of action any longer, and suddenly turned, all together, and ran from the field. The central column, thus uncovered on both flanks, gave way in confusion; and their left, after a short stand of two or three minutes longer, also broke and fled.

When Wolfe saw the French waver and begin to give ground, he took post in front of the Grenadiers, and ordered a general charge. The 47th had already dashed in with the bayonet; and the Highlanders had fallen upon the enemy with their claymores.

A moment more, and the whole French line became a wild mob of panic-stricken men, each flying for his life as fast as he could.

But, just as the British charge commenced, Wolfe was mortally wounded by a bullet in his chest, and reeled aside, half stunned by the shock. Captain Curry, of the 28th, immediately sprang to his side and supported him; the General's great anxiety being that his men should not see him fall. Lieutenant Henry Brown, of the Louisbourg Grenadiers, and son of the first Earl of Altemonte, then came forward with Henderson, a young volunteer in Brown's company whom Amherst commissioned as Ensign in the 28th twelve days later. These two then assisted him about three hundred yards to the rear, where his favourite servant, François, and Dr. Wilkins, the Staff Surgeon, took charge of him. It was at once evident that he had only a few minutes to live; and they made him as comfortable as possible by seating him on a Grenadier's coat. The bullet was so deeply imbedded that no attempt was made to extract it. His eyes had become so dim that he could hardly see, and his head had already sunk upon his breast, when some one on the knoll in front called out—"They run, they run!" He had kept quite conscious to the last, and at once roused himself, as if from sleep, and asked: "Who run?" "The French, sir: Egad! they give way everywhere." . . . "Then I die content." And, almost as he said it, his soaring spirit passed away.

The pursuit was kept up with great determination for some time longer. The French Regulars rushed pell-mell for the Côte d'Abraham, in spite of the

utmost efforts of their officers, many of whom were killed in vain attempts at rallying the men. The senior Colonel, Beauchâtel, and the three Brigadiers, Sennezergue, St. Ours and Fontbonne, all met their death with their faces to the foe. And Montcalm himself, who had been wounded already, was shot through the body, whilst trying to rally the fugitives, half way between the ridge and the walls. Two Grenadiers, who saw him reel in the saddle, supported him through St. Louis Gate. As he rode down the street some terrified townswomen shrieked out, " Oh, Mon Dieu ; le Marquis est tué ! " But he tried to reassure them by replying : " Ce n'est rien ! Ne vous affligez pas pour moi, mes bonnes amies ! " The younger Dr. Arnoux came to his assistance, and told him that he could not live beyond the next morning. " So much the better," he calmly replied, " I am happy not to live to see the surrender of Quebec."

The disastrous loss of every General present completed the discomfiture of the French. They hardly even looked back till they were safely down the cliff; when they set to work to reform their shattered ranks. Half the officers were lost in killed, wounded and prisoners, and more than a quarter of the men still lay on the battlefield, either dead or too badly wounded to escape.

In the meantime, the British command had passed, with bewildering rapidity, through the hands of all their four Generals. When Wolfe fell, Monckton immediately took command, but was himself struck down by a severe wound a few minutes after the pursuit began. Murray heard this at the same

time that he was told of Townshend's being wounded, too; and so he took charge, and continued the pursuit right up to the walls. Then Townshend came up and took over the command from Murray, as it was Carleton, and not he, who had been wounded on the left of the line. The pursuing troops had now got out of hand, and were almost in as great disorder as the French had been. Moreover, they soon had to face the fire of the town batteries; and their impetuous advance towards the St. Charles valley was suddenly checked in an unexpected quarter.

When Murray arrived near St. John's Gate, the Highlanders came under a heavy fire from the edge of the cliff above the Côte d'Abraham. It appeared that, when the general rout took place in front, the Canadians near the St. Lawrence cliffs had scurried away from cover to cover as fast as they could run, because the pursuing army was between them and the valley of the St. Charles. But the great swarm of skirmishers below the Ste. Foy Road were in no such immediate danger, as they had only to retire, under cover, along the edge of the cliff, for about half a mile, slip down the Côte d'Abraham, run another half-mile across the valley, and reach the hornwork in safety. Some of them did this with impunity; but the rest chose the nobler course, and stood at bay in the bushes all round the top of the Côte. The Highlanders advanced to clear this cover; but met with such a hot fire that they had to retreat and wait for reinforcements, most of them having thrown their muskets down when they drew their claymores for the charge. The 58th and 2nd

Royal Americans now arrived; and the Canadians were rushed clear of the cliff altogether. At the bakehouse near the foot of the Côte, they tried to make another gallant stand; but they now had the Light Infantry against them as well as the other corps which had driven them off the crest, and those of them who continued to hold their ground were soon cut to pieces. Taken altogether, this was a very creditable diversion, bravely carried out, and affording a most welcome relief to the French Regulars, many of whom, otherwise, might have been destroyed or made prisoners before reaching the bridge. The Canadians lost over 200 men during this affair, which lasted nearly half-an-hour from first to last.

Vaudreuil, who still persisted in keeping 2,000 men idiotically idle at Beauport, had gone over to the town and taken a look out of the gates, when the issue of the day had already been decided. He then went back to the hornwork. He claims that it was he who "rallied" the Canadians for the stand they made at the Côte d'Abraham; but this "rallying" consisted of riding away from the foot of the cliff, and urging the Canadians, under Dumas, to hold the crest of it. When he saw the enemy actually in the valley, he lost his head completely, and allowed some men to set about breaking up the bridge, in spite of the fact that this would have cut off the retreat of more than half the French army. Fortunately, the gallant Johnstone rode up at this moment, unwounded himself, but with four bullet-holes through his uniform, one musket-ball in his saddle, and four others in his horse. He and Hugon, who commanded

the hornwork, then succeeded in putting a stop to this crowning act of shame.

The French troops, now somewhat re-organized, hurried over with the Canadians, and the pursuing British—who were greatly outnumbered in this part of the field, and who were also under artillery fire from the hulks and hornwork—wisely declined to run their heads against any new obstacle. They consequently re-formed, and withdrew as soon as possible.

Whilst this action was being fought out before Quebec, Bougainville was covering the fifteen miles between St. Augustin and Sillery with the utmost possible speed. When he found that the men-of-war which had been threatening him the previous evening had disappeared silently under cover of darkness, he naturally thought they had gone to St. Nicholas, as usual, and would soon come back with the main body. All the same, he set out for Cap Rouge, eight miles away, and marched so quickly that he met the Governor's orderly there at nine. Even from Vaudreuil's flippant little note he saw that a grave crisis had arisen; and, in two hours more, his advance guard had reached the scene of action, seven miles further down. He at once sent a detachment to take the Samos battery; but this attack was repulsed with loss. Townshend, who had prudently re-formed as soon as possible, then came up with two guns and a constantly increasing force of infantry. And so Bougainville, after losing thirty more men in a reconnaissance in force, very wisely retired, in excellent order, on Ancienne Lorette, nine miles North-west of Quebec.

He is in no way to blame for the part he played that day. He had positive instructions, which he followed out to perfection, both in letter and spirit, so far as human wit and endurance could go. It was simply his misfortune to have been made an object-lesson of the superiority which sea- and land-power combined must always have over mere land-power alone.

The whole of the battle, from first to last, occupied about seven hours; from when Vergor's post was rushed, before dawn, to when Bougainville withdrew, about mid-day. But the "psychological moment," when the two armies met face to face, along the line of the present de Salaberry Street, hardly occupied as many minutes. The casualties were fairly severe on the British side, though the proportion of slightly wounded was very high indeed. They were: 9 officers and 49 men killed, and 55 officers and 542 men wounded. As nearly all of these occurred in the firing line of 3,000 men, the proportionate loss there was about 20 per cent. The French loss was nearly twice as great, about 1,200 being either killed, wounded or taken prisoners. About a quarter of these were killed; as many more taken prisoners, and the remainder wounded. The French Regulars suffered most, losing altogether about a third of their total strength. And the losses in the Royal Rousillon and Regiment of Guienne were greater still.

It would be hard indeed to find in all history a more nearly perfect feat of arms than this Battle of the Plains. It is true enough that the numbers engaged on both sides together were very few—but

there were as many as stood for Greece at Marathon. It is also true that the strategic issue of the entire campaign, and of the battle itself, depended on the Navy. But that still leaves the tactical honours to the Army. And taking the action as a whole, with all its causes and effects, it stands out, in all its real splendour, as one of the most memorable episodes in the Great Imperial War. Its famous volleys were the death-knell of New France; and the tidings of its victory proclaimed a change of empire to all the world. The daring, yet profoundly calculated, plan was Wolfe's alone; but the perfect execution of it bore witness to the worth of every man in both the sister services. The well-judged innovation of a two-deep line, for such a battlefield, was amply vindicated by the result. And there is no finer example of British discipline, on land or sea, than the one given by that first of all "thin red lines," which stood face to face with death, in overawing silence, till victory had come well within its certain grasp.

And if we bear in mind that there are more men in a modern infantry division than were engaged on both sides together during the battle, and more in a single army corps than were present, afloat and ashore, during the whole of the siege; then we may well ask where else we can find so many really remarkable men among so small a personnel? Saunders ruled the Admiralty with tact and skill during many years. Lévis and Townshend both enjoyed the highest honours in their respective armies, and both died with the well-earned rank of Field-Marshal. Durell and Holmes were both

among the best of British admirals, even in those great days. And Jervis was at the head of the Navy during the crisis of the Napoleonic wars. Bougainville and Cook divided between them more than half the world-wide discoveries of that awakening age. Monckton made a good Governor of New York, and afterwards won a battle himself in the West Indies. Murray was the first and best of the military rulers of the new imperial possession. While Carleton is always memorable, not only for having saved Quebec and the whole colony for the Empire in 1775, but also for having been the first Governor-General of united Canada.

But no fame won in later days should ever dim that which the gallant leaders on both sides won there at the time; for all of them gave proof of that true self-sacrifice which is the very soul of discipline and honour. Let us remember how, on the victorious side, the young commander was killed in the forefront of the fight; how his successor was severely wounded at the head of his brigade; and how the command-in-chief passed from hand to hand, till each of the four British Generals had held it in turn during the space of one short half-hour: then, how the devotion of the four Generals on the other side was even more conspicuous, since every single one of those brave men laid down his life to save the day for France: and, above all, let us remember how lasting the twin renown of Wolfe and Montcalm themselves should be; when the one was so consummate in his victory, and the other so truly glorious in defeat.

CHAPTER IX

The Fall of Quebec

TOWNSHEND no sooner found himself clear of the enemy for the time being than he began to entrench as strongly as possible. On the one hand, he had to secure himself against an advance along the promontory from Sillery and Ste. Foy; whilst, on the other, he had to push forward his works against the walls, in order to force the capitulation of the Town. Saunders supplied him with as many seamen as he wanted; he had plenty of good artillery, which was being constantly augmented; and, within twenty-four hours, he had made himself reasonably safe against any immediate danger.

But his object was, of course, not so much to remain securely where he was, as to compel Ramesay to surrender. And he and Saunders now set to work to complete the victory in this way. They saw at once that Quebec must fall, if the French did not get reinforcements, or could not reorganize in some unexpected way. Montcalm saw the matter in the same light, and sent the following letter to Wolfe's as yet unknown successor :—

"SIR,

"Being obliged to surrender Quebec to your arms, I have the honour to recommend our sick and wounded to your Excellency's kindness, and to ask the execution of the *cartel d'échange* agreed upon by His Most Christian Majesty and His Britannic Majesty. I beg your Excellency to rest assured of the high esteem and respectful consideration with which I have the honour to be

"Your most humble

"and obedient servant,

"MONTCALM."

Meanwhile, Vaudreuil and Bigot were closeted in the hornwork with some of their friends, when Johnstone came in upon them. They quickly ordered him out; and, as he more than suspected them of preparing the capitulation of the whole Colony, then and there, he went off at once in search of some superior officers, to see if he could not stop this second act of shame. He soon found Dalquier and Poulariès, who induced Vaudreuil to call a council of war. Five other officers of high rank were brought in, and it was decided to retire to Jacques-Cartier. The dying Montcalm approved of this plan; but even he could hardly have imagined the way in which it was carried out.

Vaudreuil had blustered about taking his revenge the next day; but, all the same, he signed the minutes of the Council. He then wrote to Ramesay, authorizing the capitulation of Quebec forty-eight hours after the French army should have left Beauport. But neither he nor Bigot told Ramesay that

they were leaving behind them enough provisions to victual the town for several days more. And then, soon after dark, he suddenly deserted the camp, marching, or rather running, away with the right wing, without even notifying the centre and left of his intentions. The Royal Roussillon, down at Montmorency, waited all afternoon for orders; and when, tired of waiting, their Adjutant came in to see if there were any, he found that Vaudreuil had disappeared into the night! This panic of Vaudreuil's is one of the most disgraceful things recorded in military annals. There was no necessity for running away, as there was no pursuit. And even if the British had tried to stop him, he could have got away in good order, as he had the protection of the hornwork and the line of the St. Charles to secure his flank. However, he and his boon-companions took to their heels as if the Highlanders were after them with the claymore. The unfortunate regiments in the centre and on the left had to run in order to get into touch with the fugitives; and the whole retreat soon became a perfect rout.

The fate of the abandoned garrison was pitiable in the extreme. Ramesay assembled a council of War on the evening of the 15th, to ascertain the exact state of affairs. Vaudreuil's orders, permitting a capitulation on that very night, were read; and every member, except one, was in favour of surrendering. Lévis and Vaudreuil were evidently not within immediate striking distance, whilst Townshend's formidable works were close up to the walls. But the great danger was famine. There were barely enough provisions to last out for

two days, on less than half rations; and out of the whole population of 6,000 only 2,000 were combatants. Mayor Daine, a faithful servant of France for many years, headed a deputation of citizens, who implored Ramesay to surrender. They urged that Vaudreuil had apparently deserted them, that the surrender he had authorized was already due, that while the town must be starved out in the next four or five days it would almost certainly be carried by storm before, and that the British would then be justified by the laws of war in giving no quarter to the garrison. And it was also pointed out that the desperate situation of Quebec was quite as well known to Saunders and Townshend as it was to Ramesay himself.

Under the circumstances Ramesay would have been justified in capitulating at once; but he determined to make every possible effort to save the town. As the promised supplies had not been forwarded by Vaudreuil, he sent to see if anything remained at Beauport. To the intense disgust of the garrison they found that Vaudreuil and Bigot had left a large store of provisions there at the mercy of the first comer. Even the tents had been left standing. But everything eatable had been carried off by the half-starved inhabitants; and nothing but empty barrels remained.

On the same day, the 16th, Ramesay sent Johannès, the Town Major, to find out something definite from Vaudreuil himself. But when Johannès reached Lorette, nine miles out, he found that Vaudreuil was more than thirty miles further off still. As he had most positive orders from Ramesay to return

that night and report, he wrote to Vaudreuil, to say that, failing the receipt of definite orders by ten the next morning, the garrison would be forced to treat. He gave particulars regarding the famine, which had already begun ; and added that every effort would still be made to defer the actual surrender till the evening of the 17th. Meantime, Ramesay had received an indefinite promise of relief from Vaudreuil, who, however, was anything but prompt in carrying out his good intentions. It was only at 7 p.m. on the 16th, after Johannès had written from Lorette, that Vaudreuil wrote to Bougainville, who was at Pointe aux Trembles—twenty-two miles from Quebec—ordering him to furnish an escort for St. Rôme, who was to go to St. Augustin, collect transport there, and take sixty barrels of flour into Quebec. This operation could not be performed within twenty-four hours, with the disorganized system for which Vaudreuil himself was mainly responsible. As for the bare possibility of relief by 10 a.m. on the 17th, the very idea was absurd.

When ten o'clock came, Johannès was ready to go out under a flag of truce. Yet when he saw Vaudreuil's letter, and another from Bougainville, which suggested various likely localities where stores might be found, he at once decided to make one more attempt to stave off surrender, and give Vaudreuil and Lévis another chance to come up. But all in vain, for no provisions were to be found anywhere.

In the afternoon Saunders closed in on Quebec with twelve ships of the line, and Townshend's batteries made ready to open fire ; whilst a very large force of seamen was waiting to carry the Lower

Town by assault at the same time that the troops on the Heights and in the valley were to storm the walls.

In the Town itself everything was in utter confusion; except, indeed, a handful of the faithful French Regulars. The seamen were not to be relied upon; and the Militia Officers openly encouraged their men to lay down their arms. Desertions had been so frequent during the last four days that the garrison could no longer man the walls. Nearly a third of the combatants had melted away, some of the desertions being of a very aggravated kind; such as that of the Sergeant of the Guard who went over to the enemy with the key of the gate in his pocket. And the walls themselves were so badly provided with embrasures, that hardly any of the French guns could play on the British battery opposite St. Louis Gate.

Ramesay quickly consulted the few good officers near him; and then ran up the white flag, and sent Johannès out to make terms. Johannès took with him Vaudreuil's authorization of the 13th and the covering approval of Montcalm; and was specially instructed that the capitulation was only to hold good, if officially signed by both sides before help reached the garrison. Saunders and Townshend were ready to accept these terms, only objecting to the proviso that the garrison was to rejoin Vaudreuil. But Vaudreuil, foreseeing the objection, had authorized Ramesay to waive the claim if necessary. And though Johannès knew this, yet, to gain time, he insisted on going back to consult Ramesay. It was then 7 p.m., and the British would only give

four hours for deliberation. Of course Ramesay accepted the change at once; but Johannès only came out again just in time to stop the general assault ordered for eleven. He had the signed Act of Capitulation with him. Saunders and Townshend accepted it on the spot, and signed it themselves at eight o'clock next morning, the 18th of September.

During the night La Rochebeaucour found his way into the town with a hundred bags of wet biscuit, and promised further help. Ramesay, of course, had to tell him that the signed act was already in the enemy's hands, and that the only chance remaining was that the British should reject the conditions; which was most unlikely, as the one article of the capitulation to which they had objected had been changed to suit them. But he added that he would break off negotiations should this rejection occur, on the understanding that Vaudreuil should immediately send him 500 men and provisions. He also wrote to Vaudreuil to the same effect.

But the terms had been accepted, no real relief had reached the garrison, and the capitulation had been signed. Ramesay then wrote to inform Vaudreuil officially. And Vaudreuil, who had written of his own wild flight: "no other alternative being left to maintain ourselves in the Colony," now told Ramesay that such a precipitate surrender of Quebec had surprised the whole army! The fact was that Vaudreuil and Lévis were at Pointe aux Trembles, with their army, on the night of the 17th and 18th; that is, after the capitulation had been verbally accepted by the British. And the next evening they were no nearer than St.

Augustin, when they learned that the articles had been signed twelve hours before. They then again retired to Jacques-Cartier.

Early in the afternoon of this same day, the 18th, Townshend took formal possession of Quebec. Murray marched in at the head of the Grenadiers and occupied the Upper Town; while Captain Palliser occupied the Lower Town with a Naval Brigade. At four o'clock the Union Jack was hoisted in three conspicuous places. Colonel Williamson, as Commanding Royal Artillery, ran it up over the Citadel. A gun carriage with a flag-staff lashed to it was placed in the centre of the Grand Parade, under a strong guard. And Captain Palliser hoisted the third flag, at the top of Mountain Hill, where it could be seen from all over the harbour and surrounding country.

The French troops marched out with the honours of war, and, on the 22nd, were sent to France in British transports.

The strictest order was maintained in the conquered town. The terms of the capitulation were generous to the French and Canadians alike; and, from that day to this, the Imperial Government has always proved itself the most benign of victorious powers.

The following is a translation of the "Articles of Capitulation agreed on between Vice-Admiral Saunders, Brigadier-General Townshend, and Mr. de Ramesay, Commandant of Quebec":—

"Article I. M. de Ramesay demands the honours of war for his garrison, and that it

"Article I. The garrison of the town, composed of land forces, "marine troops," and

shall be conducted back to the army in safety by the shortest road, with arms, baggage, six pieces of brass cannon, two mortars or howitzers, and twelve rounds.

sailors shall march out with their arms and baggage, drums beating, lighted matches, with two pieces of cannon, and twelve rounds, and shall be embarked as conveniently as possible, in order to be landed at the first port in France.

"Article II. That the inhabitants shall be maintained in the possession of their houses, goods, effects, and privileges.

"Article II. Granted, provided they lay down their arms.

"Article III. That the said inhabitants shall not be molested on account of their having borne arms for the defence of the town, as they were forced to it, and as it is customary for the inhabitants of the colony to serve as militia.

"Article III. Granted.

"Article IV. The effects belonging to the absent officers, or inhabitants, shall not be touched.

"Article IV. Granted.

"Article V. That the said inhabitants shall not be removed, nor obliged to quit their houses, until their condition shall be settled by a definite treaty between their Most Christian and Britannic Majesties.

"Article V. Granted.

"Article VI. That the exercise of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion shall be preserved, and that safeguards shall be granted to the houses of the clergy and to the monasteries; particularly to the Bishop of Quebec, who, animated with zeal for religion, and charity for the people of

"Article VI. The free exercise of the Roman religion; safeguards granted to all religious persons, as well as to the Bishop, who shall be at liberty to come and exercise freely and with decency the functions of his office whenever he shall think proper, until the possession of Canada shall have

the diocese, desires to reside constantly in it, to exercise freely and with that decency which his character and the sacred mysteries of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion require, his episcopal authority in the town of Quebec, whenever he shall think it proper, until the possession of Canada shall have been decided by a treaty between their Most Christian and Britannic Majesties.

been decided between their Britannic and Most Christian Majesties.

"Article VII. That the artillery and warlike stores shall be delivered up, bona fide, and an inventory taken thereof.

"Article VII. Granted.

"Article VIII. That the sick, wounded, commissaries, Chaplains, physicians, surgeons, apothecaries and other persons employed in the hospitals, shall be treated agreeably to the cartel settled between their Most Christian and Britannic Majesties on February 6, 1759.

"Article VIII. Granted.

"Article IX. That before delivering up the gate and the entrance of the town to the English forces, their General will be pleased to send some soldiers to be placed as safeguards at the churches, convents, and chief habitations.

"Article IX. Granted.

"Article X. That the Commandant of the City of Quebec shall be permitted to send advice to the Marquis de Vaudreuil, Governor-General, of the reduction of the town; as also that this latter General shall be allowed to write to the

"Article X. Granted.

French Authorities to inform them thereof.

"Article XI. That the present treaty shall be executed according to its form and tenor, without being liable to non-execution, under pretence of reprisals, or the non-execution of any preceding capitulation.

"Article XI. Granted.

"The present treaty has been made and settled between us, and duplicates signed at the camp before Quebec, September 18, 1759.

"CHARLES SAUNDERS.
"GEORGE TOWNSHEND.
"DE RAMESAY."

On the 19th the whole British fleet formed into one unbroken line from Montmorency to Sillery, and a Naval Brigade of over 1,200 men encamped at the Côte d'Abraham. The occupation was now complete; and Vaudreuil and Lévis made no attempt to challenge it again that year.

Amid the terrible anxieties of these last few days, nothing made more impression on the minds of all than the loss of the two commanders.

When Montcalm was told that he had only a few hours to live, he at once prepared for death, by attending to the last details of his public duty. He dictated the note to Townshend; and gave orders that all his papers should be entrusted to Lévis, for whom he expressed the highest regard and affection. But he declined to attempt to guide the course of military action any longer. He could only point out to Vaudreuil that the three obvious alternatives were—to fight again, to surrender the Colony, or to

retreat to Jacques-Cartier. And he told Ramesay that he had no advice to give about the defence of the town.

And then his mind turned to the beloved family circle at Candiac. He sent a farewell message to each member of it: to his aged mother, to his wife, and to all his children. After that, his strength failed fast, though he remained conscious to the end. Often during that dreadful night he was overheard praying, and thanking God that he could die with the full consolation of the Catholic faith. At five o'clock in the morning he breathed his last.

The whole town was in such confusion that no one could be found to make a coffin; and so the illustrious general was laid in a rough makeshift of boards, hastily put together by an old servant of the Ursulines, "le Bonhomme Michel," who wept bitterly as he did the work. At nine o'clock the same evening, the 14th of September, the funeral procession, made up of all the garrison that could be spared, and many others, women and children included, set out for the Ursuline Chapel. Here it was met by Father Resche, who was assisted by two other priests.

This Chapel was indeed a fit resting-place for the remains of such a hero. It had escaped actual destruction; but it was shot-scarred enough to show the perils through which eight of its self-sacrificing Sisters had passed. All these brave nuns had stayed in their Convent throughout the siege, at the imminent risk of their lives, in order to safeguard the sacred vessels and works of art. One of the principal objects of their devoted care was the

famous Lamp of Repentigny, before the Statue of the Blessed Virgin in the Chapel of the Saints, first lighted in 1717, and religiously kept burning there, without cessation, ever since. This votive lamp had been given by Madeleine de Repentigny, once the reigning belle of Canada, who became an Ursuline herself after the death of a brave officer to whom she was engaged to be married. And her nephew, the gallant Chevalier de Repentigny, one of Montcalm's most distinguished followers, and the hero of the successful defence of Repentigny's Post at the fords of the Montmorency, had paid a sum sufficient to keep the sacred flame alight forever. And there it still burns, in a magnificently jewelled lamp sent out from France by Repentigny's descendants in 1903 ; and there, maybe, will continue to burn for many generations yet.

And within these narrow precincts, which enshrine so much of all that was most glorious in the Old Régime, Montcalm was buried, in a grave which had been half dug out already by the bursting of a British shell. And every one in that little congregation was a heartfelt mourner : the three priests who sang the Libera ; the eight nuns who joined in the service from behind their screen ; his own old comrades, to whom he was the hope of France in arms ; and even the children, who only knew that some great presence had been lost, and that it never would be found again. Once more the family tradition had been fulfilled : *La Guerre est le Tombeau des Montcalm.*

Every true man in Canada mourned his loss. Lévis and Bougainville, and Johnstone, and Foligné, and the good Bishop, Henri de Pontbriand; and

many another, down to the humblest habitant or soldier of the rank and file.

But all the corrupt officials, who preyed upon the Colony he had died to save, turned upon him to a man. For the whole brood of parasites knew that the Home Authorities, even in that lax age, would mete out stern retribution for past misdeeds. And so it was thought advisable to make quick work of discounting his evidence in advance by defaming his character as much as possible. Bigot, who advised Vergor to "cut the throats of these Canadians and come and built a Château in France next to mine," exhausted his ingenuity in framing depreciatory reports to the Government. Vaudreuil of course chimed in. As soon as he was safe in Montreal, he wrote to the Minister of Marine: "From the moment of M. de Montcalm's arrival in this Colony down to that of his death he did not cease to sacrifice everything to his boundless ambition. He sowed dissension among the troops, tolerated the most indecent talk against the Government, attached to himself the most disreputable persons, used means to corrupt the most virtuous; and, when he could not succeed, became their cruel enemy." In fact, most of this infamous letter of the 30th of October is filled with recriminations against Montcalm:—"He wished to become Governor-General, and told his friends he would succeed in his aims." Then comes a master-stroke of hypocrisy: "I am driven to despair, by finding myself obliged to paint such a portrait of the Marquis of Montcalm after his death; although it represents the exact truth." And this passage is almost splendid in its mendacity: "Knowing M. de Montcalm thoroughly,

I felt sure that, if I did not humour him in everything, he would upset all my plans, and so be the ruin of the Colony." And the moral of it all is pointed with a delightful bit of unselfconscious humour: "If I had been sole Master, Quebec would still belong to the King; for nothing is so bad for the Colony as division of command, and the intermingling of French and Canadian Regulars."

It is a most untoward fact that many French-Canadians have taken sides against Montcalm in recent years; though, of course, they are animated by far different motives from those which inspired the venomous words of Bigot and Vaudreuil. There seem to be three principal reasons for their regrettable mistake. In the first place, Montcalm is rather caustic in his criticism of "Canada" and "Canadians." But now that these criticisms can be read in the light of their full context, it is easy to see that most of his animadversions only applied to the corrupt Government of his own day, in all its vile ramifications: for the rest, he was, if anything, rather too lenient in his remarks on Colonial self-sufficiency in the higher branches of the art of war. In the next place, Vaudreuil was a native Canadian; and his double-faced dispatches are, unfortunately, only too well calculated to mislead any one who would be naturally inclined to take the native Canadian view of the case, in the absence of proof positive to the contrary. But Vaudreuil is now damned, beyond all redemption, out of his own mouth; and French-Canadians will, of course, be the first to spurn so false a friend. And, lastly, there is Montcalm's action at the Battle of the Plains: which they

look upon as the real crux of the whole question. They forget his four victories, won not only against his open enemies in the field, but also against many a secret enemy at Canadian headquarters. For, in spite of their being content to develop in their own way under the security of the Pax Britannica, they cannot forgive him for having been defeated by a British army. But, here again, once they see that the fault was not really his own, all generous French-Canadians will join the rest of the world in doing him the honour that is his due. Nearly all the original eviuence is now known; and it is so conclusive that his good name is safe for all time to come :— "Whatever record leap to light, he never shall be shamed."

Indeed, his true fame has been in some danger from spurious records, which must have been originally concocted by misguided admirers to do him futile honour. There is no sound evidence whatever to prove the genuineness of the celebrated letter to Molé; in which this Montcalm of the end of the century is made to excel in the art of retrospective prophecy about the American Revolution and other events which were in the unknown future when he died. And the much-quoted letter to Townshend, asking the British General not to let the Canadians perceive that they had changed masters, is certainly a sentimental fabrication. It is impossible that Montcalm wrote two letters to Townshend on his death-bed; and the one which begins with "being obliged to surrender Quebec to your arms" is authentic beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The officers and men who had served under him

received a most cordial permission from the great Pitt, when they asked leave to erect a suitable monument in Quebec. Unfortunately, various causes prevented this from being carried out by his comrades in arms, according to their original intention. But a monumental tablet, with the inscription prepared by the Academy at Bougainville's request, was unveiled in the Ursuline Chapel, on the hundredth anniversary of his death, September 14, 1859; a memorial service being held there at the same time, with all the ardent pomp of the church he loved so well. Many distinguished French-Canadians took part in this solemn rite; being proud to bring him their tribute of respect, though they were still without the means of appreciating his true character at its proper worth.

The English-speaking peoples have always delighted to do honour to their noble enemy. Of course, the natural human tendency to exalt a fallen foe has its share of influence with them, just as other natural tendencies have had theirs in influencing French-Canadians in a different way. But the unanimous praise of all one's former enemies and their descendants must surely be genuine; and must count for much in history. And it could hardly be epitomised more happily than in the grandly simple epitaph composed by Lord Aylmer for the grave in the Ursuline Chapel.

HONNEUR A MONTCALM
LE DESTIN
EN LUI DEROBANT LA VICTOIRE
L'A RECOMPENSE
PAR UNE MORT GLORIEUSE

In France Montcalm came into his own long ago. His family was pensioned ; and when Bigot had the audacity to call him an informer, during the trial of the Canadian officials, the court specially suppressed this accusation as a lie. But perhaps the most signal honour ever paid to his good name was the extraordinary exception made in favour of his descendants during the frenzy of the Revolution. For, when every pension in France was abolished at one fell stroke, the National Assembly voted the continuance of the ones paid to the Montcalm family. And so the Red Republic itself actually paid one of the hated pensions ; and one which had been granted by a King to the heirs of a Marquis !

And that his memory is still in the forefront of honour with the Third Republic is proved by the fact that when the President of France paid his state visit to the Czar in 1902, his chosen flagship bore the immortal name " Montcalm." Nor was even this an isolated honour. For, in the same year, the same ship again flew the Admiral's flag in foreign waters ; this time as the Naval Representative of the French Republic at the Royal Coronation Review in England.

Wolfe's posthumous honours came far more quickly and without any of the same gainsaying : though the Government behaved most disgracefully, when it was called upon to spend any money in recognition of his distinguished services. His own army never quite understood him during his life ; but nearly every man in it felt his greatness, honoured him for his zeal, and loved him as a brother-soldier. After the battle every one could see that his strangely

contradictory orders had been given purposely, in order to deceive the enemy ; and all ranks mourned him both as a leader and a friend. His professional probity was beyond the reach of cavil. For, in those days of extreme personal patronage, it took a rare moral courage to refuse, as he did, to recommend a young relative for a commission. He could not be moved from what he considered his duty to the service, though his own mother intervened in the case. He honestly thought that the young man was unfit to be an officer ; and that was enough.

No General could have been kinder to all the men and officers under his command. Everything about the men's welfare was his daily care ; their food, their comforts, their amusements, their ailments, and their work. And it was the same with the officers. When going round the fleet on the 10th of September, he found two of the 43rd ill and suffering. He immediately offered them his own barge and escort to take them to the Island. But they as promptly declined ; saying that they hoped to see the business in hand through to the end. And again, when a Captain in the storming party was severely wounded, the first man he saw beside him, on recovering his senses, was Wolfe, who snatched a moment from his own anxieties to comfort his brother-officer with the assurance of early promotion.

Even Townshend joined the chorus of praise, in his cool-hearted way ; though with genuine soldier-like regard. His references to Wolfe may seem unsympathetic ; but they mean a good deal, coming from a man of such reserve that he devoted a bare ten words of regret to the death of his own

favourite brother. In his Orders the day after the Battle he says: "The remaining General Officers wish that the person who lately commanded them had survived so glorious a day, and had this day been able to give the troops these just encomiums." And, in a subsequent order, he tells the armp that "he is determined to preserve the same good discipline kept up by their late General, and, like him, to grant every proper indulgence, which the good of the service and good discipline dictates."

Monckton, whose wound prevented him from taking the active command, issued an order to all the officers to wear mourning for a month. But a more enduring honour was paid to Wolfe's memory by the marks of perpetual mourning which are still a part of the uniform of two regiments in the Army at the present day. The East Yorkshire Regiment still wears the line of black mourning braid adopted by its officers in 1759, when it was known as "Amherst's" or the 15th Foot. And when Colonel Hale, of the 47th, or "Lascelles'," took home the dispatches announcing the victory, the King was pleased to commission him, on the 7th of November, to raise a new regiment of Cavalry. This became the famous 17th Lancers, who not only have the black memorial edging to their lace; but also a much apter hero-hearted souvenir of Wolfe, in their well-known badge and motto—the Death's Head, "Or Glory."

Wolfe's body was taken over to Point Levis on the afternoon of the 13th, embalmed there, and then first placed on board the *Stirling Castle*, and afterwards transferred to the *Royal William*, in which ship it was carried over to Portsmouth.

Sergeant Donald MacLeod, of the Black Watch, was placed in charge of the coffin. He was a worthy custodian, for he had served all life long himself, and had no less than twelve sons in the Army and Navy. On the 18th of November, the funeral ship arrived in Portsmouth Harbour, being received there with every possible mark of public honour. Fourteen twelve-oared naval barges escorted the body ashore, where it was met by the entire garrison under arms. Every church bell was muffled and tolled; minute guns were fired; flags were half-masted, and the whole population of the neighbourhood stood in silent respect, as the procession went slowly through on its way to London. On the night of the twentieth the burial took place in the family vault at Greenwich.

All England and America were ringing with his fame. The long, dread apprehensions of the whole year, and the sudden terrible disaster of Kunersdorf, were both forgotten at the news of this unexpected glory in the West. And when it became known that, at the very time when Wolfe was being buried, Hawke was winning the much-needed naval counterpart to the Battle of the Plains, it was no wonder that England went wild with exultation. For her two deciding victories at Quebec and Quiberon announced to the whole expectant world that the fortune of war had at last turned in her favour, and that its full flood-tide would sweep away a Greater France for ever. Both Houses of Parliament adopted special resolutions, and the Commons unanimously passed the vote for a monument in Westminster Abbey. Boston and, some time after,

New York, also voted public memorials. London named Quebec Street and the Quebec Chapel after its hero's victory, and a *Quebeck* man-of-war appeared in the Navy List.

While the official world was interpreting the wishes of the people in this way, the men of letters, with a true discernment, were busy praising the admirable style of Wolfe's dispatches. These were said, by one critic, to be written "with such elegance and accuracy as would not have disgraced the pen of a Cæsar." And though Wolfe excelled in a style very unlike Cæsar's, the *Gentleman's Magazine* was certainly right in asserting that "the letter from Major-General Wolfe to Mr. Secretary Pitt is perhaps the best-written performance of the kind which has appeared this war." The public were, as usual, quite astonished to find that their new hero wrote so well; for they never seem able to realize that while the greatest men of action are certainly far from being bookworms, they just as certainly are very near akin to all original authors who have something of their own to say. Indeed, Thackeray's eulogy of a special instance might be justly applied to the whole class of writings in which great commanders have made their words and deeds the fitting complements of each other: "Let those civilians who sneer at the acquirements of the Army read Sir Harry Smith's account of the Battle of Aliwal. A noble deed was never told in nobler language."

There was only one unpleasant incident to mar the general harmony; but this one was inexcusable. For, in the midst of all the nation's joy and sorrow, the Government "could not find" the small

amount necessary to carry out the very modest provisions of Wolfe's will! It appears that he had been misinformed of the true state of his affairs, and that he had willed away a couple of thousand pounds more than his estate could realize. Yet, in spite of his father's unpaid claims against the Government for a much greater sum, in spite of his whole family having sacrificed lives and fortune in the public service, and in spite of his having himself given England half a continent, the contemptible Treasury of the day actually refused to give one single penny towards carrying out the hero's last wishes! Precedent—the red-tape English god—stood in the way; as it always does when the richest country in the world is asked to give a due reward in money to any real pre-eminence in either arts or arms. The only public money ever spent in honour of Wolfe in England was that voted for the hideous monument in the Abbey. And even this was only grudgingly given years afterwards, and after much insistent pressure had been brought to bear on the Government. It was, of course, a befitting glory to give him a place among some of the greatest of the English dead; but it was a shame unspeakable to leave his niche there so long untenanted, and then fill it so unworthily.

Nearly ninety years after the Battle the British troops then stationed in Canada set up a simple stone column to replace an older one which had been wantonly destroyed, the ruined pediment alone remaining to mark the spot on which he was lying at the moment of his death. This was no mean tribute of its kind; but a far finer one than the

monument itself is that which is for ever being paid to his memory by the soaring strength of these four words inscribed on the base :—

HERE DIED WOLFE VICTORIOUS

And so each hero has had his own fame recorded in the stronghold of Canada, for whose possession each fought so well. But as Wolfe and Montcalm each lived only for the honour in arms of King and country, and as both gave up their lives in the same spirit of self-sacrifice, and on the same field of battle, it was doubly fitting to celebrate their common glory in a single great memorial. And this magnanimous idea has found its due expression in the tall shaft of stone which stands at the foot of the Governor's Garden in Quebec. On one side of it is the simple word, MONTCALM; on the other, WOLFE, and on the pedestal between, this nobly terse inscription :—

MORTEM VIRTUS COMMUNEM
FAMAM HISTORIA
MONUMENTUM POSTERITAS
DEDIT

CHAPTER X

The Fall of New France

WITH the decisive Battle of the Plains and the death of the two great leaders the crisis of the war was over. The two senior British Generals went away, leaving the command to Murray. Monckton was ordered south for his health. Townshend sailed for home in October. And the whole fleet, except a few small vessels, left the river; some for England, others for the Atlantic coast.

Before arriving home, Saunders and Townshend both took a step which was a very fine example of disciplined initiative; while, incidentally, it was a complete answer to those who accused Townshend of returning too hastily to "parade his laurels." As Saunders was entering the Channel, he spoke H.M.S. *Juno*, and learned from her that Hawke's blockading squadron was undermanned. Whereupon, he and Townshend, though just returning from an arduous campaign and sure of a triumphant reception at home, immediately decided to go to Hawke's assistance. They wrote to Pitt, explaining their action, and turned south at once. On their way, however, they fell in with another British ship, which told them the news of the crowning victory of Quiberon Bay. They then turned homeward

again, and were met with a national welcome which they had now earned twice over. Townshend's injudicious party and family friends made themselves ridiculous by claiming a Cæsar-like triumph for their hero, whom they have thus unduly depreciated ever since; but his own behaviour was both correct and soldier-like. Saunders received many honours, Royal, popular and Parliamentary; and was sent out the next spring in his old Quebec flagship, the *Neptune*, as Commander-in-Chief on the Mediterranean station.

Murray became Governor and Commander of the Forces in Canada, with Colonel Burton as his Lieutenant. Friendly relations were soon established with the inhabitants, and many acts of kindness were done on both sides. The good nuns paid equal attention to the sick and wounded of friend and foe alike, and some of them knitted long stockings to cover the bare legs of the Highlanders during the winter's cold. The British authorities, on their side, did everything possible to conciliate the people. The army cheerfully gave up a whole day's ration, every week, for the benefit of the poor. The officers always paid religious processions "the compliment of the hat." And although Monckton was obliged to borrow £3,000 from the Naval Officers, and there was no pay at all for the army after the 24th of August, yet Townshend managed to lend Bougainville enough money to provide comforts for the French sick and wounded, while Bougainville returned the compliment by sending Townshend a hamper of provisions for his voyage home.

Of course, there was another side to the picture.

The town was in ruins, and every one suffered severely in consequence. Scurvy carried off 682 men in the British garrison alone; salt pork and salt beef being the only meat obtainable. Discipline became lax, drunkenness common, semi-starvation universal. And any one venturing beyond the outposts was very likely to get scalped. The strength of the garrison became alarmingly reduced. On the 1st of January there were only 4,359 men fit for duty. And, to add to all the other difficulties, the Secretary of State for War—the petty Barrington—shamefully neglected, for the second time, to send out any money for the military chest. The troops had not been paid since the 24th of October, and even the necessary expenses of Government could not be met. The army bore its terrible privations remarkably well, all things considered. The Navy had done everything in its power for the good of the sister service, by leaving behind all the stores it could possibly do without on the voyage home, and by raising a private loan among its own officers for the military needs of Quebec. But the contemptible politicians spoilt everything by their usual combination of dishonest means with dilettante methods.

All through the winter de Lévis had been planning to retake Quebec. On the 17th of April he had 7,260 men ready to start; and he expected to be joined by enough of the inhabitants to bring his total up to several thousand more. Murray, on the other hand, could, by that time, only muster 3,886 effectives. The French advance from Montreal was a very fine performance of its kind. The gallant leading of the officers and the cheerful endurance of the men were

equally splendid. The food was poor and scanty; the Militia had to lash knives on to their muskets for bayonets; but every one was eager and confident. All the remaining French vessels accompanied Lévis down the river with stores for his army. And, after a terribly distressing march along the almost impassable spring roads, he arrived within striking distance of Quebec, with a force of 11,000 men, fully a third of whom were regulars.

Meanwhile, the garrison had been preparing for a strong defence. The rumours of Lévis' intended attack had been circulating among the Canadians for some time past; when, in March, a rather clever ruse was played on them by Murray. He sent five rangers secretly across the St. Lawrence, and then brought them back from the outposts on the South Shore, as if they had just come from Amherst; the inhabitants being a good deal impressed by this appearance of concerted action between the different British forces. Mackellar was sent to fortify Cap Rouge, in order that Lévis might be compelled to advance on Quebec by land. On the 21st of April the schooner *Lawrence* was sent to meet Colville's squadron from Halifax and urge him to relieve Quebec at once. The same day Murray ordered all the inhabitants to leave the town. The nuns were excepted; and all private property was carefully stored in the convent of the Récollets, where two delegates, chosen by their fellow-citizens, were left to watch it, while a strong British guard was mounted for its defence.

On the 23rd the ice went down, and navigation opened. Murray had wished to oppose a French

landing at Cap Rouge or Pointe aux Trembles, at which latter place Lévis' vessels began to arrive on the 25th. But the weather was so bad—a late spring after a very severe winter—that he did not dare to expose his sickly little garrison to any hardships which could possibly be avoided. He even had to give up entrenching a camp on the Plains, for the ground was frozen hard, and the pickets could not be sunk, except by more labour than the men could safely perform. It was raining hard at three o'clock on Sunday morning, the 27th, when he heard that the French had marched across from Pointe aux Trembles to Lorette. He at once went out to Ste. Foy with the Grenadiers, the 15th, and two guns. The French showed an evident disposition to take post on the Plains ; but declined to come to close quarters with him. After waiting some time for an attack, and having heard that two French vessels had appeared at the Traverse, just below the Island of Orleans, he retired, under cover of three battalions commanded by Colonel Walsh, and the 35th, which was at Sillery.

Murray was now confronted by such a choice of difficulties that it is impossible to blame him for risking a battle in the open. He was naturally averse from the apparently equal risk of staying within his feeble works, and allowing himself to be actively besieged by an enemy three or four times stronger and elated by having made a difficult advance without experiencing the slightest check. Besides, the comparative inertia of being besieged without striking a blow was just what might wreck the moral and physical force of a small scurvy-

stricken garrison of British troops who were accustomed to victory in the open field. And so he decided to give battle at once.

At half-past six the next morning—Monday, the 28th of April, 1760—he marched out of Quebec with 3,000 men and 22 light guns; that being the entire force available, after the defence of the Town and blockhouses had been provided for. The whole of the artillery fit for duty that day only amounted to 129 officers and men—barely enough to serve the little pieces on the field. Burton led the right wing out of St. John's Gate; his four battalions being the 15th, 48th, 58th and 2nd/60th. The left marched out of St. Louis Gate under Fraser, and comprised the 28th, 43rd, 47th and 78th. The 35th and 3rd/60th were in reserve, under Colonel Young. The French regulars alone numbered more than the whole of Murray's men who were present at the battle, and the Canadians actually on the field were twice as strong by themselves. The odds were, therefore, quite three to one in favour of Lévis; though Murray had the advantage in artillery, as the French were unable to bring much of theirs into action in time, owing to the bad state of the roads.

Lévis was deploying, forward of a line between Ste. Foy and Sillery, when Murray appeared. The ground was so bad that the British guns could not push on to interfere with the French as they formed up; and so there was no artillery preparation of the attack. As Lévis seemed to be strengthening both his numbers and position every minute, Murray advanced at once in a long two-deep line, which he had

deployed near the present Maple Avenue. The two armies met near the Belvedere Road; and the action was desperately fought out for an hour and three-quarters. Dalling's Light Infantry, on the British right, at first drove out the French Grenadiers. But these came back with such heavy reinforcements that the light infantrymen were soon enveloped and driven in, pell-mell, along the front of Burton's brigade, whose fire they thus masked at a critical moment. They then attempted to reform and regain their flank position; but were caught, in the midst of their movement, by another tremendous charge, and driven off the field in utter confusion. The 35th then took their place, and held it successfully for the rest of the action.

While this reverse had been happening on Murray's right, his left had been driven out of the two earthworks it had seized at the beginning of the action. He immediately ordered up his last reserve, the 43rd and 3rd/60th, less than 500 of all ranks in both battalions put together. But it was too late. The whole of the left was overwhelmed and gave way. The right fell back more slowly, and kept up a good fire on the advancing French. The British guns were all abandoned, and the whole army retreated within the walls. The battle had been a bloody one. Murray had lost 1,124 men—more than a third of his army; whilst Lévis lost about half as many again. But the great preponderance of the French numbers made their real loss much smaller by comparison. Both armies were so much exhausted, that the British hardly had strength enough to gain the protection of their works, whilst

the French could make no effective attempt to pursue them.

Lévis then closed in on Quebec. He started a first parallel at 600 yards from the walls, and mounted siege guns on every coign of vantage. His ships came in to the Foulon, and discharged provisions and warlike stores of all kinds, which were then hauled up the path that had been cleared by Wolfe in September. Bourlamaque, though severely wounded, directed the progress of the works from his tent; while Lévis himself set about securing the services of every man in the neighbourhood. He allowed the inhabitants who had taken the British oath of allegiance to choose whether they would bear arms again or not. But he exacted personal service of some kind from every one; and he succeeded in forming very large working-parties of non-combatants.

Murray was thus in a very difficult position. He had only 2,762 men fit for duty, all told; whilst Lévis still had three times as many, not counting Indians, ships' companies, and non-combatants. Some of Murray's men, too, began to be disorderly; and he was obliged to hang a couple of them for marauding, punish others for drunkenness, and spill nearly all the spirits in the town in order to enforce sobriety. It began to look like a reversal of the situation of last September. The town was, of course, untenable against a regular siege. Lévis and Murray both knew this perfectly well. And when the one marched in along the heights in order to force on an action in the open, and the other was obliged to accept the challenge, they both thereby

vindicated the sound judgment shown by their greater predecessors the year before.

It was now once more plain to every one that the immediate fate of Canada hung upon the command of the sea. If the French could only get in a fleet and convoy unexpectedly, they might still retake Quebec, and save the colony for another year. And, as no one knew whether peace might be soon proclaimed in Europe or not, it was hoped and feared, on either side, that the actual possession of the key of Canada might even be the means of re-establishing New France. At last, at ten o'clock in the morning of the 9th of May, the tops of a man-of-war were seen above Point Levis. She rounded into the harbour, and came slowly on; her crew at quarters, and her decks cleared for action. There was intense excitement on both sides, everyone anxiously watching to see with what colours she would answer the Citadel. And when she ran up the Union Jack, the little beleaguered army cheered her to the echo.

However, the siege still went on, Lévis being determined to press it home to the uttermost, and having nothing to fear from a single ship. At nine o'clock on the night of the 15th three men-of-war came in together. The officer commanding a detachment of the besieging army down at Beauport immediately sent off a dispatch to Lévis, informing him that the French ships had just arrived. But the messenger was stopped by Murray's outposts. Lévis himself was meanwhile advancing on Quebec in force. He broke through the line of sentries, and was pressing on to the attack, when a prisoner who had just been taken informed him that these

vessels were the vanguard of the British fleet! On hearing this he immediately recalled his troops. For now the French had no choice of action; and to await the arrival of Colville's whole squadron was simply to court destruction. They hurriedly prepared to raise the siege; and, at ten o'clock the next night, the 16th of May, 1760, they broke up camp, abandoned their guns and equipment, and retreated in all haste, both by land and water.

The next morning Murray made a vigorous sortie in full force; but his advanced party found the trenches empty. He then pushed forward in all haste to harass Lévis' retreat; but found that the French rear-guard had already crossed the Cap Rouge River. Commodore Swanton, however, was more successful by water than Murray was by land. As soon as it was light he advanced up the River against the French vessels, which cut their cables at his approach. *La Pomone* ran ashore; but *L'Atalante* got up to Cap Rouge, where she endeavoured to protect the French transports from the British frigates. Vauquelin, her commander, fought a most gallant rear-guard action all the way up to Pointe aux Trembles, where he ran ashore and kept on fighting until he had fired away his last round. He then landed with his crew and left his colours flying.

By the end of the month, Lévis was back again in Montreal, after having conducted a most arduous six weeks' campaign with considerable skill and gallantry: but after having won only a barren battle, with long odds in his favour; after failing to take Quebec or change the situation for the better in any way at all; after losing his guns, ships

and stores; and after being deserted by the great bulk of the Canadian Militia.

The French position in Canada had now become quite untenable. The British sea-power was within striking distance of the last vital spot left in the French defences. Colville's squadron held absolute command of the whole St. Lawrence, from the Gulf to the head of ocean navigation at Montreal. And in July the last French vessels were finally run to earth and destroyed, as naval forces acting on the evasive-defensive always are. A chief of the Richibuctoos told Governor Lawrence that certain French men-of-war were to be found at the mouth of the Miramichi. Lawrence thereupon sent word to Commodore Byron, an excellent seaman and leader, commonly known in the service as "Foul-weather Jack"; and interesting to the world of letters as grandfather of the poet, who may have inherited his passion for the sea from this naval ancestor. Byron sailed at once in the *Fame*, with four other frigates, and, after destroying a privateer by the way, started up the Restigouche after the enemy's flotilla. The work was terribly hard, as the French had run their twenty-five vessels as far up the shallows as lightening and warping could take them; and the British had to follow, with heavier draught, in the same way. Finally, Byron got within range and, after an hour's cannonade, compelled the enemy to strike. The *Machault*, of thirty guns, was blown up by the French, who also set fire to their other ships, most of which had valuable cargoes aboard. This well-executed stroke destroyed the last vestige of a French line of communication across the Atlantic.

The last scene of the last act of this moving drama was now at hand. Step by step, the French forces retreated before the British, who were advancing on the doomed Colony from East and West and South. And, day by day, these retreating forces grew less and less, as the Canadians deserted to their homes; until, at last, Lévis found himself left with a handful of French regulars, completely isolated from the outside world, and shut up in very close quarters with Bigot and Vaudreuil and the rest of that shameless band of wreckers who were mainly responsible for having brought New France to such desperate straits.

In August the triple British advance was rapidly converging on Montreal. Murray came up steadily from Quebec, receiving the submission of most of the inhabitants by the way and protecting them from all danger; but burning Sorel to the ground, as its people were in arms in the neighbourhood, and so not entitled to any protection for their property. This village at the mouth of the Richelieu occupied the strategic point of union between his own forces and those advancing to join him by way of Lake Champlain. At Contrecœur, eighteen miles below the end of the Island of Montreal, he halted on the 24th, to await the arrival of Haviland from Lake Champlain, and to get in touch with Amherst, who was coming down the St. Lawrence from Lake Ontario. He had over 3,000 men with him now, two more battalions of regulars under Lord Rollo having joined from Halifax. And he had no trouble with either commissariat or transport, as victualling ships kept abreast of him at every step, thus giving him all the

advantages of a movable base. Some of the lighter ships of Colville's squadron also accompanied him; and so he had the security of absolute sea-power as well.

Haviland had left Crown Point on the 16th with 3,500 men; comprising the 17th and 27th Foot, and a contingent of Militia from Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New Hampshire. Ruggles, Thomas, and the well-known Major Rogers, were the principal leaders of the Americans. On the 21st the expedition invested the Fort at Isle aux Noix, which Bougainville was holding with about 1,000 men; backed by some 600 more at St. John's. But the defences were poor, the attack well pressed forward; and, on the 27th, having held out as long as he could, he saved his garrison by taking it off secretly through the woods, leaving only fifty invalids behind to surrender formally at the first summons. The next day the Fort was taken over, and the advance recommenced. Fort Chambly fell on the 1st of September, and then Haviland marched on to the South Shore of the St. Lawrence, opposite Montreal, where he came into touch with Murray, who, finding out how quickly the combined advance was proceeding, had landed in force at Varennes.

Meanwhile, Amherst had embarked the main body of over 10,000 men at Fort Ontario on the 9th of August. On the 11th he took the *Outaouaise*, a 14-gun vessel which resisted bravely for three hours off Pointe au Baril. He then sent Engineers to reconnoitre the French works at the head of the nearest rapids, and went forward himself to Ogdensburg, where he encamped. Pouchot, who had been taken

prisoner with his garrison at Fort Niagara the year before, and exchanged in November, was now in command of the island fort, which Lévis hoped would check Amherst at the rapids. But on the 18th the British flotilla of boats advanced in force and divided into two bodies, taking the North and South Channels respectively, to run the gauntlet of the French artillery. As they swept past at full speed some of them passed so close to the fort that the officers aboard recognized Pouchot, who had been a great favourite while he was a prisoner, and called out, wishing him good luck. He stood up on the rampart, with his hat in his hand, returning their good wishes; and many compliments flew back and forth between the two sides; though the French fire never slackened for a moment, and a British galley was sunk, and ten men were killed or wounded.

Amherst now decided to clear his line of advance by taking the fort; and bombarded it vigorously on the 22nd from three vessels, one being the *Outaouaise*, which the men had renamed in honour of Colonel Williamson. The next two days there was a combined artillery attack both by land and water. Pouchot resisted valiantly, and one of the British vessels, which had run aground, had to be abandoned. On the 25th, however, he was forced to surrender with his little garrison of 384 men. The Indians with Amherst were very much wrought up by the sight of the many scalps of their friends which they saw at Isle Galops and again at Pouchot's fort; and it took all Sir William Johnson's diplomacy to induce them to give up the pleasures of a bloody revenge. Amherst renamed the island Fort William Augustus;

and wrote from there to New York, advising the Governor to send the settlers of the Mohawk Valley back to their homes, where they would find "a quiet and peaceable abode."

The most dangerous part of the whole advance had now to be undertaken, for the 822 whaleboats and bateaux had to run the long succession of rapids which broke the St. Lawrence at intervals the whole way down to Montreal. The first rapids were passed in safety, and Amherst noted in his diary that they were "more frightful than dangerous." But the dangers increased at the Long Sault, where four Highlanders were drowned and a good many boats stove in. The next day, the 2nd, was a quiet one; the boats being rowed across Lake St. Francis; where Johnson had the satisfaction of reporting that all the Indians he had met in council at St. Regis had decided to leave the French for the British side. Another piece of good news was that de la Corne had retreated to the Cedars, and was not likely to make a stand anywhere. But on the 4th came the only drawback to complete success, when one galley, seventeen whaleboats and forty-six bateaux were smashed to pieces,and eighty-four men were drowned, while running through the Cedars and Cascade.

That night the expedition landed at Isle Perrot, where the Ottawa falls into the St. Lawrence. The few settlers ran into the woods; but returned timidly the day after to reconnoitre, when they found, to their delight and unbounded surprise, that the British troops were not such a horde of barbarians after all, and that a conditional oath of allegiance would ensure the absolute safety of all

peaceable Canadians. The next day was spent in repairing damages; and on the 6th, a perfect September morning, the whole force crossed Lake St. Louis and landed at Lachine. When Amherst's men were seen on the Island of Montreal itself, all the Canadian Militia still under arms deserted in a body. Nearly all the Colonial Regulars went with them; and even some of the French troops followed their example, especially such as had married Canadian wives.

Murray and Haviland now joined Amherst; and Lévis found himself left with only 2,400 men to face the united British army of more than 17,000.

That evening Vaudreuil presided over a Council of War, and Bigot proposed an immediate surrender. Bougainville went out to treat for terms the next morning, and Amherst gave him a copy of the conditions which could be granted. These conditions were such as any conqueror could fairly impose upon a conquered people. No special privileges were granted, or even asked for, as regards the use of the French language; nor was this privilege granted even by the Treaty of Paris. But everything possible was done to favour the full and free exercise of the Roman Catholic religion. All property belonging to individuals or recognized corporations was fully guaranteed; and every consideration was shown to the conquered in arranging their affairs. Vaudreuil's request that the French-Canadians should be specially exempted from bearing arms against the King of France or his allies was, of course, refused; as the sovereignty of Canada was passing to the Crown of England. The demand for

the repatriation of the Acadians was also refused, as it was thought dangerous to resettle a combatant peasantry, so often exploited by agitators, in the midst of a population which was just entering upon a most trying period of transition.

The only thing that marred the harmony of the negotiations was Lévis' loud protest against the disarming of the French troops and their neutralization for the rest of the war. He naturally felt humiliated at having succeeded to the command of a beaten army that had withered away to a mere handful of men. And the gallant Regulars certainly found it very hard to give up the honours of war, because Amherst had to punish the Canadian Government for its connivance at Indian outrages and other misdeeds. They had fought long and well, and there was every reason why their leader should try to get the best terms possible in their favour. But, once they were brought to bay by an overwhelming force which they had absolutely no means whatever of resisting, they had no choice except to surrender at discretion. And though it was a sad ending to the gallantry which half redeemed the crying evils of New France, yet Lévis' conduct only made matters worse all round. His reputation, in fact, is on the horns of a dilemma. For if all his many words about fighting to the last were sincere, he was simply courting suicide for himself and butchery for his men, without any hope of serving his King or saving the Country—the real honour of the French Army not being threatened at all, as every one familiar with the customs of war knows perfectly well. And if, on the other hand, he

was not sincere, he cannot be acquitted of the charge of self-advertisement ; for he knew that a passionately worded protest would be sure to gain him a good deal of credit among all those who either could not, or would not, understand the true issues at stake. On the whole, it seems that he is to blame rather for blustering words than for any serious intention of carrying them into criminal effect. Vaudreuil ordered him to accept the terms quietly ; which he then did without more ado ; and the capitulation was formally signed on the 8th.

The next day a strong British detachment marched in to occupy the town, and formed up on the Place d'Armes. The French regiments came on parade one by one, laid down their arms, and marched back to the camp on the ramparts which had been assigned to them. When they had all returned there, Lévis drew them up and inspected them for the last time. There were only 2,132 of all ranks left fit for duty ; and there was not even the suspicion of dishonour in their surrendering to a force eight times stronger than themselves.

But now came a most painful incident, which is an unwelcome offset against the real gallantry of their leaders. They had all marched on to the Place d'Armes without their colours ; and, as colours are invariably surrendered when a force lays down its arms, Amherst naturally insisted upon an explanation. Lévis then swore that the French regiments had no colours at all. But he was not solitary in this prevarication which alone blemished the honour of the day. For Amherst's dispatch, after mentioning the surrender of two captured British-American stands

of colours, goes on to say why there were no French colours forthcoming:—"The Marquis de Vaudreuil, Generals, and Commanding Officers of the Regiments, giving their words of honour that the battalions had not any colours; they had brought them six years ago with them; they were torn to pieces, and, finding them troublesome in this country, they had destroyed them." And yet Lévis' own journal exposes the whole falsehood by saying that the colours were purposely burnt, by his own express orders, to prevent their being surrendered under the terms of the capitulation:—"M. le chevalier de Lévis, voyant avec douleur que rien ne pouvoit faire changer la détermination de M. le Marquis de Vaudreuil, voulant épargner aux troupes une partie de l'humiliation qu'elles alloient subir, leur ordonna de brûler leurs drapeaux pour se soustraire à la dure condition de les remettre aux ennemis."

On the 11th the whole of the British forces marched past Amherst and Vaudreuil in review. The two chiefs became quite friendly for the time being; and Vaudreuil showed Amherst an order from France to defend the Colony till August, by which time it was expected that peace would have been made in Europe. A few days later all the French troops had left Montreal as prisoners of war; and by the end of October the last of them had sailed from Quebec. The American Militia were allowed to return to their homes as soon as possible after the capitulation. The fleet sailed away to its station on the coast. And the army of occupation took up its winter quarters.

Thus fell New France: a centralized autocracy's

neglected province, whose vital resources were being devoured by its own greedy officials, for want of one honest autocrat to govern it; a colony starving to death for want of real colonists; and a stronghold of oceanic empire, slowly but surely wasting away before the isolation of a hostile sea.

Through all the evil days of its final agony the strength of the colony had lain wholly in its fighting frontiers; for there was nothing but rottenness behind. All the miseries of paternal misgovernment entered pervertingly into every feature of the people's life, and drove their manhood out of their homes and off to the wilds, where the habitants soon became coureurs-de-bois, allies of the Indians, and sworn guerillas on their own account. The Colonial Regulars formed the nucleus of these temporary bands, who had long lived in a perpetual state of raids and reprisals against the British settlers to the south of them. While the far more reliable troops from France formed the backbone of all the Canadian forces, with which the great Montcalm kept the ever-increasing armies of invasion at bay, throughout three successive campaigns of desperate rear-guard victory.

On the other side stood the overwhelming mass of the British colonies; separated by a wilderness boundary which fluctuated almost day by day, as the ceaseless tide of warfare ebbed and flowed along its disputed borderlands. But all the many differences which sundered these Thirteen Colonies from each other, and from England, made them as impotent in war as they were powerful in resources, wealth, and population. And beyond these first exasperating

difficulties, again, there were so many natural obstacles to overcome, at every step of the hindering way through the illimitable forest, that even American Rangers and British Regulars together could never succeed in getting their inland expeditions to strike home at the heart of New France. And so the Colony might have remained unconquered for many years to come, had not another, and far greater, force been thrown into the fight against it.

This was the decisive Sea-Power of England, which at once changed the whole war in America from a mere succession of border raids to an integrating part of the age-long and world-wide struggle for trade and empire. The change was fatal to New France, because, as an oceanic outpost with nothing but her army to defend her, she was at the mercy of combined attacks by land and sea; and the Great Imperial War was in the act of being won by the triune forces of the British Army and Navy and Mercantile Marine. For the Navy had made all the Seven Seas into one mighty loom, in which the restless shuttles of England's myriad merchant craft were plying to and fro unceasingly, and weaving the web of universal trade that commanded the markets of the world. And, in return, these markets themselves kept on increasing the Mercantile Marine which supplied the Navy with more and more power to hold the command of the sea. And when this command became strong enough, the sea-frontier of England actually marched with the shore-lines of all her enemies. And so she interposed two thousand miles of her own possessions between Old France and New, and could make a secure

home base for her land-forces at any point along the open waterways of Canada. Wherever a ship could go, there went the might of England, too. And thus Montcalm was compelled to await attack, in utter isolation, and at the farther side of an immense, inhospitable desert; whilst Wolfe could advance in perfect safety along the ocean highways of England herself, and, from these inviolate bounds, strike home his death-blow on the Plains of Abraham.

But, even then, the Navy, which had brought the Army thus far upon the road to conquest, still had its own controlling part to play in consummation of the final downfall of New France. For the Great Imperial War itself was one long and universal struggle for oceanic power; the fortunes of the fight for dominion in America depended, at every turn, upon the issues of a world-wide naval strategy; and it was Hawke's crowning victory in the Bay of Quiberon which at last gave England her clear, unchallengeable title to the claim that Canada thenceforth belonged entirely to the overlordship of the sea.

NOTES

Notes

NOTE TO CHAPTER I

THE principal authorities for the history covered by this chapter are too obvious to be mentioned. Particular attention, however, should always be concentrated on a few special points in studying this period. 1. Bute and the Commons and their sale of the rights of war. This indelible disgrace is not enough dwelt upon as a rule. 2. The fact that George II had a good deal of quiet statesmanship in him. The change to George III was, from an imperial point of view, a whole flight of steps downwards. 3. The essential unity of all the great wars from 1688 to 1815; and their supreme importance to all the subsequent history of the English people. John Richard Green and others like him, with all their many excellences, utterly fail to point this out, in the way it was eventually pointed out by Seeley. Seeley made a great mistake about the modern French-Canadians; but he got home to the real determinants of imperial expansion, and it will be a long time before his *Expansion of England* becomes obsolete. 4. The overwhelming influence of Sea-Power. Every man knows, or ought to know, his Mahan now-a-days; but people are slow to appreciate the influence of Sea-Power in campaigns not prominently treated by Captain Mahan. The Quebec campaign did not come into his great study, except as a side issue; but it was none the less a perfect object-lesson on sea-power.

Two special points about Pitt are worth emphasizing. In the first place, he is hardly given credit enough for the extreme care and skill with which he kept his own counsel in all the plans he made for joint expeditions. Wolfe resembled him remarkably in this respect. But secrecy is, of course, a common attribute of successful strategy. The other point is the supposed plans he made in 1761 for the capture of Havana and Manila the year

following. Whether he had prepared plans in 1761, or not, is not definitely known; but the plans executed in 1762 are almost certainly not his. They are not up to his usual level; and it is probable that he would have planned the simultaneous capture of New Orleans had he been in office. See a very interesting note in *The Athenæum*, July 12, 1902, p. 63.

For Frederick the Great the student can now consult the really authoritative and exhaustive work published by the Historical Section of the Great General Staff of the German Army. It is still in course of publication, the first two volumes—on Pirna and Lobositz, and Prague, respectively, appearing in 1901. The title is *Der Siebenjährige Krieg. Herausgegeben vom Grossen Generalstabe. Berlin : Mittler und Sohn.* It is quite indispensable to a full understanding of the military side of the war. The very well-written introduction shows how the inevitable rivalry of Prussia against Austria, and of France against England, was combined into a double war on both sides. There is a curious strategical parallel between the position of Saxony in 1756 and that of Alsace-Lorraine in 1870, both being aggressive salients in the side of Prussia. The case of Wolfe and his Brigadiers, on the one hand, and Frederick and Schwerin and Winterfeldt, on the other, is a parallel of another kind; and only a partial one at that; but interesting as a study of two kinds of initiative. Frederick adopted the advice of others in making his campaign of 1757 an offensive one; but he transformed their plan so much that it became entirely his own. Wolfe tried the plan of the Brigadiers, but, as it proved unworkable, invented a new one by himself. A masterly new work is *La Guerre de Sept Ans. Par Richard Waddington. Paris. Didot.* It is in course of publication in several volumes.

NOTES TO CHAPTER II

1. The Glorious Enterprise.—The history of this interesting development is given in a short monograph, from which, and from conversation with its author—whose great kindness in giving information on the subject is hereby gratefully acknowledged—the references in the text of the present work are taken. The title page is as follows—

The "Glorious Enterprise"; The Plan of Campaign for the

Conquest of New France; The Origin, History and Connection with the Invasion of Canada; By W. D. Schuyler-Lighthall, M.A., F.R.S.L., Vice-President of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal. C. A. Marchand, Printer to the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, 38, St. Lambert Hill, Montreal.

2. American Naval and Military History.—Even the established authority of Captain Mahan has not gained general currency enough as yet to make the absolute dependence of America on sea-power perfectly and indisputably clear to the American and Canadian public. No American celebrates the deeds of that anti-British Naval coalition to which his country owes its independence; and no "Britisher" thinks of Saunders at Quebec. In this connexion President Roosevelt's contribution on the war of 1812 in Sir William Laird Clowes' *History of the Royal Navy* should be read. Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's capital articles on the American Civil War in his *War and Policy* are also very much to the point. Mr. A. G. Bradley is the best English writer on Canada, past and present: see his *Fight with France for North America*, and life of *Wolfe*. An excellent new work is *The Private Soldier under Washington*, by Charles Knowles Bolton. New York: Scribner's, 1902. London: Newnes, 1903.

NOTES TO CHAPTER III

1. Vaudreuil's Journal.—This was unfortunately destroyed by his descendant during the Franco-German War, in 1870; for the extraordinary reason that it might possibly fall into the hands of the Prussians!

2. The Vaudreuil Correspondence.—Any one who is interested in the secret history of the times may be recommended to read carefully the original letters and memoranda in which Vaudreuil has condemned himself out of his own mouth. Nearly every step of his vacillating policy can now be traced in his own words, and every act of shame brought home to him. The only writings of his which are still inaccessible to the public are those in the Phillips library (see page 349). But these manuscripts do not change anything essential. So many parts of the historical puzzle have now been fitted into their proper places that the general scheme can be followed out in its entirety. And

as the Phillips papers have been appraised historically, the evidence has now become almost perfect. The letter of October 30, 1759, should be read in full.

3. BIGOT.—It would seem almost impossible to add anything to the tale of his infamy; but the new material to hand proves him to have been an even greater scoundrel than he was supposed to be. The relations between him and Vaudreuil, and his supposed connexion with La Pompadour, cannot be exactly found out yet. There may still be some startling revelations in these directions. The *Memoirs of de Bernis* give sidelights only.

4. DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE.—In addition to the originals reprinted in Mr. Doughty's work, there are several autograph letters in the Ursuline Convent in Quebec, and elsewhere, which have never been consulted before, and which all go to deepen Bigot's guilt, and prove that he and Vaudreuil were hand in glove with each other. For general references see Parkman and Kingsford. Several important items in this connexion are to be found in the reprints published by the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec. See, particularly, *Mémoires sur le Canada*. Quebec, 1838. *Collection de Mémoires*, etc. Quebec, 1840. *Historical Documents*, published under the auspices of this Society. Second Series. Quebec, 1868; seven documents in one 8vo volume. See also general catalogue of this Society's publications. Also M. Barbier's book, noted in the Bibliography to the present work, A IV.

NOTES TO CHAPTER IV

1. PORTRAITS OF MONTCALM.—The portrait given here is a photogravure by the Rembrandt Portrait Studio, London, from a photograph of the original painting in the possession of the present Marquis de Montcalm, in France. Mr. Doughty has kindly allowed it to be reprinted for this work. Two other portraits are given in Mr. Doughty's larger work. One from a very fine engraving in the possession of Mr. Philéas Gagnon, Quebec; the other from the album of the Ursuline Convent, probably the work of one of the nuns.

2. MONTCALM'S JOURNAL.—This is not altogether the work of Montcalm. The William Henry narrative is Bougainville's; and in other places it would be hard to say which of the two journals

is the original and which the copy. See the note of M. de Kerallain in Mr. Doughty's Bibliography, Vol. VI.

3. MONTCALM'S QUARTERS, 1757–8.—In this Winter he took up his quarters in a house on the site now occupied by Nos. 45–7–9, Rampart Street. Here he gave dinners at which he regaled his guests with horseflesh, in order that he should show a good example at a time when the inhabitants were reduced to four ounces of bread a day.

4. MONTCALM RELICS.—The three principal authentic relics are: (1) His skull, now in a glass case in the Ursuline Convent in Quebec. (2) The barrel of his musket, also in Quebec, but in private hands. (3) His cuirass, which he wore in the battle. It is now in possession of the present head of the family, M. le Marquis de Montcalm, in France.

5. LE DRAPEAU DE CARILLON.—The flag known by this name is now in Laval University in Quebec. It is much venerated as a relic of the splendid French victory at Ticonderoga; and M. Louis Fréchette, the poet, has sung its praises as an emblem of Canadian prowess. But, though one would naturally like to know that this is really one of the French colours of that great fight, yet there are some doubtful points to be cleared up before we can be certain that this flag was a military colour at the famous Fort Carillon in 1758. What French regiment did it belong to? It certainly does not resemble any known colours of any known French regiment, as may be seen by comparing it with the many hundreds of colours given in the standard work on the subject: *Recherches sur les Drapeaux Français, oriflammes, Bannières de France, Marques Nationales, couleurs du Roy, Drapeaux de l'Armée, Pavillons de la Marine.* Gustave Desjardins. Paris: Morel et Cie. 1874. Every colour used by every French regiment in Canada is illustrated here, even the interim changes introduced are shown. But there is no "Drapeau de Carillon." Did the Canadian Militia or Canadian Regulars carry colours into action at Ticonderoga? Montcalm only found thirty-seven Militiamen and thirty-five Colonial Regulars in camp; and all the Militiamen and Canadian Regulars who subsequently joined before the battle only amounted to about 300 men. Is it likely that these detachments had colours? And can we regard any colours at all as specially emblematic of a Canadian, as distinguished from a French, victory, when the battle was won by the French Regulars from France, and not by French-Canadians —all the Canadians present amounting only to an eighth of

Montcalm's force. How did this flag, if it was a regimental colour at all, escape the general destruction of all the French colours by de Lévis at Montreal, in 1760. It would be matter for great congratulation if these difficulties could be overcome by some positive evidence, which, of course, may be forthcoming. As to the evidence of the flag itself, it looks very like a banner used in processions by some religious society. Of course, the French Canadians were the most likely people in the world to carry a religious banner to the wars—but did they ?

6. Numbers of Montcalm's Army at Ticonderoga.—On July 12 Montcalm reported to Marshal de Belle-Isle : 2,970 French Regulars, 37 Canadian Regulars, 35 Canadian Militiamen, 15 Indians ; present on June 30. See Doughty, i. 229. Late at night on July 7, the eve of the battle, Pouchot arrived with 300, and Lévis with 100, Regulars. Whilst from July 1 to the day of the battle, only 400 Canadians, Regulars and Militia together, had arrived. See Doughty, i. 235. The Canadian reinforcements alluded to by Vaudreuil only came after the action. See Doughty, i. 240, 243. On the day of the battle, July 8, 1758, Montcalm's army comprised : 3,370 French Regulars, 472 Canadians of all sorts, Regulars and Militia together, and 15 Indians ; total, 3,857. As the Canadians altogether only formed 12 per cent. of the total, and their militia only 6 per cent., it is hard to see how Carillon became a Canadian victory.

7. Documents Concerning Montcalm's Relations with the Canadian Government.—All these are tabulated in Mr. Doughty's Bibliography, but special attention may be drawn to one item, because it contains reprints of many of Montcalm's military memoranda : *Documents relative to the Colonial History of the State of New York, procured in Holland, England and France*, by John Romeyn Brodhead, Esq., Agent. Edited by E. B. O'Callaghan, M.D., LL.D. Ten volumes, large 4to. Albany : Weed, Parsons & Co. 1856–8. The Montcalm collection is in Vol. X—" Paris Documents."

8. Spurious Letters.—The two famous letters which Montcalm is said to have written, the one to Molé, the other to Townshend, are both spurious. They have been almost universally accepted ; but without the slightest authentic proof of there ever having been originals of either. The one to Townshend after the battle, asking him not to let the French-Canadians perceive that they had changed masters, cannot be traced further back than to the Abbé Bois ; and no original was ever known to be in

his possession. The letter translated on p. 266 was signed by the dying Montcalm, addressed simply "à Monsieur," as no one knew who had succeeded Wolfe, sent home tied to the key of Townshend's dispatch-box, and deposited at Raynham. It was lent to Mr. Doughty, and shown to Major Wood in 1904, and returned to Colonel Townshend (p. 344) in 1905.

NOTE TO CHAPTER V

THERE is no separate general naval history of the Seven Years War. Of course the standard authorities, like Captain Mahan, are indispensable. Sir William Laird Clowes' *History of the Royal Navy*, Vol. III, deals with this period in a very disappointing way. The stock writers seem to have been his authorities; he does not seem to be in actual touch with the original documents himself. Great things are expected from future publications of the Navy Records Society. The naval and military history of this war are indissolubly united, and cannot be too often or too closely studied by any one who wants to really understand the reasons why our Empire is what we find it to-day. General readers may be recommended to try *From Howard to Nelson—Twelve Sailors*, published by Lawrence and Bullen at half-a-guinea. There is no life of Saunders in it, but those of Anson, Hawke and Boscawen are all illustrative of the times, and are all three well worth reading. The retrospects in the old *Naval Chronicle*, 1799, *et seqq.*, are informing. So are some memoirs of the naval chaplains of the day. These must be used with caution. An eighteenth century Chaplain, R.N., was often quite ignorant of naval matters, and was rarely *persona grata* with his Captain.

NOTES TO CHAPTER VI

1. THE STOCK PORTRAIT OF WOLFE A CARICATURE.—An excellent likeness of Wolfe was made by one of his Engineers, Captain John Montrésor, at the Montmorency camp, on September 1, and published in mezzotint by Killingbeck, in London, July 30, 1783. But this was apparently not used by contemporary artists; and, as the best authentic profile of

Montrésor himself is exactly like the stock portrait of Wolfe, it can only be supposed that there was a case of mistaken identity on the part of those who knew neither man. Anyhow, West and the other artists of the day have apparently perpetuated Montrésor's features as Wolfe's. West himself said that he had very imperfect material to work upon; and his famous death-scene is most inaccurate in every way. The Indian is absurd, and the bevy of officers impossible, as there were no more than five individuals with Wolfe at the time. Besides, we have a curious comment on West's veracity in a letter of Colonel Hale's. It appears that West offered to put Hale into the picture for a consideration of a hundred guineas, but the Colonel indignantly refused, saying that he was doing his duty at the head of the 47th at the time.

2. Authentic Portraits.—The earliest is one by Highmore, painted in 1749 for presentation to Wolfe's old schoolmaster the Rev. S. F. Swindon, whose great-great-grandchildren, Mr. and Miss Armstrong, now possess it. The finest of all is one in the National Gallery, reproduced in the present work by kind permission of Mr. Doughty, who owns the plate. The Gainsborough portrait is less characteristic. There is a fine contemporary print now in the possession of Mr. Doughty. And Lord Dillon has unearthed the profile by Hervey Smith, made actually on the battlefield. These five are all reproduced in Mr. Doughty's work. None of them—except Hervey Smith's, to a certain extent—look like the stock portrait. And, as the men who knew Wolfe well do not describe him in terms agreeing with this stock portrait, and as this stock portrait has more than probably gained currency through mistaken identity, and as the other portraits give the lie direct to it, we may conclude that Wolfe's features were not what they are generally represented to have been. After a careful comparison of very many portraits of all kinds, and of all existing evidence, Mr. Doughty has come to the conclusion that the portrait given here is the best obtainable.

3. Relics.—Besides the Grenadier's coat in the Tower and the bullet in the King's private collection, there are Wolfe's pistols, his sword, portions of his sash, and other relics still in existence. The sash was unfortunately divided among the members of Dr. Tudor's family, who inherited it. The "sword" is really a bayonet, about two feet long, and three-cornered. Wolfe's mother gave it to his great friend, the Hon. George Warde,

the "Colonel Warde" of Wolfe's will. And a descendant, Mr. George Warde, gave it, in 1836, to the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution, where it still is. Officers always carried a bayonet as well as a musket; and the old sketches of Wolfe in his "service" uniform always represented him with one. The pistols are now in private hands in New York, but were kindly lent for exhibition in Quebec in 1902 by their owner, Mr. Bigelow. The barrels unscrew. They are beautifully rifled with eight grooves. The workmanship is, of course, done by hand, and is perfect in every respect. It is not generally known that excellent rifling was done in the eighteenth century, but such was the case. There are some other authentic relics in existence. Miss Armstrong, great-great-grand-daughter of Wolfe's tutor, says: "Wolfe's lace ruffles were sent by my aunt, Mrs. Pearson, to be cleaned, some years ago, in Brighton, and were stolen by the lady's maid. My cousin, Mrs. Edgecombe Venning, has one of the Wolfe diamonds set in a ring; and another cousin, Mrs. West, has the other." Wolfe's seal—a human head surrounded by a fillet of laurel—is still to be seen on a letter, dated January 12, 1758, and addressed to his great friend, Colonel Rickson. This is one of his letters preserved in the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh. Some of his china tea service is still preserved by Mr. T. T. Kyfton, of Uphill, near Weston, Somersetshire, whose mother, *née* Cridland, was a kinswoman of the Wolfe family.

4. Effigy.—A curious effigy of Wolfe, well known to all Quebecers and visitors, was made by a French-Canadian woodcarver, in 1791, for an English butcher called Hipps. It was set up at the corner of St. John and Palace Streets, but, as it was temptingly near the level of the street, it was several times carried off by midnight revellers. Once it was taken by some young Naval officers, slipped in on board ship, taken to England, and finally rescued and returned to its old niche. The outstretched arm had been cut off for packing purposes. In 1900 the effigy became so weather-beaten that it was committed to the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec for safe keeping. It is now in their reading room; and a copy of it stands in a niche in the old house, but much higher up than formerly, so as to be out of harm's way.

5. Supposed Sword of Wolfe's.—About ninety years after the battle a three-cornered sword, with a silver hilt, was dug up near the spot where Wolfe died. There is no evidence to prove

that it ever belonged to Wolfe; but it passed as his for some years, and was presented to Colonel Alexander Dunn, V.C., of the 11th Hussars, who is said to have used it in the charge of Balaclava. But even this is an unwarranted supposition, as cavalry swords always depend more on their edge than their point. The rapier is the ideal towards which infantry swords incline, but even the straightest blades, like the claymore and cutlass, were generally cut-and-thrust weapons. Cavalry swords, on the other hand, descend from a combination of the scimitar and long-sword, and have always been cutting, rather than thrusting, arms.

6. Wolfe's Reported Bravado.—In Lord Mahon's *History of England* the following story is reported. "After Wolfe's appointment, on the day preceding his embarkation for America, Pitt, desirous of giving his last verbal instructions, invited him to dinner, Lord Temple being the only other guest. As the evening advanced, Wolfe, heated perhaps by his own aspiring thoughts and the unwonted society of Statesmen, broke forth into a strain of gasconade and bravado. He drew his sword, he rapped the table with it, he flourished it round the room, he talked of the things which that sword was to achieve. The two Ministers sat aghast at an exhibition so unusual from any man of real sense and real spirit. And when at last Wolfe had taken his leave, and his carriage was heard to roll from the door, Pitt seemed for the moment shaken in the high opinion which his judgment had formed of Wolfe: he lifted up his eyes and arms and exclaimed to Lord Temple, 'Good God! That I should have trusted the fate of the country and of the Administration to such hands!'" Temple told the story to Grenville, who repeated it, years after, to Mahon. Now Temple was a cold and selfish man, who quarrelled with Pitt afterwards, and who was quite unable to understand Wolfe's disciplined ardour. He may have coloured something very different from what had occurred into an exaggerated and distorted form, passed the tale on to Grenville, and, after the drawn sword and other stage properties had been introduced by the way, Mahon may have made some mistakes in printing it two generations later. But did not Nelson disgust Wellington by the same sort of gasconade?

7. Picturesque Tales about Wolfe and the Battle.—The most famous story of all is the well-known one of his repeating Gray's *Elegy* as the boats dropped down the stream. This has been universally current; and it has some probability and cir-

cumstantial evidence in its favour. But it can hardly be accepted in this form, unless some better contemporary proof can be produced. "Midshipman Robinson," or "Robison," or "Robertson," is always quoted as having told the story in after years when he was a Professor in Edinburgh. But his own version seems to have been much changed by nearly all writers. Besides, Robison was not a "young midshipman" at all, but an admiral's son's tutor, twenty years of age and "rated as a midshipman"—a very different thing from being one. One of Mr. Doughty's collaborators, at p. 31 of Vol. III, has a footnote saying that the tale does not only depend on Robison, as it is mentioned in a *Sketch of Wolfe's Life* "a few years after the siege." What is this sketch? As an expert surveyor Robison was probably with Wolfe reconnoitring on the 12th; but, as a civilian, he could not have "steered Wolfe's boat" to the Foulon on the 13th. It is said that Miss Lowther sent Wolfe a copy of Gray's *Poems;* which is likely enough, but no more proved than that the handkerchief with which he tied up his shattered wrist was also a gift of hers. It is also said that some lines from Sarpedon's speech to Glaucus in the twelfth book of the Iliad were found, copied out in Wolfe's own hand, on a piece of paper in his pocket after his death. Again very likely indeed; but where is the original proof? Wolfe assuredly felt a sentiment common to Homer's Greeks, and Cetewayo's Zulus, and every fate-defying hero—ἴομεν, let us go forward—but did he write it out in verse? Professor E. E. Morris has given a fair disproof of the current versions of the Elegy anecdote in the January number of *The English Historical Review* for 1900. But certainly even he is not conclusive. For the present, all that can be said is that the story is probably true, but not in its popular form.

Supplementary Note on Wolfe and Gray's Elegy, 7/10/1904:

The Rev. John Gerard, S.J., cites three direct hearers of his great-grandfather, Robison, whose own veracity was well known. 1. Sir Walter Scott, in a letter to Southey in 1830, see *Times*, 27/5/1904, p. 165. 2. Professor Playfair, *R.S.E. Transactions* for 1815, vii.-495. 3. W. W. Currie, letter in 1804—before Robison's death—quoted in life of *James Currie*, ii.-248. All agree that when the *Elegy* had been recited "in a boat" Wolfe said he would rather be the author than beat the French "*to-morrow*." After weighing all the other *pros* and *cons*, the version on p. 222 seems the nearest to the truth.

8. WOLFE AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—The Abbey has not

been always " England's great Valhalla." It was first built as a Royal Chapel, in connexion with the Confessor's palace. When the Confessor was canonized in 1163, Henry III rebuilt the Abbey and provided a beautiful shrine, round which the First and Third Edwards and Richard II were buried, with their Queens beside them. The great Henry V was also buried in this royal ring of tombs. By this time the Abbey came to be looked upon as, in a certain way, the burial ground of the Court as well as of the Sovereigns and their Consorts. In 1400 Chaucer was buried there; not with any idea of founding a Poets' Corner, but for the much more prosaic reason that he was Clerk of the Royal Works and *persona grata* with the King. Strangely enough, the man who really made the first attempt to turn this palace chapel into a National Valhalla was the greatest of all English Cavalry leaders and one of the five supremely great British masters of the art of war—Cromwell. When Blake died, on entering Plymouth Sound, after his last victories over the Spaniards, Cromwell decreed a great public funeral in the chapel of Henry VII. And this was the precedent which determined all future action in regard to the burial or monuments of great national heroes like Nelson and Wolfe.

9. The Death-Scene on the Battlefield.—There is an immense amount of conflicting evidence about Wolfe's dying moments. It is certain that he was wounded three times, as stated in the text, that we know the exact spots where he was mortally hit and where he died, and that he expressed contentment with his fate on hearing that the victory was assured. But, for the rest, we have to pick out the most probable from among the many stories of that famous scene. As Knox says: " Many, from a vanity of talking, claimed the honour of being his supporters after he was wounded." Henderson, Brown and Haverhill each claimed the honour of having helped him to the rear; whilst a gunner called James and a Highland Sergeant named McDougall are given the credit of this act by others. Most say that Curry " supported him." But the following men all have their advocates to prove that they were of the party of four who were present when he actually died: " Ligonier," Dr. Wilkins, Lieutenant Brown, Henderson, Haverhill, James, McDougall, Curry, a Grenadier, a " particular friend," a " servant," a " private man," an " artillery officer," and Dr. Adair. Thus fourteen different individuals composed, according to themselves and their friends, the group of four men who stood by as Wolfe died. A

curious comment on the babbling vanity of mankind! There is no evidence to support the story that he was carried off the field in a Highland plaid; and the dramatic account of his having been wrapped in the colours of the regiment of Guienne, which had just been taken in the battle, is not borne out by any known facts.

10. Mrs. Wolfe's Will.—Wolfe's father, Colonel Edward Wolfe, had an unpaid claim against the Government for £16,000. He seriously embarrassed his estate in the service of his country. Both of his sons died on service. Wolfe's own estate fell short of the provisions of his will; but the Government, who were showering favours on their supporters, refused to make up the difference, though Wolfe was in no way to blame for his error. Mrs. Wolfe only wanted a lump sum of £2,000, a very modest request, considering that Boscawen, who was certainly no greater servant of the state than her son, was granted £3,000 a year for life. She then paid it herself, and willed the rest of her estate to the necessitous families of Wolfe's officers. Comment is needless.

11. Miss Catherine Lowther.—She was sister to James, first Earl of Lonsdale, married Henry Poulett, Duke of Bolton, and was mother of Catherine, who married William Harry, Earl of Darlington, created Duke of Cleveland in 1833. The Earl of Sandwich is the senior representative of her descendants. The following letter, written by Miss Lowther from Raby Castle, on December 18, 1759, to a friend of Mrs. Wolfe, will be read with interest—

"Mdm.,—Miss Aylmer's having once answered a letter I wrote Mrs. Wolfe, drew me into the error of addressing her again; but I now desire you to accept my sincere thanks for your obliging (tho' melancholy) epistle. I am not surprised to hear ye patient sufferer submits with calmness and resignation to this severe trial, because I could never doubt the magnanimity of General Wolfe's mother; but I wish, if her health wou'd permit, she c'd by degrees be brought to bear new objects; perhaps they might call her attention one moment from ye melancholy subject which engroses it, and in time dissipate, tho' not efface or drive away from ye memory, so just and deep a sorrow: not that I shall ever attempt intruding my company, since (tho' I feel for her more than words can express, and should, if it was given me to alleviate her grief, gladly exert every power which nature or

compassion has bestowed)—yet I feel that we are ye last people in the world who ought to meet.

"I knew not my picture was to be set; but I beg Mdm. ye will tell Mrs. Wolfe, I entreat her to take her own time about giving ye necessary directions. I can't as a mark of His affection, refuse it; otherwise cou'd willingly spare myself ye pain of seeing a picture given under far different hopes and expectations. Mrs. Wolfe will, I hope, accept my acknowledgment for her good wishes and that Almighty God may comfort and support her is ye earnest prayer of

"Madam,

"Your obliged humble Servant,

"K. Lowther."

12. Obituary Prose and Verse.—For all the Poets have done, Wolfe might as well have died with the great ones before Agamemnon. All the effusions in verse are built up in the regular antithetical and mechanical style of uninspired eighteenth century odes. There was undoubtedly plenty of true feeling abroad; and it is often well expressed in the letters of his friends. But not one gleam of real poetry lit up that splendid theme. And most of the well-meant efforts in that direction simply belong to that kind of obituary notice which has been wittily described as adding a new terror to death. What may be called the funeral sermon, preached by the Reverend Elie Dawson, Chaplain to H.M.S. *Stirling Castle*, on September 27, 1759, in the Ursuline Chapel in Quebec, is a wonderful medley of Protestant zeal and interjectional eulogy. The text is quite delightfully outrageous, considering the place in which it was given out: "Therefore will I give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, among the Heathen, and sing praises unto thy name." Psalm xviii, verse 49, Bible version.

As for the sermon itself, only literal quotation can do justice to it.

"But whence these tears in the day of triumph?—pardon, no—I blame them not. The venerable image of your deceased general rises to your imagination! They gush spontaneous from an honest fountain! They are the tears of Piety and Gratitude: The natural tribute due to his illustrious merit. But remember he is greatly fallen. Tell how he fell, ye proud Towers! Ye Ramparts!—were ye not witnesses? Speak with what a blase of glory you saw the heroe surrounded: Tell how ye shook to

your Foundations at the presence of the Conqueror. Tell how you saw your numerous hosts, like the dust scattered over the Plain! Tell how vainly they sought shelter amidst the ghastly Ruins. Ye Mountains of Abraham, decorated with his Trophies, tell how vainly ye opposed him, when he mounted your lofty heights with the Strength and Swiftness of an eagle! Stand fixed for ever upon your rocky Base, and speak his name and glory to all future generations! Ye streams of Lawrence and propitious Gales, speed the glad tidings to his beloved country and let Britannia soon receive the last and richest pledge of her heroe's filial duty and affection. Ye Heralds of fame already upon the wing, stretch your flight and swell your Trumpets with the Glory of a military exploit through distant worlds! An Exploit which for the fitness of Address in Stratagem, the Daringness of the attempt, and the Spirit of its execution shall take rank with the choicest Pieces of ancient or modern Story in the Temple of Fame, where it remains immortal."

This last sentence, however absurd in its expression, certainly gives the real contemporary appreciation of Wolfe's genius. It was left to carping prejudice to discover the mare's nest of the special intervention of Providence, or of fate, or mere luck, which, in the opinion of some, accounts for Wolfe's wonderful success.

But even better, in its own peculiar way, is the quaint absurdity of the well-meant eulogy in the strange medley of a book with the following title-page. "Mr. Grove, of Richmond. A letter to a Right Honourable Patriot; upon the glorious success at Quebec in which is drawn a parallel between a good and bad General, a Scene exhibited, wherein are introduced, (besides others,) three of the greatest names in Britain; and a particular account of the manner of General Wolfe's death, with a post-script which enumerates the other conquests mentioned in the London address.—Be just and fear not—SHAKESPEARE: He moved not but a wounded Frenchman fell to mark his passage. London, printed for J. Burd, opposite St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, MDCCLIX. (Price one shilling)." This little book of fifty-eight pages is extremely rare. The only copy known in America is in the Library of Congress.

This "Rejected Dramatical Piece," called "Constantia, or the Faithful Lovers," deserves a short quotation.

NOTES

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING GEORGE II.
THE PRINCE OF WALES.
MR. SECRETARY PITT.
CAPTAIN DOUGLASS, *bearer of dispatches.*

KING GEORGE— My noble Lords,
We live in hourly hope of high events
Importing much our state. . . .
PITT— Wolfe! A most valiant General
Sustains our cause! . . .
PRINCE OF WALES—How can he chuse but win . . .
KING GEORGE— But war is still uncertain,
At the best!
PRINCE OF WALES— Soon, My Lord,
Like the bright morning beaming from the skies,
shall fortune hail your wishes.
KING GEORGE— Here comes Douglass!
DOUGLASS— The field indeed is won!
KING GEORGE— Publish the happy triumph through the land.
DOUGLASS— Stop! Gracious Sovereign. . . .
Your General is no more:
Brave Wolfe is slain!
KING GEORGE— Wolfe!—Unhappy!!
Wolfe killed!!!
PRINCE OF WALES—He was too great, too good!
KING GEORGE— I drop a tear in honour of
His worth (*drops it*).
PITT— I add my grief to swell the General Woe.
KING GEORGE— How did he die?
DOUGLASS— I will relate the matter as I can! . . .
KING GEORGE— Stop thee there! And tell me How he dy'd!
DOUGLASS— There lies my grief! . . .
KING GEORGE— He said too little, Douglass!
So much I praise my brave Wolfe's noblemind
So much lament
His most untimely loss,
I mean to stretch my gratitude,
To show how much I loved Him!

NOTES TO CHAPTER VII

I. SAUNDERS' FLEET AT QUEBEC, 1759

Name	*Guns*	*Men*	*Captain*
Neptune . . .	90	750	Brodrick Hartwell. Flagship of the Commander-in-Chief, Vice-Admiral Charles Saunders.
Princess Amelia .	80	600	John Bray. Flagship of Second-in-Command, Rear-Admiral Philip Durell.
Royal William .	80	600	H. Pigot.

Name	*Guns*	*Men*	*Captain*
Dublin	74	500	W. Goostry. Flagship of the Third-in-Command, Rear-Admiral Charles Holmes.
Terrible	74	500	Richard Collins.
Shrewsbury	74	500	Hugh Palliser.
Northumberland	70	480	Lord Colvill.
Vanguard	70	480	Robert Swanton.
Devonshire	70	480	W. Gordon.
Orford	70	480	Richard Spry.
Somerset	64	440	Edward Hughes.
Alcide	64	440	James Douglas.
Bedford	64	440	Thorpe Fowke.
Captain	64	440	John Amherst.
Trident	64	440	Julian Legge.
Stirling Castle	64	440	M. Everitt.
Frederick	64	440	Robert Routh.
Pembroke	60	400	John Wheelock.
Prince of Orange	60	400	Samuel Wallis.
Medway	60	400	Charles Proby.
Centurion	50	300	W. Mantell.
Sutherland	50	300	J. Rous.
Diana	32	220	Alexander Schomberg.
Richmond	32	220	T. Hankersen.
Trent	28	200	J. Lindsay.
Lizard	28	200	James Doake.
Echo	28	200	John Laforey.
Lowestoff	28	200	Joseph Deane.
Seahorse	20	150	James Smith.
Scarborough	20	150	John Stott.
Eures	20	150	John Elphinstone.
Nightingale	20	150	John Campbell.
Hind	20	150	Robert Bond.
Squirrel	20	150	George Hamilton.
Fowey	20	150	George An. Tonyn.
Scorpion	14	100	John Cleland.
Porcupine	14	100	John Jervis.
Hunter	14	100	W. Adams.
Zephyr	12	75	W. Greenwood.
39	1,850	12,915	

	Name	*Guns*	*Men*	*Captain*
Armed Ships	Boscawen	16	100	Charles Douglas.
	Halifax	14	100	
Fire-ships	Vesuvius	—	50	James Chads.
	Cormorant	—	50	P. Mouat.
	Strombolo	—	50	Richard Smith.
Bomb-Vessels	Baltimore	14	100	Robert Carpenter.
	Pelican	14	100	Edward Mountfort.
	Racehorse	14	100	Francis Richards.
Rodney, cutter		4	25	Hon. Ph. Th. Perceval.
Crown, store ship		18	140	Joseph Mead.
49		1,944	13,750	

The full establishment allowed to be borne was nearly 15,000; but as there is always some wastage to account for, and as Saunders had some ships short of their complements besides, it is safe to say that there could not have been much more than these 13,750 aboard, all told, at Quebec.

The following was the distribution of ordnance aboard the different classes of ships:—

Total	POUNDERS						
	32	24	18	12	9	6	4
90	26	—	26	26	—	12	—
80	26	—	26	—	24	4	—
74	28	—	28	—	18	—	—
70	28	—	—	—	14	—	—
64	—	26	—	26	12	—	—
60	—	24	—	26	—	10	—
50	—	22	—	22	—	6	—
32	—	—	—	26	—	6	—
28	—	—	—	—	24	—	4
20	—	—	—	10	—	10	—

2. ARTILLERY IN 1759.—The following table has been compiled from various authentic sources. Besides referring to the original documents connected with the siege, where many scraps of information may be found scattered about, those who want to understand the state of Artillery in 1759 may consult the three following works:—

NOTES

New Principles of Gunnery, by Benjamin Robins. First Edition, 1742. New and revised edition brought out by Charles Hutton, London, 1805. This book contains much speculative matter and is rather curious than directly informing.

A Treatise of Artillery. By John Muller. Second Edition, London, 1768. This contains a great variety of information, and shows the improvements proposed and carried out.

History of the Royal Regiment of Artillery. By Major Francis Duncan. Two vols. 8vo. Second Edition. London: Murray, 1874. This is a standard work, and contains more information about the personnel than about the material.

The following table is not made to represent any particular pieces of ordnance, but is only intended to represent, approximately, the nature and performance of the artillery of the time. The ranges are those which might be expected to be effective under favourable circumstances, but, like the weights, charges, and rates of fire, they varied indefinitely.

Description of Gun		Weight in Pounds			Bore in Inches	Range in Yards
		Projectile	Gun			
			Heaviest	*Lightest*		
3-Pr.	Field Guns	3	1,000	250	$2\frac{3}{4}$	1,000
6-Pr.	Field Guns	6	2,000	500	$3\frac{1}{2}$	1,250
9-Pr.	Field Guns	9	2,800	700	4	1,500
12-Pr.	Field Guns	12	3,300	900	$4\frac{1}{2}$	1,750
18-Pr.	Siege Guns	18	5,400	1,500	5	2,000
24-Pr.	Siege Guns	24	5,800	2,200	$5\frac{1}{2}$	2,250
32-Pr.	Siege Guns	32	6,300	2,800	6	2,500
42-Pr.	Siege Guns	42	7,000	3,500	$6\frac{1}{2}$	2,750
6-Inch	Howitzers	30	500	500	6	2,000
8-Inch	Howitzers	50	1,400	1,400	8	2,500
10-Inch	Howitzers	100	3,500	3,500	10	3,300
8-Inch	Mortars	50	1,500	500	8	2,500
10-Inch	Mortars	100	3,000	1,000	10	3,000
13-Inch	Mortars	200	9,000	2,800	13	3,500

The field guns could be fired up to 100 rounds an hour. The larger pieces took from one minute upwards for each round.

3. Commanding Officers and Seconds-in-Command

	Commanding Officer	*Second-in-Command*
15th Foot, "Amherst's"	Major Irwin	—
28th Foot, "Bragg's"	Lt.-Col. Walsh	Dalling.
35th Foot, "Otway's"	Lt.-Col. Fletcher	Morice.
43rd Foot, "Kennedy's"	Lt.-Col. James	Elliot.
47th Foot, "Lascelles'"	Lt.-Col. Hale	Hussey.
48th Foot, "Webb's"	Lt.-Col. Burton	Ross.
58th Foot, "Anstruther's"	Lt.-Col. Howe	Agnew.
2nd Royal Americans, "Monckton's"	Capt. Oswald	—
3rd Royal Americans, "Lawrence's"	Lt.-Col. Young	Provost.
78th Highlanders, "Fraser's"	Lt.-Col. Fraser	Clephane.
Louisbourg Grenadiers	Lt.-Col. Murray	—
American Rangers	Major Scott	—
Royal Artillery	Col. Williamson	Goodwin.
Engineers	Major Mackellar	—
Miners	Capt. Derwine	—
Carpenters	Col. Gridley	—

4. The Numbers of the French Army in Canada.—It is only by a careful collation of all the French documents on the subject that the approximate numbers actually present at most of the actions can be determined. The British parade states are made out in the regular way and are correct to a man. But the French, with their five different descriptions of armed forces, their dissensions and confusion, probably made no complete returns for every branch of the forces engaged. Lévis gives a definite state of 7,260 men for the force drawing rations when he left Montreal in 1760 to attack Murray. But even he does not give an exact return of the men who joined him at Three Rivers, Quebec, and elsewhere. All the numbers on the French side given in this work are determined by a careful examination of all the best French authorities. The reader is referred to Mr. Doughty's documents for full details.

5. Numbers of the French Forces at the Siege.—The total of 17,000 is the extreme maximum number of men of all kinds capable of bearing arms, who were present at the siege; French Regulars, Canadian Regulars, French and Canadian

seamen, Canadian Militia, Indians, and such small reinforcements as arrived during the operations, all included. The number of the Militia is arrived at by taking the total returned as fit for service at the previous census, and subtracting those absent under Bourlamaque, Pouchot and others. Even the Regulars are not shown definitely on any complete return. The computations must be made with care, and from a great variety of indirect data. On the British side were 9,000 in the army, all told; about 5,000 merchant seamen; and over 13,000 men-of-warsmen; in all about 27,000. So that about 44,000 men participated in the operations altogether, and Montcalm's total forces outnumbered Wolfe's army by nearly two to one, though Wolfe's regulars outnumbered Montcalm's in the same proportion. The numbers in the battle were even, 5,000 each.

6. French Camp Song.—After the capture of Fort Beauséjour a song was composed, which was probably sung in the French camps. As it has not hitherto been published it is given here. See also reference in the Bibliography. It is a parody of a well-known song of the period.

"Le Français comme l'Anglais,
Prétend soutenir ses droits,
Voilà la ressemblance.
Le Français par équité,
L'Anglais par duplicité,
Voilà la différence.

"Il nous a pris des vaisseaux,
Nous lui prenons des châteaux,
Voilà la ressemblance.
Il nous rendra notre bien
Et nous garderons le sien,
Voilà la différence.

"L'Anglais fait des prisonniers,
Nous en faisons des milliers,
Voilà la ressemblance.
Le Français les traite bien,
Mais l'Anglais les traite en chien,
Voilà la différence.

"L'Anglais cherche des lauriers,
Autant en font nos guerriers,
Voilà la ressemblance.
Les Français en font amas,
L'Anglais n'en moissonne pas,
Voilà la différence.

" Chouaguen vaut Beauséjour,
Chacun triomphe à son tour,
Voilà la ressemblance.
Mais vis-à-vis Port Mahon
Qu'a-t-il à mettre de bon ?
Voilà la différence."

NOTES TO CHAPTER VIII

1. Stobo.—In the *Memoirs of Major Robert Stobo, of the Virginia Regiment*, a book published at Pittsburg in 1854, much credit is given him for the part he played at Quebec. It is stated that he pointed out the Foulon to Wolfe, on the 10th, and that he led the storming party himself, on the 13th. Both statements are false. Stobo left Quebec on September 7, and arrived at Crown Point on October 9. See Amherst's letter in Doughty, Vol. VI, p. 44. As for his other services, whatever credit must be given to him for them can only be at the expense of his honour, as he was an escaped prisoner on parole. He was a useful spy, but no hero.

2. Wolfe's Initiative.—Readers who wish to satisfy themselves that Wolfe alone originated the plan by which Quebec was taken can follow out the question, step by step, in Mr. Doughty's collection of original documents, reproduced *verbatim* and *in extenso*.

(1) First read Mackellar's Report, which Wolfe studied carefully before he arrived at Quebec, Vol. II, p. 271.

(2) Then Wolfe's letter to his Uncle, on May 19. Vol. II, p. 52.

(3) Then Vol. II, Ch. xii, which deals with Wolfe's plan generally.

(4) Then the Reconnaissance of July 18. Vol. II, p. 106.

(5) The different Reconnaissances in August. Vol. II, chap. x. Also letter to Saunders in August about failure at Montmorency; referring to another scheme of attack he says: " My ill state of health hinders me from executing my own plan; it is of too desperate a nature to order others to execute." Vol. II, p. 154.

(6) Wolfe's suggestions to the Brigadiers, when too ill for duty himself, on August 29. Vol. II, p. 237.

(7) The answer of the Brigadiers, suggesting a plan of their own, on August 30. Vol. II, p. 239.

(8) Wolfe's dispatch to Pitt, on September 2. Vol. II, pp. 143, 251

(9) The attempted execution of the plan of the Brigadiers, from August 31 to September 9. Vol. III, Chap. i.

(10) The Council of War, September 7, with 5,000 men available.
French preparations.
Attempt on Cap Rouge.
Proposed attempt on Pointe aux Trembles.
Rains suspend operations, 7th to 10th.
} Vol. III. chap. i.

(11) Final reconnaissance of September 10. Vol. III, p. 15.

Wolfe knew that—

(*a*) Lévis had gone to Montreal.
(*b*) Provision convoys were needed by the French in Quebec.
(*c*) The regiment of Guienne had been removed from the Heights.
(*d*) Vergor was a very bad officer.
} Vol. III. chap. iii.

(*e*) French were anxious about Cap Rouge, Pointe aux Trembles and Beauport Camp. Vol. IV, p. 83.

(*f*) But not about the Plains and Heights of Abraham and the town of Quebec. Vol. IV, p. 83.

(*g*) He thought the Foulon practicable, though dangerous and difficult. Vol. III, chap. iii.

(12) (*a*) Wolfe kept his own counsel throughout the siege. Vol. V, p. 65, par. 3.

(*b*) His plan was strictly individual. Vol. II, p. 248.

(*c*) Townshend says himself that he did not know what it was. Vol. V, p. 267.

(*d*) And all the Brigadiers were in the dark as regards Wolfe's real intentions up to the last minute, as they said so themselves. Vol. VI, p. 59.

(*e*) Stobo had nothing whatever to do with it, as he left Quebec before Wolfe made the reconnaissance. Vol. VI, p. 44.

(*f*) Holmes was told by Wolfe where the landing place was. Vol. II, p. 248.

(*g*) Also Chads. Vol. VI, p. 60.

3. The Two-deep Line.—The circumstantial evidence is so strong in support of the statement in the journal of Quartermaster-Sergeant John Johnson, of the 58th Foot, who was present, that, when we marshal it all together, the conclusion that Wolfe's line was formed two-deep seems decisive. The journal is reprinted in Mr. Doughty's work. In Vol. V, p. 107, Johnson says: "Why we lost so few men in this Battle and the

enemy such a vast number may, with very just reason, be construed as follows, viz.: That Our line of Battle would admit of us to be drawn up two-deep only, from the smallness of our number, as well as the quantity of ground we had to cover to secure our flanks." He goes on to talk of "files 3 feet asunder," but this can only refer to the extreme left of his own regiment, where it joined the 15th, which was extended along the Ste. Foy Road to secure the left flank. Besides this direct testimony of an eye-witness, nearly every account of the battle refers to the "thinness" of the British line, or to its "lightness." Now, no three-deep line, which was the regular formation in the Seven Years War, would have excited such universal comment from all spectators on account of its "lightness" or "thinness." And, in the following year, Murray, in a letter to Townshend about the Battle of Ste. Foy, particularly says that he drew up his own little force in a two-deep line, but he does not speak as if such a formation had never been tried before. He probably learnt from Wolfe, even though necessity compelled him to stretch his own line to its utmost extent. Again, the two-deep line originated in the British service first, it was introduced from the American campaigns, and is not known to have been used anywhere else in a formal battle before the time of Wolfe. But a stronger point still is the fact that a two-deep line exactly suits the numbers of men and the extent of ground we know they had to cover. The six battalions forming the front were: The Louisbourg Grenadiers, the 28th, 43rd, 47th, 78th and 58th. There were 2,346 of all ranks present in these six battalions. From this number we must deduct the Light Infantry companies; from all except the Louisbourg Grenadiers, who, of course, had none. Five Light Infantry companies would number about 300 men, so that only 2,000 of all ranks remained for the line of battle. But from these 2,000 we must deduct officers, sergeants, staff and supernumeraries, which could leave no more than 1,800 rank and file. This, in a two-deep line, would give 900 men in the front rank. Each man in those days occupied a front of 21 inches, so that 900 men would occupy 1,575 feet. Now, the whole extent of the front, from the extreme right of the Louisbourg Grenadiers to the extreme left of the 58th, was almost exactly 700 yards, or 2,100 feet. There would be five intervals between six battalions. The total space occupied by these five intervals would be 2,100 minus 1,575 feet, that is, 525 feet. Therefore each interval would be 105 feet, or 35 yards. And, as

Johnson's and other accounts speak of intervals "between 30 and 40 paces," these intervals of 35 yards agree quite well with the journals. So that, taking all this into consideration, there seems to be good warrant for calling Wolfe's line of battle "the first of all thin red lines."

4. The Plains of Abraham.—The present so-called "Plains of Abraham" never belonged to Abraham Martin, and were not the scene of the Battle at all. They are now a public park. "Maître Abraham," the King's Pilot, was born in 1589. He owned thirty-two arpents. The first twelve came to him from the Company of New France, by a deed dated December 4, 1635, given by Sieur François Derre, acting for Champlain, who was then ill in bed and died on Christmas day following. The remaining twenty arpents were a gift from Adrien Duchesne. The whole thirty-two arpents were bounded to the North by the cliff overlooking the valley of the St. Charles, to the East by the Côte Ste. Geneviève, to the West by Claire Fontaine Street, and to the South by a line joining these two streets and running a little above St. John Street and parallel with it. The Rue d'Abraham was a path following the line of the present Rue d'Artigny. Abraham Martin used it to drive his cattle to pasture on the "Heights of Abraham" and "Plains of Abraham," which acquired these names from this fact. The author of all the modern misconception about the true site of the battlefield is Hawkins, in whose *Pictures of Quebec*, 1834, the scene of the action is absurdly given as on the present "Plains" or Park. This blunder has been repeated again and again up to the present: The Dominion Government lent it their official sanction in 1901, when they bought this "historic" ground from the Ursulines, and gave it to the city of Quebec.

5. Montcalm's Order to the Guienne Regiment the Day Before the Battle.—The documentary evidence proving that Montcalm was thwarted by Vaudreuil in his attempt to protect the Heights and Plains of Abraham by posting this regiment there on the 5th is to be found in Mr. Doughty's work. But the evidence for Montcalm's order on the 12th is to be found in a journal discovered in the Archbishop's Palace in Quebec since that work was published, and printed in the April and May numbers of *Bulletin des Recherches Historiques, Pierre Georges Roy, éditeur-propriétaire, Rue Wolfe, Lévis, P.Q., Canada.* 1903.

At page 139 of Vol. IX, No. 5, there is the following verbatim

reprint of the entry for September 12, 1759, in the journal of Jean Félix Récher, Curé of Quebec :—

"12. Mercredi. Ordre donné par M. de Montcalm et ensuite révoqué par M. de Vaudreuil disant nous verrons cela demain, au bataillon de Guienne d'aller camper au foulon." See also the footnote on the same page. Récher was present in Quebec throughout the two eventful years of 1759–60, and was in close touch with all the leading men on the French side.

6. Numbers of the French at the Battle.—As usual, there are no official returns. In the *Extraits d'un journal tenu à l'armée que commandait feu M. le Marquis de Montcalm*, published by the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec in 1877, the number is given as 4,500. Bigot says the French numbered 3,500 and the British between 3,000 and 4,000. And, in a contemporary letter from La Révérende Mère Duplessis de Ste. Hélène de l'Hôtel-Dieu de Québec, the strength of the French is given as greater than that of the British: "Ils firent une descente par un endroit mal gardé et leur attaque fut si brusque, que quoi qu'ils fussent bien inférieurs en nombre à notre armée . . :" These estimates probably include all the Militia and Indians; but they may not. They may be checked by taking the whole number present at the siege, subtracting the casualties, sick, and absentees with Lévis, and allowing between 1,500 and 2,000 apiece to Bougainville and Vaudreuil, also 10 per cent. from the remainder for absentees, and 2,000 for the garrison of Quebec and seamen-gunners. This would work out about as follows:—

Casualties	500
Sick	1,500
Gone with Lévis	1,500
With Bougainville	2,000
,, Vaudreuil	2,000
,, Ramesay	2,000
Allow 10 per cent. of original total in addition for wastage	1,700
	11,200

Deducting 11,200 from 17,000 leaves 5,800. This exceeds the French estimates by more than they fall short of 5,000. On the whole, remembering that Indians are not specifically included in the French estimates, it is safe to say that the two sides were equal—"about 5,000 each."

NOTES

NOTES TO CHAPTER IX

1. Braddock's Mortar.—When the British officers were taking over the warlike stores at the Beauport camp, they found a mortar which had been taken by the French at the Monongahela and used by them against Wolfe during the siege of Quebec.

2. Arnoux.—It was the younger Arnoux who attended Montcalm, the elder brother being with Bourlamaque at Isle aux Noix. The elder's house was the present 59, St. Louis Street. The younger's house has now been pulled down. It stood nearly opposite Parloir Street, on the southern side of St. Louis Street.

NOTES TO CHAPTER X

1. Lévis' Army at Ste. Foy.—The exact numbers on the British side are easy enough to see; for Murray's field states are all in perfect order. The French numbers can only be found out approximately, as usual. Lévis gives a marching-out state at Montreal, dated April 17, including 7,260 of all ranks. We know, from all sources, both French and British, that every man he could lay hands on was pressed into the service, and rightly so. Now, there had been 22,000 men all of sorts under arms in 1759; and, as the whole strength of the colony was again put forth in 1760 for the Quebec expedition, it is safe to say that—allowing for casualties, sick, those who were unable to join as well as those who evaded joining, and all non-combatants—Lévis could not have had less than half this total in 1760, that is, 11,000 men. The British plan of the battle mentions the French army present as upwards of 12,000 strong; Murray says, officially, that he had certain intelligence of their having been over 10,000; Lévis says he left Montreal with over 7,000, expecting several thousand more; and all French authorities agree in stating that these several thousand more did join before the battle. Again, there must have been about 18,000 men capable of bearing arms in 1760, Regulars and Seamen included; and, with the entire force of the Colony concentrated on this expedition, it would be in the nature of things to expect two-thirds of the whole to appear in the field—12,000 men. On the whole, then, it is impossible to see how Lévis could have had less than three times as many men as Murray had in action; and the French army that day is rather

under- than over-estimated at 9,000 men; Murray's we knew positively was 3,000 strong. The number of guns is variously stated. Some British accounts tell of two per battalion; Kingsford repeats this, but confuses battalions with brigades, and reduces the British guns from twenty-two—as reported by Lévis—to six, as this was the number found in Montreal after the surrender. Murray found no other British guns that had been used in the action. Therefore, there may have been only six British guns; but the weight of the very conflicting evidence is rather in favour of there having been twenty-two, though what became of them all nobody knows. On the French side there may have been either none at all or only one, though these suppositions are more than doubtful, or, according to some accounts, an indefinite number. The British official plan shows twenty guns on the British side, and fourteen on the French side. So that, on the whole, the account here given in the text gives the benefit of all doubts rather to the French than to the British side. In any case, it seems certain that the odds in favour of the French were at least as great as those stated in the text, viz., three to one. Lévis states the French loss at 1,000; but seems to confine this to those who started with him from Montreal. Johnstone gives the total French loss as 2,000.

2. Lévis at Montreal.—For Lévis' most discreditable conduct at Montreal the reader is referred to Lévis' own journal and the official dispatches of Amherst. There can be no doubt that Lévis was "playing to the gallery" all through, and that he did not hesitate to cheat at this stage of the game. Compare *Journal de Lévis*, p. 308, with *Canadian Archives*, Series A and W I, 94, 145.

3. The Capitulation of Canada at Montreal on September 8, 1760.—The articles are printed *verbatim* in French—no English original ever having been made—in Kingsford's *History of Canada*, Vol. IV, pp. 417–433. The articles relating to Canada in the Treaty of Paris, on February 10, 1763, are given in English in the same volume at pp. 505–7. See also *Murray's Report and Journal*, Bibliography A—II and B—XLV, XLVI, XLVII.

4. Historical Tour of Quebec.—It is easy to trace the whole course of the Siege and Battle in modern Quebec, if the student will take the map in this volume with him.

Wolfe's camp at Montmorency stood on the cliff on the lower, or Eastern, side of the Falls; part of it on the cliff side of the road, part on the inner side. Howe's Light Infantry occupied

the extreme right front, nearly three-quarters of a mile East from the river Montmorency, and 100 yards North of the road

A trip down to the Falls and back will show the whole extent of the French entrenchments. The battle of July 31 was fought just a mile nearer Quebec than the Falls. The Camp on the Island of Orleans was chiefly for the hospital, stores, etc. But the site of the British batteries on the Levis Heights should be visited. It was directly opposite the present Dufferin Terrace.

The student should also go up the River by boat to Sillery. He will then see the Foulon, now called Wolfe's Cove.

Wolfe's advance to the battlefield may be followed by going out to the Foulon, then down the Belvedere, and turning in towards town along the Ste. Foy Road. Of course, Wolfe did not follow the exact line of the modern roads, but they mark his general line of advance well enough. At the foot of Maple Avenue, and from there on to the foot of de Salaberry Street, and on the left-hand or North side of the road, stood the houses occupied by the Light Infantry. The 15th were supporting these men, facing North along the road between these points. The Manceau and Borgia houses, first seized by the Light Infantry to protect Wolfe's point of formation, and then burnt down, stood near the site now occupied by the car sheds of the Street Railway Company, corner of D'Aiguillon and St. John Streets.

Then going back, up Maple Avenue, you cross the ground where the Second Royal Americans stood in reserve. At the top of Maple Avenue, before turning into Grande Allée, you pass the ground held by the 48th, also in reserve. To the right of the Grande Allée is Wolfe's monument. Then, on the river side of the Gaol, stood the right flank of the British line. Two hundred feet nearer town than the Gaol stood the right of the Louisbourg Grenadiers. After turning to the left to go back to the Grande Allée you pass, on your right, just inside the fence, and 100 yards from the Grande Allée, the spot where Wolfe was mortally wounded.

Going down de Salaberry Street you pass over the ground where the battle was won ; the two armies firing into each other across the street.

The general alignment of the French, as they appeared on the ridge, ready for battle and deploying for attack, can be easily made out. The front stretched between the second Martello tower, just on the St. Lawrence side of the Grande Allée,

and the new building of the Jeffrey Hale Hospital. The Canadians on the French left were in advance of the fourth tower, just near the St. Lawrence cliff, and faced the Gaol from their cover in the bushes along the edge. The Canadians and Indians on the right swarmed all over the ground below St. John Street, from St. John's Church to beyond Maple Avenue. Montcalm led the attack nearly along the same line as the road takes past the Jeffrey Hale Hospital.

Coming in the Grande Allée you will see on your left the Rue d'Artigny, once the Rue d'Abraham, along which Montcalm formed up before advancing. Parloir Street is peculiarly interesting, as, opposite to it, on the South side of St. Louis Street, stood the house where he died ; and, at its lower end, stands the Ursuline Convent and Chapel, where he was buried and where his skull is still preserved. His friend, Madame de Beaubassin (see p. 70), lived in a former *Rue du Parloir du Petit Séminaire*, inside the gate of the present Archbishop's Palace.

The Côte d'Abraham is where the French came up from Beauport, before the battle, and also where the Canadians made their gallant stand after the day was lost. The present walls are practically on the same ground formerly occupied by the French fortifications. The present Dorchester Bridge, called after Carleton, who was the first Lord Dorchester, is a quarter of a mile below the site of the hornwork and bridge of boats. The Wolfe and Montcalm monument is in the Governor's Garden, facing the Terrace. But anyone who will take a map with which to study the ground, will learn more than he will from pages of description.

It is an interesting fact that a loan exhibition of relics, books, maps, manuscripts and other things illustrating the history of the Siege and Battle, was opened in July, 1902, in the Franciscan Convent, which stands on the ground where the Regiment of Guienne formed up for the final attack. Wolfe's pistols and Montcalm's musket were both there, together with many other objects of almost equal interest.

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NOTE.—This is not intended as a completely exhaustive list of original authorities, but rather as a convenient summary of all those which are necessary to a full understanding of the subject. Any historical works mentioned here are only included for the sake of the original extracts they contain. The three classes of original documents which are not yet quite complete are as follows :—

1. Those which show who Bigot's confederates in France really were. 2. Those which may fill up the small gaps in the correspondence of the principal characters. 3. The official returns —field states, casualty lists, hospital reports, etc., etc., which will give direct evidence of the numbers engaged on the French side in the different actions and sieges.

But though it is very desirable to have these gaps filled, the present existence of them does not materially affect the really important issues of *The Fight for Canada*. Bigot's misdeeds, and those of his confederates, can be fully appreciated already, with regard to the bad effects they produced on the destinies of New France. Any additional evidence can only deepen the conviction grounded on the evidence now known. The same may be said of the gaps still existing in the correspondence of all the various characters. It is already so nearly complete, and cross-corroboration of all kinds is so ample, that there is nothing of vital importance left without convincing proof. As for the official reports of the French forces, their absence is rather irritating than really detrimental, as the numbers can be calculated accurately enough for all practical purposes from the evidence now proved to be correct. But where are these official documents? They should be in some of the various State Archives of France ; perhaps in the Ministry of Marine, or, more probably, in that of War. Anyhow, they have not been unearthed as yet.

For convenience of reference the BIBLIOGRAPHY is classified under three heads, as follows :—

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B. Principal Manuscripts.
C. Principal Maps, Charts, Plans and other Illustrations.

A: Principal Originals Published

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Special Edition de Luxe of twenty-five copies; now entirely sold out. Printed from same type on Best Hand-Made Strathmore Paper, and Bound according to the directions of the Purchaser. The Maps and Plans are all on the Best Vellum; all the Illustrations are specially printed and are All Coloured by Hand. These special setts were never placed on the open book market in the ordinary way of trade, but executed one by one for private orders only. Their price ranged up to $300.00.

There are seventy-three Illustrations: Portraits, Views, Plans and Facsimiles. Many of these are entirely Unknown, and are now Published for the First Time.

The following Facsimiles have been specially executed by Mr. Hyatt, of the Rembrandt Portrait Studio in London, and by the Forbes Company in Boston: The Act of Capitulation, Wolfe's Will and Codicil, Letter of Wolfe, Two Letters of Montcalm, The Original Deed of the Plains of Abraham, A Page from Wolfe's Order Book, Two Pages of Townshend's Official Dispatch announcing the Victory, and the Proclamation to the Canadians by General Murray.

The Maps and Plans include the following—

1. Map of the Siege in six colours, reproduced from the original Manuscript executed by Wolfe's Engineers. Original 84 by 32 inches. Reproduction, 42 by 16 inches. Facsimile in every other respect. This is the Map used in *The Fight for Canada*, by kind permission of Mr. Doughty, to whom the copy belongs.

2. Modern Plan of Quebec specially made to show the positions of both Armies on the day of the Battle.

3. Contemporary French Plan of City and Fortifications.

4. Contemporary Dutch Map, with inset showing St. Lawrence up to " De Chambord."

5. Contemporary British Manuscript Plan of City and Battle-Field, sketched on the spot.

6. The First Published Plan of the Battle, Edinburgh, 1759.

7. The British Official Plan sent by Townshend to Pitt, October 8, 1759. Only one copy now known. It is in Mr. Doughty's possession.

Nos. 4 and 6 are excessively rare; 1, 2, 3 and 5 have never been published; and 7 has never been reproduced and is now unique.

The following are the documents reproduced word for word; all very rare, unique, or unpublished, and some hitherto completely unknown.

(A) French Memoirs of the Siege and Battle—

1. Correspondance de Bougainville. One hundred and fifty-six letters written during July, August and September, 1759.

2. Note dictated by Bougainville from the Camp at Lorette, September 21, 1759.

3. Journal mémoratif par M. de Foligné, a Naval officer who commanded at the batteries during the siege.

4. Mémoire sur la Campagne de 1759, par M. de Johannès, Major de Québec.

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7. Relation du Siège de Québec. Probably by a Canadian Officer. It is accompanied by a running criticism by an officer of French colonial " marine " troops.

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(B) British Memoirs of the Siege and Battle—

1. A Journal of the Siege of Quebec. This has the superimposable double map. The letterpress is evidently by Townshend.

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11. Letter from James Gibson to Governor Lawrence.

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14. The Townshend Papers. These include many original MSS. not in the calendar of the Historical MSS. Commission. Lieut.-Colonel C. V. F. Townshend, C.B., D.S.O., had borrowed several MSS. at the time the Commission was at Raynham, and was using them in Hounslow Barracks for his *Life of the First Marquess Townshend*.

15. Original correspondence of General Wolfe.

16. The Galway papers. From originals in possession of the Monckton family.

17. The Sackville papers. From original letters of Wolfe to Lord George Sackville. These reveal Wolfe's own private opinions.

18. The Official Secret Instructions to Wolfe.

The dispatches of the Russian Ambassadors in London and Paris to Catherine II are given in Vol. IV; and Vol. VI is concluded by a very full bibliography of the whole subject, and by a good general index.

The extraordinary value of these documents may be estimated by remembering that they are all unique, or nearly so; that only two printed copies are known of A 5, B 1 and B 2; only two MS. copies of B 12; and only a single printed copy of B 5. But the

peculiar value of the collection lies in the original manuscripts which are printed here for the first time. They are as follows: A 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7 and B 3, 7, 8, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18. It is intended to make this work as exhaustive as anything of the kind can be. There is enough unpublished original material now in hand to fill another three volumes. The final number of volumes may therefore extend to ten, as the last volume will contain various supplementary matter. The great special feature will be a complete index to the entire contents of all original documents whatever. By this means every item in *The Fight for Canada* may be verified by direct documentary proof.

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A. XXIII. Saunders. Several letters of his are to be found in the Townshend papers. See A. IX.

A. XXIV. Wolfe. Items appearing in *Notes and Queries.* There are eighty-seven articles referring to Wolfe in *Notes and Queries.* See Doughty, VI, 205 ; or General Index to *Notes and Queries.*

A. XXV. Wolfe. Mr. John Horn, of Montreal, made a collection of fourteen contemporary references to Wolfe from the London newspapers of 1758–60. See Doughty, VI, 206. The same gentleman also collected twenty-one original obituary notices. See Doughty, VI, 208.

A. XXVI. *Journal de Jean Félix Récher, Curé de Québec.* In Vol. IX, 1903, of *Bulletin des Recherches Historiques.* Pierre Georges Roy, éditeur-propriétaire. Rue Wolfe, Lévis, Province of Quebec, Canada. See Note 5 to Ch. VIII.

A. XXVII. *The Military Life of the First Marquess Townshend.* By Lt.-Col. C. V. F. Townshend, C.B., D.S.O. London : Murray, 1901. The author says he had to write amid many interruptions and in haste. Hence, probably, the many mistakes in reprinting the extracts from the Townshend Papers. The most serious error is the misplacing of the letters of the Brigadiers and Wolfe at 8.30 p.m., on September 12, the eve of the battle. Colonel Townshend is, consequently, quite mistaken in his deductions. See the account given in his book, and compare it with the original correspondence reprinted verbatim and chronologically noted in Mr. Doughty's documents and text. See Chap. VIII of *The Fight for Canada ;* also Note on Wolfe's Initiative to Chap. VIII ; and this Bibliography, B. XVIII and XXXIX.

A. XXVIII. *The Memoirs of the Chevalier Johnstone.* Trans-

lated by Mr. Winchester, Advocate. Third Edition. Edinburgh, Wylie, 1873. Three vols.

The first edition was published by Longmans many years before; and the work has only been known among Jacobite specialists, under its cover title of *Scottish Rebellion*, 1745. It has never been mentioned in any Canadian bibliography. The translator says he has been very careful to translate everything correctly. So he has. Jacques-Cartier appears as "James Carter," and the Porte Lachine in Montreal as "The China Gate"! The memoirs are an autobiography in Johnstone's own handwriting, with many original notes of his own. There are several little sketch maps of his also; but he did not put the names of the places on them, and the one of Quebec is missing.

A. XXIX. *La Jeunesse de Bougainville et la Guerre de Sept Ans. Les Français au Canada.* Réné de Kerallain. Paris, 1896. Only 150 Copies printed of this admirable work.

A. XXX. *The Siege of Quebec and Battle of the Plains of Abraham: an answer to the Editor of "Old and New."* By N. E. Dionne, Librarian of Parliament, Quebec, 1903.

A. XXXI. *The Fortress of Quebec*—1608–1904. By A. G. Doughty, Joint Librarian of Parliament, Quebec—Quebec, 1904. A connected account, quoting original documents, giving unpublished illustrations, and with naval and military notes by Major William Wood. Only 73 copies printed.

B. Principal Original MSS.

B. I. Amherst's letters. Mostly in Public Record Office, London. See there, A and W. I. documents.

B. II. Journal de Bougainville. MS. in possession of Madame de Saint-Sauveur-Bougainville. For particulars see Doughty, VI, 216; see also B. XX.

B. III. Correspondance de Bougainville. Same owner as above. This is a most important collection. The official copies from Ottawa were found to be unreliable; over 1,500 serious mistakes being found when compared with the originals! Mr. Doughty's reprints are made from copies compared with the originals by M. Réné de Kerallain, of Quimper, France. Many of Montcalm's letters are to be found here. The whole are of the very greatest interest.

B. IV. Bougainville. Note dictated by him, September 21,

1759, at Lorette. This recounts his services from May 1 previous. Same owner.

B. V. Brigadiers to Wolfe, and Plan of Operations in consequence. British Museum. Add. 32,895, f. 90, and Add. 32,895, f. 91.

B. VI. Casualty Return. October 8, 1759. Signed by Monckton. Public Record Office. Vol. LXXXVIII.

B. VII. Cheltenham Correspondence. This is a collection of autograph letters in the famous library of Sir Thomas Phillips, of Thirlestaine House, Cheltenham. It was brought to the hammer in 1903. The first published account of this mass of Canadiana appeared in Mr. Doughty's *Bibliography* in 1902. There are four vols. quarto and two vols. folio. Period: 1756–1762.

Vol. I, 4to, contains over 100 letters of Montcalm, with some of Bougainville and others.

Vol. II, 4to, contains 100 letters of Vaudreuil, with some of Bigot.

Vol. III, 4to, contains ninety letters of Lévis; also letters of Doreil, La Rochelle, Bougainville, Hébécourt and others.

Vol. IV, 4to, contains fifty letters of Rigaud de Vaudreuil, also letters of Malartic, Sennezergue, Doreil, Hébécourt, and others.

Vol. I, Folio, contains letters of Louis XV, Vaudreuil, the Marquis de Poulnay, the Duc de Belle-Isle, Lord Amherst, Général Gremilles, Duc de Choiseul and others. Also many Instructions, etc., to Bourlamaque from Vaudreuil and Montcalm.

Vol. II, Folio, contains "Mémoires," "Relations," "Instructions," etc., some signed by Montcalm and Vaudreuil.

The historical value of these papers was never known before.

B. VIII. The Galway papers. In possession of the Viscount Galway (Baron Monckton), of Serlby Hall, Yorkshire. Sixteen MSS. of great interest, chiefly by Barré, Wolfe's Adjutant-General, and Saunders.

B. IX. The King's Secret Instructions to Saunders and Wolfe. Public Record Office. Vol. LXXVII.

B. X. James Gibson to Governor Lawrence. Important Journal Letter sent August 10, 1759, from Quebec. Archives of Nova Scotia.

B. XI. Goodwin, Major John, Royal Artillery. Returns of ordnance, ammunition, etc., found in Quebec on its surrender. Public Record Office. A. and W. I. 88.

B. XII. Holmes, Rear-Admiral Charles, Official letter, September 18, 1759. British Museum. Add. 32,895, f. 449.

B. XIII. John Johnson's Memoirs of the Siege of Quebec and Total Reduction of Canada in 1759 and 1760. Johnson was Quartermaster-Sergeant in the 58th and took part in all the operations. He was a keen observer, but undiscriminating, and his English is amusingly bad. MS. belonged to Parkman the historian.

B. XIV. Journal Abrégé de la Campagne de 1759 en Canada. MS. belonging to Madame de Saint-Sauveur-Bougainville. Authorship unknown, but supposed to be that of Marcel, Montcalm's Military Secretary.

B. XV. Fragment of Anonymous Journal from British Museum. Add. 32,895, f. 455.

B. XVI. Fragment of Anonymous Journal from MS. in Library of Congress, Washington.

B. XVII. Journal of the Particular Transactions during the Siege, by an Officer of Fraser's Highlanders. The MS. belongs to *Notes and Queries*.

B. XVIII. The Three Brigadiers'—Monckton, Townshend and Murray—letter to Wolfe the night before the battle, September 12, 1759. This letter is quoted in the text; see chapter VIII. It is of great importance in proving that Wolfe's own initiative was the only factor in deciding on the place of landing. The MS. is in the British Museum. Add. 32,895, f. 90.

B. XIX. Monckton's dispatch to Pitt, October 8, 1759. A manifesto of Vaudreuil's is enclosed. It is dated June 7, 1759, and, referring to the invading British forces, says: "Leur projet étant de massacrer tout ce qui est Canadien, sans distinction de sexe ni d'age." Public Record Office. A. & W. I. vol. 88.

B. XX. *Montcalm, Journal du Marquis de, durant ses campagnes en Canada, de 1756 à 1759. Publié sous la direction de l'Abbé H. R. Casgrain*, 1895. This Journal is often indistinguishable from Bougainville's. It is certainly not Montcalm's throughout, and seems to have been compiled from notes. For original MSS. see Journal de Bougainville, B. II. The late Abbé Casgrain did not publish *in extenso* and *verbatim*. See photographed facsimiles of originals in Mr. Doughty's possession. It is a great pity that an editor so accomplished, so indefatigable, and enjoying so many advantages as the learned Abbé, should have stopped short of absolutely complete transcripts of both Journals; or, at least, a complete collation.

B. XXI. Montcalm. An Autobiographical sketch; in pos-

session of the present Marquis de Montcalm, Château d'Avèze, France.

B. XXII. Montcalm's letters to Reverend Mother Superior of the Hôtel Dieu, Quebec; MSS. in the Hôtel Dieu, Quebec.

B. XXIII. Pitt's Official Instructions to Amherst. Public Record Office. Vols. 76 and 77.

B. XXIV. Pitt's Instructions to Durell and Saunders. Public Record Office. Vols. 76 and 77.

B. XXV. Sackville MSS. Historical MSS. Commission. Ninth Report, part 3 *et seq.* Transcribed at Public Record Office. MSS. belonging to Mrs. Stopford Sackville. Most important, as containing many of Wolfe's confidential letters. Some of these are quoted in the text of *The Fight for Canada*, Chapter VI.

B. XXVI. Saunders. State and Condition of H.M.SS. off Point Levi, August 30, 1759. A very complete return, now at the Admiralty.

B. XXVII. Saunders. Official Dispatches to the Admiralty. MSS. in Public Record Office. Admirals' Dispatches N.A., vol. 3.

B. XXVIII. Captain Alexander Schomberg to Admiral Forbes. Description of Attack of July 31. British Museum. Add. 35,893, f. 237.

B. XXIX. Townshend to Pitt, September 20, 1759. Official Account of the Battle. Though often quoted it has never been quoted quite correctly, except by Mr. Doughty. Compare it as given by other historians with the original MS. in Public Record Office, vol. 88.

B. XXX. Townshend. Journal of the Voyage to America and Campaign against Quebec, 1759. MS. in Townshend's handwriting. It is in possession of the Marquess Townshend.

B. XXXI. Townshend Papers. For particulars, see Doughty, VI, 264–6.

B. XXXII. Vaudreuil's Two Letters to the Mother Superior of the Hôtel Dieu, Quebec, refusing to give her any supplies. MSS. in Hôtel Dieu, Quebec.

B. XXXIII. Wolfe's Will and Codicil. Originals in Somerset House.

B. XXXIV. Manuscript Order Book of Wolfe, from February 12, 1748, to September 12, 1759. Original in Royal United Service Institution.

B. XXXV. Wolfe's Embarkation States. *Neptune* at Sea. June 5, 1759. Public Record Office. Vol. 88.

B. XXXVI. Wolfe to Barrington, threatening to resign commission if not properly treated. Original in War Office. N.A.V., Vol. 11.

B. XXXVII. Wolfe to the Brigadiers. Montmorency, August 1759. British Museum. Add. 32,895, f. 89.

B. XXXVIII. Wolfe's letters home to his Parents. Several in British Museum.

B. XXXIX. Wolfe to Monckton. H.M.S. *Sutherland*, 8½ o'clock, September 12, 1759. Answer to letter of Brigadiers, telling them what place the attack was to be made on. Quoted in text, see Chap. VIII ; see B. XVIII.

B. XL. Wolfe to Pitt. November 1, 1758. Public Record Office. A. and W. I., Vol. 79.

B. XLI. Wolfe to Pitt ; September 2, 1759. Official Dispatch announcing his own illness, and Plan of the Brigadiers. British Museum. Add. 32,895, f. H. 121–4.

B. XLII. Wolfe to Rickson. Twelve letters in the Museum of Antiquities, Edinburgh. These were printed in Tait's *Edinburgh Magazine* for December 1849, and reprinted in Littell's *Living Age* in 1850. Both reprints have notable omissions. Mr. Doughty's reprints are *verbatim* and *in extenso*. There are many omissions in the correspondence given in Wright's *Life of Wolfe*.

B. XLIII. Wolfe to Saunders ; August 20, 1759, *re* attack of July 31. Printed in *Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1801.

B. XLIV. Wolfe to Townshend ; *Sutherland*, 8½ o'clock, September 12, 1759. About attack at Foulon. See, in this connexion, B. XVIII and XXXIX. British Museum. Add. 32,895, f. 93.

B. XLV. Wolfe's 170 Letters in the Warde collection at Squerryes Court, Westerham, Kent.

B. XLVI. Murray's Report of 1762. Gives interesting details of condition of Canada. Original in British Museum.

B. XLVII. Murray's Journal of the Sieges of Quebec, 1759–60. See A. II, 4.

B. XLVIII. Murray's Letters. See Townshend Papers, B. XXXI.

B. XLIX. The Lévis Papers have never been published *verbatim* and *in extenso*. They belong to the present Marquis de Lévis. The Abbé Casgrain has published much in his *Montcalm et Lévis*, Quebec, 1891 ; and his *Correspondance*, and *Journal de Lévis*. But these works do not contain all the MSS. We must again regret that the Abbé could not make his work

absolutely exhaustive. This *Journal de Lévis* has been often used, notably by Kingsford.

B. L. Memoirs of Lieutenant Hamilton. These papers give a very detailed account of the siege and battle by an eye-witness. The account of the landing at the Foulon is particularly good. The Memoirs extend to the surrender at Saratoga. The MS. was presented by Hamilton's family to Harvard University, where it now is.

B. LI. *La Maison de Borgia*, etc. A monograph by Mr. P. B. Casgrain, K.C., containing extracts from all documents bearing on the situation of the houses first occupied by Wolfe's Light Infantry on the morning of the battle, to secure his left and cover his deployment. This was submitted to Section I of the Royal Society of Canada, at its session of June, 1904. Hearty thanks are due to Mr. Casgrain for allowing the use of all his MSS.

B. LII. The Dumas MSS., now at Montauban, France, contain valuable minutes of letters to Vaudreuil, etc.

B. LIII. The Logs of H.M.SS. in Canada, 1759–60. These important documents have never been used in any book except *The Fight for Canada*. They are very voluminous, the copies of them filling over 2,000 folio pages. The various entries for the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th of September are most interesting, and settle many vexed questions for good and all. Most of these logs are now in the Public Record Office.

C. Principal Original Maps, Charts, Plans, and Other Illustrations.

NOTE.—The original of the Map of Quebec published with the *Fight for Canada* is in Ottawa. It was compiled by the different Engineer Officers present under Wolfe, and supervised by Major Mackellar, whose signature is on it. It was specially reduced for, and published by, Mr. Doughty, for the first time, in 1902. See Bibliography, A. I, Map No. 1. Also C. XXIII. The second map in the *Fight for Canada* is a facsimile of the frontispiece to Jefferys' *French Dominions in America*, London, 1760. See Bibliography, A. X.

C. I. *A Correct Plan of the Environs of Quebec and of the Battle fought on September* 13, 1759. *Drawn from the Original Surveys taken by the Engineers of the Army. Engraved by Thomas Jefferys, Geographer to His Majesty.*

This is most important. It is exceedingly rare. A short journal accompanies the plan and has seventy-five references. A sort of overlying flyleaf, when laid down flat, gives the second, or final, position of both armies at the instant of contact.

C. II. *Plan of the Town of Quebec. Showing the principal encampments and works of the British Army during the siege of that Place in* 1759. Size 70 by 28 inches; scale, 800 feet to the inch. Very full references. Original in British Museum.

C. III. "The King's Map" in the British Museum. (1) "*Plan of Quebec with the position of the British and French Armies on the Heights of Abraham, September* 13, 1759." Size, 14 by 5 feet. Beautifully coloured down to smallest detail. Particulars of every corps engaged given, also place where Wolfe fell, etc. Exact numbers of British side given in detail.

A MS. copy of this Map, which has never been published, is in Mr. Doughty's possession.

C. IV. "The King's Map." (2) "*Plan of the Battle and situation of the British and French Armys on the Heights of Abraham the* 28 *of April*, 1760." Different portion of C. III.

C. V. "*A Plan of the ground near ye R. Montmorency, whereon General Wolfe encamped July and which he quit September* 1759 *at* 12 *o'clock on the Day in sight of the French Army without the loss of a man.*" Size, 20 by 13 inches. British Museum. Facsimile in Mr. Doughty's hands.

C. VI. "*Plan of the Environs of Quebec with the Operations in* 1759." Endorsed by Captain S. Holland. Public Record Office. Beautiful MS. plan. Facsimile in Mr. Doughty's possession.

C. VII. *An Authentic Plan of the River St. Lawrence from Sillery to the Falls of Montmorency.* Drawn by a Captain in the Navy. Published 1760. Mr. Doughty's photograph is of a copy in the Ministry of War in Paris, containing several MS. notes, e.g. "Ce ne fut pas un siège en 1759, mais un bombardement."

C. VIII. *A Plan of the Operations at the taking of Quebec.* Copy belonging to Mr. Philéas Gagnon, Quebec. Shows position of Montcalm, Sennezergue and Beauchâtel in the battle.

C. IX. *A Plan of the City of Quebec, the Capital as it Surrendered September* 18, 1759, *to the British Fleet and Army.* Photo of original in Département de la Guerre, Paris. Plan No. 13 de la série générale. Appears in Mr. Doughty's work. Another, and smaller, plan, showing position on August 1, 1759, is attached.

C. X. *Plan of the City of Quebec showing position of the British and French armies and the advance by each army after the line was formed on September* 13, 1759.

This is a modern plan, specially made for Mr. Doughty by several competent engineers, from data obtained from all original contemporary MSS. It shows present streets, etc., and appears, in a revised form, in his book.—*Quebec under Two Flags*. 1904.

C. XI. Plan of Quebec and adjacent country. MS. by Louis Charland in 1777. Shows every topographical detail from Pointe-à-Puiseaux to L'Ange Gardien, on a scale of 800 feet to the inch. Preserves all local names which have since fallen into disuse. A valuable plan.

C. XII. *Plan of the Town and Bason of Quebec during the attack in* 1759. *From surveys on the spot by Captain Delbeig, Captain Holland and Lieutenant Des Barres.* Eight hundred feet to the inch. Original was copied for Parkman; this copy is now in Harvard University Library.

C. XIII. *Chart of the River St. Lawrence from the Chaudiere River to Goose Cape, five miles below Isle aux Coudres.* This is the Chart used in H.M.S. *Neptune*, of ninety guns, Saunders' flagship in 1759. Scale, two miles to the inch. Original in British Museum. Facsimile in possession of Mr. Doughty. A most valuable document in every way.

C. XIV. *A new Chart of the River St. Lawrence.* This was an Admiralty survey made by Saunders' Hydrographers in 1759. Captain Cook, it will be remembered, was one of the fathers of hydrography, and was Master aboard the *Pembroke* in 1759 at Quebec.

C. XV. *Plan de la Ville de Québec. Par N. Bellin:* P. F. X. de Charlevoix, *Histoire de la Nouvelle France*, Vol. V, p. 105. Paris, 1744. It was from this plan that Mackellar made the plan used by Wolfe.

C. XVI. *Plan du Bassin de Québec par N. Bellin*, Charlevoix. Vol. V., p. 104.

C. XVII. *Grundriss der Stadt Quebec.* Allgemeine Historie der Reisen zu Wasser und Lande. Leipzig, 4to, 1758.

C. XVIII. *Plan of Quebec and adjacent country—during siege by General Wolfe in* 1759. Reduced from MS. of Captain J. B. Glegg by John Mellish. 15 by 20 inches. In War Office official documents relative to . . . reduction of the Canadas.

C. XIX. *A Plan of the operations of the taking of Quebec, September* 13, 1759. T. Phinn. 7½ by 4½ ins. Interesting

as first plan published after the battle. It appeared at Edinburgh in the *Scots Magazine*, published by Sands, in the last number for 1759 at page 552.

C. XX. *Quebeck de hoofstad van Kanada door de Engleschen bemagtid*, 1759. 17 by 13 ins. Amsterdam: Tirion: 1769.

C. XXI. Mackellar's Plan of the Battle of the Plains. Original signed MS. in colour; in Ottawa. Size, 54 × 24 ins. Reproduced in reduced photographic facsimile in *The Fortress of Quebec*; see A. XXI.

C. XXII. Mackellar's Plan of the Battle of Ste. Foy, April 28, 1760. This is very detailed, and as trustworthy as possible, under the circumstances. It was the Official British Plan of the action. The original is at Ottawa, and has never been published.

C. XXIII. *Plan of the Town of Quebec, The Capital of Canada in North America, showing the principal Encampments and Works of the British Army commanded by Major James Wolfe, and those of the French Army commanded by Lieut.-Gen. the Marquis de Montcalm.* Original MS. in colours, 68 by 30 inches. Signed by Mackellar. This was sent to England soon after the battle, and remained in the War Office till 1891, when it was returned to Canada, where H.E. The Earl of Minto rediscovered it in 1902, from indications given by Mr. Doughty. It is almost identical with the Map in the Pocket of *The Fight for Canada*. See Note on p. 353; and AI, 1, on p. 342. Both maps were made at the same time and by the same men.

C. XXIV. For reproductions of original portraits of the following see Mr. Doughty's work, Vols. I, II, and III: Amherst, Barré, Bougainville, Hale, Jervis, Lévis, Miss Lowther, Monckton, Montcalm, Murray, Saunders, Townshend, Vaudreuil, Walsh and Wolfe.

INDEX

Index

Administrative impossibilities in New France, 61–3.
Admirals, their care of their men, 106. (See also Fleet, Navy, Saunders and Sea-Power.)
Admiralty administration, 108 *et seq.*
Amenities of war, 190, 195–7, 290.
America, Wolfe on future of, 145.
American and English mutual contempt, 40; Civil War and Quebec Campaign compared, 30; Colonists and Home Government, 35–45; Continent, strategic position of, 4; Naval and Military history, 313; Rangers, 169; Seamen, 168; Warfare, Wolfe on, 41, 128.
Amherst, 151; Secret instructions to, 158; Advance on Montreal, 301; Bibliography, 344, 348.
Anson, 82–117; Personnel in circumnavigation, 85; Voyage round World, 83–88; Great Administration of, 108 *et seq*; Pitt's tribute to, 110; Strategist, 111; Two Mistakes, 111; Patron of Saunders, 116.
Army, British, in Seven Years War, 108; Dilettante officers, 120, 133; Political mismanagement, 129; Estimates, 131; Strength at Battle of Plains, 225–7.
Arnoux, Montcalm's surgeon, 337.
Artillery, Wolfe's, 183; Ammunition fired at Quebec, 203; British at Battle, 226, 233, 252; French at Battle, 245; in Seven Years War, 328–9.
Authorities, the accepted, all superseded by new documents, *Preface, passim.*

Barré, Major Isaac, A. G. at Quebec, 172.
Battle of the Plains, 205–264; Importance, *Preface.* Battlefield, 233–4; March to, 234; Deployment on, 234; Preliminary skirmishing, 235; Wolfe's line of battle, 236; Naval Brigade, 237; Wolfe inspects his line, 238; Scenery, 239; Strategic position, 240; Eve of, in French camp, 241; Numbers present, 245; Two armies compared, 246; British reserve, 247; First French advance, 248; French deploy, 250; Wolfe's final orders, 252; York's six-pounder, 252; Canadians and Indians, 253; Canadian Regulars, 254; "Thin Red Line," 255; Fire-fight, 256; British charge, 256; British pursuit, 257; French officers killed, 258; French recross bridge, 260; Bougainville, 261; Casualties, 262; World-wide effect, 262; Remarkable personnel engaged, 263; Townshend completes victory, 265.
Beauport entrenchments, 155; French anxious about, 217.
Bigot's character, 47–50; Profligacy, 50; Frauds, 53; In 1759, 147; Documents, 314; Inconnu 314; Bibliography, 343, 345, 346, *et passim.*
Boishébert, first to see British on the Plains, 243.
Boscawen, smart work of, at Gibraltar, 114; at Louisbourg, 138; Blockades Brest, 212.
Bougainville, Mission to France, in 1758–9, 80; Career, 150; Checks Murray at Pointe aux Trembles, 200; Guards North Shore, 217; During Battle of the Plains, 261; Retires on Montreal, 301; Journal, 314; Bibliography, 343, 348, 349, 350.

INDEX

Bourlamaque in 1759, 151.
Braddock's Defeat, Colonial Criticism, 40; Washington on, 42; Disastrous to professional prestige, 60; Mortar re-taken at Quebec, 337.
Bradstreet's Coup-de-main, 142.
Brigadiers, Wolfe's, 171; Plan of, 210, 214; Joint letter of inquiry, on eve of battle, 224.
British Army and Navy in Seven Years War, 108; Army of occupation in 1760 in Canada, 307; Colonization, 33; Colonial hinterland expansion, 35; Command of the Sea in 1713, 28; Defeat at Ste. Foy, 295; Forces unite before Montreal, 304; Naval Officers, 112; Navy, 1713–1755, 28; Sea-Power confirms Conquest of Canada, 299, 308–10.
"Brown Bess," 248.
Bute, Flunkey in power, 20; Deserts Frederick the Great, 22; Disgraceful Peace, 22.
Byng Affair, 16, 17.
Byron, Commodore, destroys last French vessels in Canada, 299.
Bibliography, 341–356; Published documents, 342; Unpublished documents, 348; Maps, Charts, Plans and Illustrations, 353; Amherst, 344, 348; Bougainville, 343, 348, 349, 350; Casgrain, l'Abbé, 348, 350, 352; Doughty, A. G., 342–5, *et passim*; Johnstone, Chevalier, 345, 348; Lévis, 349, 352; The Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, 345; Logs of H.M.SS., 353, see also Saunders and Sea-Power; Maps, 342, 343, 346, 353; Montcalm, 343, 346, 348, 349, 350, 351; Murray, 352; Saunders, 347, 349, 351, see Logs of H.M.SS.; Townshend, 343, 344, 346, 347; Vaudreuil, 349, 351; Wolfe, 344, 348, 349, 351, 352.

Cadet, scoundrelly contractor, 52–3; Hand in glove with Bigot and Vaudreuil, 147–8.
Cameron's gallantry, 200.
Canada, Conquest of, caused by Sea-Power, 82; Conquest of, confirmed by Sea-Power, 308–10; Plan of Campaign against, in 1759, 165; Corruption of Government of, 47–56, 62, 78–81, 147.
Canadian Militia at Battle of the Plains, 253; Regulars at Battle, 254; Militia make a stand, 259; Habitants surprised by British leniency, 303.
Carillon. See Ticonderoga.
Carillon, Drapeau de, 315.
Carleton, Q.M.G. for Quebec, 172; Staff Officer, evacuation Montmorency, 213.
Casgrain, l'Abbé, 348, 350, 352.
Casgrain, Mr. P. B., 353.
Casualties, Siege of Quebec, 198–9; Battle of the Plains, 262.
"Centurion," Anson's flagship round World, 86–8; In Montmorency attack, 192.
Château Richer Affair, 201.
Clearing for Action, detail for, 103.
Colonial Governments, 35–7; Militia, 37 *et seq.*; Criticism of Braddock, 40; Methods in America—Spanish, French and British, 31–3.
Conscription better than Pressing, 98–9.
Cook, Captain, 112.
Corne, de la, 151.
Côte d'Abraham, Canadian stand at, 259.
Culloden, Wolfe at, 121.
Cumberland, Duke of, as War Office administrator, 130.

Daine, Mayor of Quebec, petitions for surrender, 268.
Desertion in R.N., 106.
Dettingen, Wolfe at, 121.
Dispatches, British, intercepted, 202.
Doughty, Mr. A. G., Documentary Research of, x, 342–5, and Preface, Notes and Bibliography.
Drapeau de Carillon, 315.
Dumas, 155, 186, 260, 353.
Dutch War of 1672, 2.
Dutch Sea-Power, 27.

England, at beginning of Great Imperial War, 2; as a World-Power, 5; Threatened French invasion, 211.
English, Americans and misunderstand each other, 40; Contempt for Foreigners, 107; Foreign

Policy, 3; Sea-Power after Trafalgar, 10.
Europe, Critical state of, in 1759, 211–3.

Fall of New France, 289–310.
Fight for Canada, Justifying Publication of, *Preface*.
Fire-Ships, 179.
Fire-Rafts, 189.
Fleet, Saunders' Quebec, 166; Personnel, 167; Transports, 168; American seamen, 168; Clears Louisbourg, 173; Advances up St. Lawrence, 174; Arrives at Quebec, 177; Fire-ships attack it, 179; Fire-rafts attack it, 189; It thwarts a French plan, 202; Strength in detail, 326; Ordnance, 328; Logs, 353. *Vide* Saunders and Sea-Power.
Foreigners, in R.N., 107; English contempt for all Foreigners, 107.
Fortifications of Quebec, 152–5, 348.
Fort William Henry, 71–3.
Foulon, Wolfe reconnoitres, 216; Wolfe first indicates as objective, 224; Descent of River to, 228; Landing at, 230–1; Montcalm's attempts to defend, 217, 218, 233, 240–1, 243, 335–6.
France, at beginning of Great Imperial War, 1; and Canada in 1759, 147; at Peace of 1763, 22. See also Siege of Quebec, 147.
Frederick the Great, 18, 19; Kunersdorf, 213; Note, 312.
French Sea-Power, 2, 27, 28; Colonization, 32; Army in Canada in 1756, 63; Regulars, 64; Reinforcements in 1759, 148; Troops at Battle, 245–6, 336; First advance at Battle, 248; Deployment, 250; Final advance, 253; Attack, 255; Officers killed, 258; Recross bridge, 260; Army in 1760, 291–2; Victory at Ste. Foy, 295; General retreat, 300; Army, numbers of, note, 330; Camp song, 331.

Gambling at Quebec, 70.
Gaspé laid waste, 144.
Generals, British, in Battle of the Plains, 237.
George II, Disastrous death of, 19; On Wolfe, 146.
George III, Incompetent, 20.
"Glorious Enterprise"—1689–1759, 43; in 1759, 165; Note, 312.
Gray's Elegy story, 222, 320.
Great Imperial War from 1688 to 1815, 1–14; First phase, 6; Second, 7; Third, 8; Fourth, 8; Fifth, 9; Sixth, 10; Seventh, 10; Compared with Hundred Years War, 6; Object, 1, 6, 10.
Grenadiers' mad charge at Montmorency, 193.
Guienne Regiment, 217, 233, 335–6. See also Foulon.

Habitants, Misery of, 50; Called to Arms, 148; Surprised at British leniency, 303.
Haviland advances on Montreal, 301.
Hawke, Action in 1747, Saunders being a Captain under him, 89; Saunders goes to help, 289; Quiberon confirms Quebec, 310.
"Heaving down," 102.
Heights of Abraham. See Foulon.
Highlands in 1745, Wolfe in, 132.
Hinterland expansion of New France and New England, 35.
Howe, Lord, killed before Ticonderoga, 141–2.
Hundred Years War compared with Great Imperial War, 6.
"Hunter" Sloop, on eve of Battle, 229.

Imperial Defence, object-lesson in, *Preface;* Misunderstood in 18th century, 35–45.
Indians, at Battle, 253. See also Fort William Henry, and Scalping.
Infantry Drill, 249.
Instructions, Secret, for Quebec Campaign, 158–165.
Intendant, Bigot, 47–56, *et passim*. See Bigot and Vaudreuil.

Jervis, 167, 174–7; Wolfe entrusts miniature of fiancée to, 222.
Johannès tries to save Quebec, 268; Goes out to treat, 269, 270.
Johnson, Sir William, defeats Dieskau, 61; Keeps Indians under control, 302.

INDEX

Johnstone, Chevalier, 242, 266; Documents, 345, 348.

Kunersdorf Disaster, 213.
Kerallain, M. Réné de, 348.

Laffeldt, Wolfe at, 122.
Landing Place. See Foulon.
Levis Batteries, 147–264, *passim.*
Lévis, Chevalier de, professionally, 149; Prepares to attack Quebec, 291; at Ste. Foy, 294; Besieges Quebec, 296; Advances to storm Quebec, 297; Retreats, 298; at Montreal, 304; Dishonour of, 305; Army at Ste. Foy, 337; at Montreal, 338; Documents, 349, 352.
Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, 345.
Loan, Private, for Army, 290.
Logs of H.M.SS., 353. See also Chapters VII and VIII, *passim.*
Louis XIV and Greater France, 2; Sea-Power, 2.
Louis XV, Wolfe received by, 122.
Louisbourg, Wolfe at, 138; Wolfe on Mismanagement at, 139–142.
Louisbourg Grenadiers, 226.
Lowther, Miss, Wolfe's fiancée, 125; Miniature, 222; Letter of, 323.

Mackellar's Plans of Quebec, 218, 348, 355, 356; Fortifies Cap Rouge, 292; Plan of Battle of the Plains, 356; Plan of Battle of Ste. Foy, 356.
Maps, *in Pocket at end of Book.*
"Marine, Troupes de la," 65.
Massacre of Fort William Henry, 72.
Military History, American, 313.
Military Study, Wolfe on, 127–8.
Militia, Colonial, 37, *et seq.*; American, Wolfe on, 40; French-Canadian, 66–7.
Monckton, 171; First brush with enemy at Quebec, 180; at attack on Montmorency, 191, *et seq.*; at Battle of the Plains, 224, 227, 258.
Montcalm, on Canadian Government, 50; Sketch of, 57–81; Boyhood, 57; Scholarly, 57; Domestic, 58, 81; Temperament, 59; Career in Europe, 59; Canadian Command, 60; Position in Canada, 61; On Vaudreuil, 63; at Oswego, 68; Denounced by Vaudreuil, 69; Religious, 69; Social, 70; on Lévis, Bourlamaque, Bougainville, 71; Fort William Henry, 71–3; on his Position in 1757, 73; Ticonderoga, 75–7, 316; Position in 1758, 78–81; Instructions to, in 1759, 80–1; Lieutenants in 1759, 149; and Wolfe on Quebec, 151; Fabian methods, 179; wishes to occupy Point Levis, 181; Bougainville to guard Heights, 188; Letter to Amherst, 190; Victim of gossip, 206; Attempts to guard Foulon thwarted by Vaudreuil, 217, 218, 233, 240, 241, 243, 335–6; Dispositions on morning of Battle spoilt by Vaudreuil, 240–5; on eve of Battle, 241; Impromptu Council of War, 246; Perilous strategical position, 247; Army at Battle, 251; Orders final Advance, 253; Wounded, 258; Death-bed letter to Townshend, 266; Death, 275; Funeral, 276; Traduced by Vaudreuil and Bigot, 277–9; French-Canadian opinion against, 279; Monuments, 281–8; Honoured in France, 282; Portrait, 57; Note on Portraits, 314; Journal, 314; Relics, 315; Spurious Documents, 280, 316; Army at Ticonderoga, Note, 316; Documents, 316, 343, 346, 348, 349, 350, 351.
Montgomery's Disgrace, 201.
Montmorency Camp formed, 185; Heights attacked, 191; Camp evacuated, 213.
Montreal, British advance and French retire on, 300; British unite before, 304; Capitulates, 304; Articles of Capitulation, 338.
Murray, 171; Repulsed at Pointe aux Trembles, 200; Commands Garrison of Quebec, 290; Hardships, 291; Prepares to defend Quebec, 292; Dilemma, 293; Decides to fight, 294; Defeated, 295; Besieged, 296; Relieved, 298; Advance on Montreal, 300; Documents, 352.
Musketry, 248.

INDEX

Naval and Military Joint Expeditions, British Empire made by, 11, 13; Louisbourg, 113; Quebec, 116; Secret Instructions for Quebec, 158–165.
Naval action near Quebec in 1760, 298; Architecture, 91–5; Conquest of 1759, *Preface*, 308–10; Brigade during Battle of the Plains, 237; Estimates in Seven Years War, 116–7; History of America, 313; History of Seven Years War, 317; Strategy in 1759, 212.
Navy, British, 82–117; Personnel, 95–107; Foreigners in, 107; Officers in, 110–3; Smart work, 114; Services of, 114; Influence on Quebec Expedition, 115–7; Universal Influence, 116–7; Wolfe on, 137–8; at Quebec, see 147–288, *passim*. See also Sea-Power.
Nelson and Wolfe compared, 126.
New England, 24, *et seq.*
New France, 24, *et seq.*; Hinterland, 35; Corruption, 47–56; Resources, 68; Downfall, 289, 307–10.
Number present at Battle of the Plains, 245. See also Ticonderoga, Ste. Foy and French for other actions.

Ochterloney's Adventure at Montmorency, 194.
Officers, French, 65; British, 110, 112, 120, 133; British Commanding, 330.
Original Documents, *Preface*, 341–356.
Oswego, taken by Montcalm, 68.

Parkman, no longer Standard Authority, *Preface*.
Parliamentary, corrupt Peace Vote, 22; Ignorance of Army, 131–2.
Pay of Army of Occupation in Arrears, 290–1.
Pitt, his Imperial War, 1, *et seq.*; Grasp of Imperial Defence, 14; at Beginning of War, 15; "Great Commoner," 15; Secretary of State, 16; Dismissed, 17; Reinstated, 17; Great Administration, 17–21; Resigns, 21; Statesmanship, 22–3; Pownall, 45; War Ministry, 108; Praise of Anson, 110–1; Army, 130; Wolfe for Louisbourg, 138; Wolfe for Quebec, 145; Secret Instructions to Amherst, 159; to Wolfe, 160; Note on, 311.
Plains of Abraham, 335.
Plan of the Brigadiers, 210, 214.
Pointe aux Trembles, Murray checked at, 200; Bougainville near, on eve of Battle, 217, 219, 227–8, 261.
Point Levis, Occupied by Wolfe, 181; Dumas' abortive attack on, 186; *et passim*, Chs. VII, VIII, IX.
Political Interference in Service Matters, 115.
Pompadour and Wolfe, 122.
Portuguese Sea-Power, 27.
Pouchot in 1759, 151; in 1760, 302.
Pownall posting Pitt, 45.
Press-Gang, 98–9.
"Pressing," 98–9.
"Presting," 99.
Provision Boats on eve of Battle of the Plains, 241.
Public Ignorance of Military Matters, 131.
Pursuit, British, at Battle of the Plains, 257.

Quebec, Joint Expedition, 116; Siege, 147–204; French Defences, 151; Topography, 152; Fortifications, 152, 348; Weak Points, 157; British Plans against, 158; Citizens wish to surrender, 268; Ramesay holds out, 268; Pitiable condition, 270; Capitulation, 265–288; Vaudreuil abandons, 267; Ramesay surrenders, 270–5; British march in, 272; British winter hardships, 291; Murray defends, 292; Lévis besieges, 296; Historical Tour of, 338; Documents *re* Fortifications, 348.
Quiberon confirms Quebec, 308–10.

Ramesay, Position in Quebec, 267; Tries to hold out, 268; Plans, 268–9; Capitulates, 270–5.
Rangers, Wolfe's American, 169.
Rapids, Amherst's Expedition running the, 303.
Recruiting, R.N., 98–9.
Regulars lose prestige through

INDEX

Braddock's and Dieskau's Defeats, 61 ; French, 64–5.
Repentigny's Post, 189.
Rickson, Wolfe's friend, 128.
Rigaud de Vaudreuil, character, 55-6 ; against Fort William Henry, 71.
Rigging and Fitting out, 94–5.
Rochefort Fiasco, Wolfe on, 132 ; Wolfe, Q.M.G., 134 ; Ridiculous affair, 134–7.
Royal Roussillon Regiment at Battle, 253.

Samos Battery, 217 ; Taken, 232.
Saunders, 82–117 ; Professionally, 83, 86, 109, 116 ; With Anson round world, 83–88 ; as Captain, 88–91 ; on eve of Battle, 241 ; Goes to help Hawke, 289 ; Honoured in England, 290 ; Documents, 347, 349, 351. See also Fleet.
Scalping, 180, 181, 190, 195, 201, 203, 305.
Schuyler, Peter, originates the "Glorious Enterprise," 44.
Seamen, Treatment of, 100, *et seq.* ; Sick, 101, 106 ; Worn-out, 105 ; Desertion, 106.
Sea-Power, French, neglected, 2 ; English, 5 ; Principles, 11 ; Dominates Trade, 12 ; Founded on Battle-Fleet Victory, 13 ; in Peninsular War, 13 ; after San Stefano, 14 ; Fosters British Trade, 22–3 ; Controls destinies of America, 24, 26, 31 ; French and British, 1713–1755, 28 ; Washington on, 29 ; Influence on Canada, 29 ; American Civil War, 30 ; Wolfe's Campaign, 30 ; Seven Years War, 82–117 ; Secret of, 96–8, 105–6 ; in 1759, 116–7 ; in the '45, 121 ; Wolfe on, 137–8 ; Universal effect in 1759, 211 ; First and Confirming Cause of the British Conquest of Canada, 82, 308–10.
Sea-terms in everyday American use, 25.
Sea. Refer to Fleet and Navy, also Saunders.
Sennezergue, Professionally, 149.
Seven Years War, Beginning, 16 ; Official Declarations of, 17 ; in 1757, 18 ; in 1758, 19 ; in 1759, 19 ; in 1760, 19 ; in 1761, 20 ; in 1762, 21 ; Peace, 22 ; R.N. losses, 106 ; British Army and Navy, 108 ; Naval Estimates, 116–7 ; Note on History of, 311–2.
Ships, British and Foreign, in 18th century, 91–5 ; Pass Quebec safely under fire, 187 ; First from Sea in 1760, 297. See Fleet.
Siege of Quebec, 147–204 ; in August, 198 ; in September, 205.
Sillery, British boats challenged, 230.
Spanish Sea-Power, 27 ; Colonization, 32.
St. Lawrence Survey neglected by French, 55 ; British navigation of, 174.
Ste. Foy, Battle of, 294–5, 337.
Stobo, Spy, 188 ; Memoirs, 332.
Swanton destroys French Flotilla at Quebec in 1760, 297.

"The Thin Red Line," 255.
Ticonderoga, 75–7 ; Wolfe on mistakes at, 141 ; Montcalm's Army at, 316. See also Carillon.
Townshend, 172 ; Completes victory, 265 ; with Saunders to help Hawke, 289 ; Documents, 343, 344, 346, 347. See Brigadiers and Plan, also Wolfe.
Trade dependent on Sea-Power, 22–4 ; Protected by War, 97–8.
Tremais discovers Canadian Government Frauds, 53.
Two-Deep Line, Wolfe's, 236, 333.

Vaudreuil, Character, 46–7 ; Excuses Bigot, 51 ; Denounces Montcalm, 69 ; Very ill, 71 ; sends Rigaud against Ft. Wm. Henry, 71 ; Ticonderoga mistakes, 75–7 ; in 1758, 78–81 ; in 1759, 147–8 ; Abandons Point Levis, 181 ; Rejects Vauquelin's Plan, 202 ; A Vile Gossip, 206 ; thwarts Montcalm's attempts to guard Foulon, 217, 218, 233, 240, 241, 243, 335 ; Poltroonery at Battle, 242, 244, 245, 260, 266 ; Authorizes surrender of Quebec, 266 ; Abandons Quebec to its fate, 267 ; Fails to relieve Quebec, 269 ; Blames Ramesay for surrendering Quebec, 271 ; Surrenders all Canada himself, 304 ;

Journal, 313; Correspondence, 313; Documents, 349, 351.
Vauquelin, Plan to capture British Frigate, 202; Gallantry in 1760, 298.
Vergor, Bad Officer, 216; Post taken, 230.
Volleys, British, at Battle of the Plains, 255.

War Office, Wolfe on, 123; Blunders, 290.
Washington on Sea-Power, 29; on Braddock's Defeat, 42.
Williamson, 172; C.R.A. at Quebec, 182.
Wolfe, on American Rangers, 40; American warfare, 41; Sketch of, 118–146; Early years, 118–9; Letters to Mother, 119; Commanding Officer, 119; on Dilettante officers, 120, 133–4; Early career, 121; at Paris, 122; at Laffeldt, 122; on War Office, 123; Promotion, 123; as Commanding Officer, 124; War Office treatment of, 124; Women, 125; Professionally, 126–9, 134–7, 283; Compared with Nelson, 126; on Reading, 128; Interest in America, 128; on Politicians, 131; on Rochefort Fiasco, 132; on Initiative, 132; on Guerrillas, 132–3; Q.M.G. for Rochefort, 134; Condemns Rochefort Blunders, 134–7; on Sea-Power, 137–8; Brigadier for Louisbourg, 138; on Future Career, 143; Prefers Cavalry and service in Germany, 143; on Service in America, 143; Proposes to attack Quebec in 1758, 144; Lays waste Gaspé, 144; on Future of America, 145; Major-General for Quebec, 145; and Montcalm on Quebec, 151; Secret Instructions to, 160; and Amherst, 165–6; Proclamation at Quebec, 177; Rights of War, 178; Wishes to force decisive Action, 179; on Scalping, 181; Keeps own counsel, 181, 206, 219–22, 332–3; Occupies Point Levis, 181; Occupies Montmorency Camp, 185; Reconnoitres North Shore, 187; Repulsed at Repentigny's Post, 189; Tries Montmorency Heights, 191; Censures Grenadiers' wild charge, 197; Last Letter to Mother, 203; Quebec Problem, 207; Ill in August, 209; Proposal when ill, 209; Dispatch, 2nd Sept., 210; Evacuates Montmorency, 213; Final Reconnaissance, 10th Sept., 216; Final Plan, 218–22; Gray's Elegy, 222, 320–1; Will, 222–3; Answer to Brigadiers on eve of Battle, 224; Final Plan executed, 227; Artillery at Battle, 226, 233, 252; Marches towards Quebec, 233; Deploys to the right, 234; his Line of Battle, 235; Inspects his line, 238; Final Orders on Battlefield, 252; Death, 257; British Honours paid to, 282; Kindness to Subordinates, 222–3, 283; Military Honours, 283; Funeral, 284; England Honours, 285; Dispatches Praised, 286; Government Neglect, 286; Monument in Quebec, 287; Wolfe-and-Montcalm Monument, 288; Portraits, 118, 317, 318; Relics, 318; Effigy, 319; Sword, 319; Reported Bravado, 320; Legends, 320; Elegy, 222, 320–1; Westminster Abbey, 321; Death scene, 322; Mother's will, 323; Absurd Obituaries of, 324; Wolfe's own initiative in planning victory proved, 132, 181, 206, 219–22, 332–3; Documents, 344, 348, 349, 351, 352.
Wolfe's Cove. See Foulon.

York, Captain, R.A., His single Six-pounder at the Battle of the Plains, 226, 233, 252.

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